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ART. I.—*Briefe von Joseph dem Zweyten, als characteristische Beiträge zur Lebens-und Staatsgeschichte dieses unvergesslichen Selbstherrschers.* Bis jetzt ungedrückt. Leipzig. F. A. Brockhaus. 1822.
Letters of Joseph II. Now first published.

Mr. Jefferson, in his letter on the kings of Europe, charges Joseph II. of Austria with insanity. It may be worth the while to give a little time to the consideration of the character of a ruler, about whom opinions have been so much divided. The materials are abundant, and now that the age of revolutions is past, history may be just to the imperial reformer. The prince, for whom Mozart composed music, Kaunitz negotiated, and Laudon won victories, occupies a prominent station among the sovereigns of Austria.

The contrast between monarchies and democratic states is in nothing more striking, than in the degrees and amount of political abilities, which they respectively call into action. Men may dispute, if they will, whether liberty be the fostering parent of the arts, and may continue to raise questions respecting the influence of forms of government on letters; but the turbulent contests, the unsparing and unqualified competition, allowed in popular states, quicken natural talents and furnish every facility and every inducement for their display. At courts the race is not necessarily to the swift; and men are naturally turned aside from the career of the public service, when no scope is furnished them for the full exercise of natural powers and the manly struggle for honors.

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Hence it comes that histories of republics, even of small extent, and all republics but our own have been exceedingly limited in territory and in population, are filled with the names and virtues of illustrious men; and exhibit an activity of intellectual competition, which makes them brilliant with every kind of human distinction. Greece itself was but a small country, the whole of it not so large as one of the larger states in our confederacy; yet in the short period of its ancient independence, it furnished the world with examples of patriotic worth, that have remained as the acknowledged types of civil greatness. In the best days of Rome, the same results were again exhibited. In later ages, the arts, the prosperity, the commerce of Italy, made it the most opulent portion of Europe, in moral wealth, not less than in its flourishing finances, as long as it remained the most free; and the decline of heroism was almost contemporary with the cessation of civil emulation and political independence.

We are but repeating truths, which are trite and undisputed; yet they may still merit to be repeated and explained. The commonwealth of Athens embraced in its immediate jurisdiction the district of Attica only, with one or two small islands; the whole was not equal to more than one third of the state of Delaware; and its free inhabitants, according to the most accurate and probable computations, were but about equal, nay, were not quite equal, in number to the present population of Rhode Island. Yet from the days of Miltiades to the death of Demosthenes, what a rapid succession of men of the highest endowments! Nor were the talents of the greatest of them ever able to secure them from rivals. The contest of parties was fierce; yet when the popular will had removed one set of men from the public service, the state never suffered in any of its interests; others were always at hand to command the armies, to direct the fleets, to control the commonwealth. It never will cease to merit admiration, that on one little spot of earth, there should have lived, and almost contemporarily with each other, so many men, in whom mankind continues to take an undiminished interest. The free population of Athens, in its days of glory, was smaller than that of Boston; and Attica itself is inferior in extent to any one of the larger counties of our commonwealth.

To pursue an analogy or a contrast between the republics of antiquity and our own confederacy, would lead us from our

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purpose. The comparisons we have made, were solely for the sake of calling to mind the very small physical force of the countries, which gave birth to modern culture. But were we now to compare Greece with that modern sovereignty, which claims the highest rank, we should find the most surprising points of difference. The imperial house of Austria has been accustomed to take precedence of other European sovereigns. Yet in the long line of those who have stood at its head, in the crowds of its servants in the civil department and in war, how many are there whom humanity would vindicate as her ornaments? How many of them live in the recollection of the world? Eugene, the brightest name in the whole list of the Austrian service, was a foreigner; his associates in power, and the emperors under whom he successively served, were hardly distinguished, except for their rank and their pusillanimity. The history of the republics of Europe, whether of Italy in the middle ages, or of ancient Greece, or of Holland, has a charm, which belongs to no part of the annals of Austria. In the one case, we seem to be travelling in a country where nature has assembled, in close proximity, all that she possesses of the beautiful and the grand; in the other case, as we descend the stream of time, we seem to be sailing down a sluggish current, and are carried through a wide but level country, where hardly a single cliff frowns in solitary grandeur, and a brighter spot is but seldom seen to interrupt the languid gloom of a barren monotony.

This view is forced upon us by the consideration of the whole subject. It is pitiable to see the moral weakness, which seemed at times in the sole possession of the government of the Austrian state; the imbecility, which lost Servia to Christendom, and so repeatedly changed the sovereignty of provinces. But if we pass from considering the merits of those, who made their way to the cabinet of imperial favor, and limit our attention to the talents of the men who have been on the throne, we shall find still less to admire. The Turks are the only nation of Europe, which can show a long succession of sovereigns of superior ability. According to the doctrine of Mr. Jefferson, it must have been because their sovereigns did not intermarry with royalty only; the breed was crossed by the liberty of the seraglio. But a less remote reason may be found in the fact, that the dignity of the sultan was in some measure an elective one; and that the numerous family of the reigning prince always

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furnished many candidates for the succession. For the rest, the sovereigns of Christendom, most celebrated for their worth, would, with very few exceptions, have hardly raised themselves above a private station. The reigning princes of the age, whom Mr. Jefferson so unsparingly censures, were considered as an improvement on all that had preceded.

Of the sovereigns of Austria, there is perhaps no one whose praise is more unanimously repeated in the states which she swayed, with affectionate respect, than that of Maria Theresa. But that celebrated woman was superstitious and intolerant; and in other respects, in her acknowledged virtues, resembled any other matron, the fond mother of a large and hopeful* family. She was a faithful wife, a charitable woman, and a spirited regent; but her administration will not be clear without bearing in mind, that she had younger sons to provide for, and daughters to establish; and her favorite minister may have owed a good deal of his influence to his zeal in assisting the empress by all the wiles of diplomacy to marry her daughters well, and introduce into her family the most powerful princes and kings. It is because she was distinguished for the virtues of a wife and a mother, that she has been so much extolled in comparison with Elizabeth of England and Catharine of Russia. If she possessed original genius, a powerful mind, or very extraordinary talents of any kind, history has failed to preserve the clear marks of them. Of the Austrian monarchs, Charles V. is undoubtedly the most known. The panegyrists of royalty, assigning to him all kinds of distinction, claim for him also the merit of a wit. When at Brussels on some gala day, the ladies of the high Spanish and Neapolitan nobility were disputing about precedence in entering a church, 'Let the greatest fool go in first,' was the prompt reproof of imperial petulance. When on another occasion a captain in his service, rather arrogantly boasting of his courage, asserted that he did not know what fear was, 'Then,' said Charles, 'the man never snuffed a candle with his fingers, or he would have been afraid of burning them.' This homely rebuke is much better than the other; and if any one of the sons of Hapsburg ever said a wittier thing, their faithful but rather prosing and time-serving Plutarch has failed to record it.

Royalty itself is in the eyes of its subjects so majestic, that

* She had sixteen children, ten of them daughters.

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moderate merit, belonging to it, is sure to be examined through a prism, and to receive a size and a coloring, which are unlike the reality. Does a monarch show a little ability in some one department? He is immediately exalted as a prodigy. Does he gain some crude notions of the benefit of free competition in business, and the nature of civil liberty? The world wonders where he could have gained his wisdom, tacitly acknowledging that the man whom the laws predestine to be a ruler, is least likely to acquire the knowledge necessary for his station. Does he show something of the curiosity, which is felt by thousands of private men, and arrive at some conclusions, which tend to diminish the severity of hereditary injustice? There will never be wanting flatterers or dupes, even among those pretending to be faithful historians, to extol his freedom from antiquated prejudice, and his sure sagacity of judgment.

Is it wonderful then, that there have been many, who have exhibited Joseph II. of Austria as a model of political wisdom and a genuine benefactor of humanity, while others have denounced him as a greedy despot, who assumed the mask of philosophy to disguise the excess of his covetousness, invaded the sacred rights of his subjects under the pretext of a fictitious philanthropy, and pleading a desire to secure the liberties of his subjects, aimed at the consolidation of an unlimited authority?

It cannot but be acceptable, to find that at last a series of his private and confidential letters has been printed. There was already before the public much that the emperor had written; but nothing so peculiar, so bold, and so sincere as may be found in the volume, which has led us to the present discussion. The letters, here communicated, were never intended for the public eye. Hence they are the more interesting and the better worth the public attention. There is a little mystery about the manner in which they came to be printed; but their authenticity is not questioned.

We shall allow the Emperor to speak for himself, giving a series of extracts from letters, which extend from his election to the rank of king of the Romans to the latter part of his life. Europe is still so divided by parties, that there the merit of any individual, whose influence is connected nearly or remotely with the French revolution, can hardly be justly appreciated. But in America no interest can exist, except to do justice; and in a country where there is no distinction of ranks, and no res-

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pect of persons, it will give general pleasure if, on removing the splendid exterior of royalty, there should be found under its costly apparel the virtues of a man.

To the Grand Chancellor of the Empire, on being elected King of the Romans.

It is my sole wish, that my abilities may be sufficiently suited to the circumstances and to the dignity conferred on me. On the uprightness of my character, the sincerity of my designs, and my determination to maintain our national freedom, you may place implicit reliance. *****

Frankfort, April, 1764.

To Charles, Prince of Balthyan.

My dear Prince,—We travelled in company of the Grand Duke of Florence and the two Arch Duchesses Anna and Christina, to Inspruck, to be present at the marriage of my brother, when on the 18th, the melancholy catastrophe occurred; the emperor was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and expired in my arms.

My dear Prince, it is beyond the ability of a human being to depict the high degree of grief, the excess of sensations so clearly, as the heart of a son feels them on losing his father, by whom he was convinced that he was loved.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I am now four and twenty years of age. Providence has in my early days given me to drink of the cup of affliction; for I lost my wife after I had possessed her hardly three years.——— Dear Eliza! you will never be forgotten by me—and since your death I have felt sorrows that cannot be expressed. *****

Inspruck, August 20, 1765.

To one of the Generals in the Imperial Service.

General!—Put Count Von K. and Captain W. instantly under arrest. The Count is quick, young, proud of his birth, and full of false notions of honor. Captain W. is a veteran soldier, who insists on setting every matter right with sword and pistols; and who at once treated the challenge of the young Count with passion.

I wish, and will suffer no duel in my army; I despise the principles of those who defend the practice, who seek to justify it, and who shoot each other in cold blood.

When I have officers who bravely expose themselves to every danger from the enemy, who on every occasion that arises, display spirit, courage, and decision in attack and in defence, I

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prize them highly; the indifference, which at such seasons they manifest for death, serves their country and advances their honor.

But should there be among them men, who are ready to sacrifice every thing to revenge and hatred of their enemy, I despise them; I hold such men to be no better than Roman gladiators.

Institute a court martial on these two officers, with the impartiality which I require in every judge; investigate the subject of their contest; and let the one who is most to blame, be the sacrifice of his destiny and the laws.

Such a barbarous custom, which is suited to the age of the Tamerlanes and the Bajazets, and which has often had such melancholy effects upon single families, I will suppress and punish, though it should cost me the half of my officers. There yet live men, who unite loyalty with heroism; but none can do this who do not respect the laws of the state.

August, 1771.

The letters which follow, will illustrate the Emperor's manner of thinking on the subject of religion, at the time when his mother was still at the head of affairs, and himself nominally her colleague.

To the Duke de Choiseul.

Sir,—For your confidence I thank you. You could count upon my support if I were ruler, and you have my entire approbation in respect to the Jesuits, and the plan for the abolition of their order.

Do not reckon much on my mother; the attachment to this order has become hereditary in the family of Hapsburg. Clement XIV. himself has proofs of it.

Yet Kaunitz is your friend; he has unlimited influence with the empress; he agrees with you and the marquis of Pombal as to their dissolution; and he is a man who leaves nothing half executed.

Choiseul! I know these people as well as any one; I know all their designs, which they have carried into effect, their efforts to spread darkness over the earth, and to govern Europe from Cape Finisterre to the North Sea.

In Germany they were mandarins, in France academicians, courtiers, and confessors, in Spain and Portugal grandees of the nation, and in Paraguay kings.

January, 1770.

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To the Count de Aranda.

* * * * *

An institution, which the enthusiastic imagination of a Spanish veteran devised in one of the southern countries of Europe, which aimed at universal dominion over the human mind, and with this purpose strove to subject every thing to the infallible senate of the Lateran, could not but be a wretched gift for the present race of Germans.

The synedrium of these Loyolites made their fame, the extension of their greatness, and the darkness of the rest of the world, the first object of their plans.

Their intolerance was the cause why Germany had to endure the misery of a thirty years' war. Their principles deprived the Henrys of France of life and crown; and they were the authors of the edict of Nantz.

The mighty influence which they exercised over the princes of the house of Hapsburg, is too well known. Ferdinand II. and Leopold I. were their protectors to the last breath of their lives.

The education of youth, literature, rewards, the disposal of the highest dignities in the state, the ear of kings, and the heart of queens, every thing was entrusted to their wise direction.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

If I were capable of hatred, I could not but hate the race of men, who persecuted a Fenelon, and who produced the ***Bulla in coena Domini.***

Vienna, July, 1773.

The communication to Frederic is in a new style of diplomacy. It was occasioned by the war, into which the aged hero believed himself compelled to enter, to prevent the incorporation of Bavaria with the hereditary states of Austria. Hostilities were terminated by the peace of Teschen, before any very brilliant achievements on either side.

To Frederic II. King of Prussia.

* * * * *

It seems to me you bear it too much in mind, that you are a successful general; that you have 200,000 well trained soldiers, and a colonel who has written a commentary on the work of *Cæsar de bello Gallico.* Providence has given as much to several other powers beside Prussia. If your majesty finds pleasure in leading 200,000 men to the battle field, I will meet you with as many. Will you try if you are still a successful general? I am ready to satisfy your love of fighting; and finally,

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as to writing books on the art of war, I could name to your Majesty a couple of generals of mine, who have retired on pensions, and who from mere *ennui*, are commenting on the commentaries of the Count de Saxe.

I hope to find you on the banks of the Elbe; and when we have battled it, and given Europe a comedy of obstinacy, we will sheathe the sword.

Je savais bien que vous étiez fâché contre moi.

Jaronius, July, 1778.

To one of his Friends.

* * * * *

With this view Teschen was fixed upon as the place for the Congress. Upon this a great number of ambassadors appeared, and with vast wisdom toiled for three whole months at a peace, which leaves to Austria a small portion of Bavaria, that had already been acquired.

They did not fail to make the advantages of it appear very plain to the Empress, my mother, and to show the power of the King through a prism. Upon this they saluted each other with a world of compliments; and at Vienna sung and fired 99,000 Te Deums.

True, to spare the Empress pain, I confirmed the peace, and gave guaranties. But herein I can only compare my conduct with that of Charles V. in Africa, who returned to Spain with his fleet after a disgraceful campaign; he too went on board ship, but he was the last who did so. * * * *

Live contented as a sage; enjoy the attractions of your private station; and above all things, do not envy the felicity of kings.

Vienna, May, 1779.

Thus far Joseph was but an associate in power. We shall now see how he writes, as autocrat and emperor.

To the Duke de Choiseul.

*** The influence, which the clergy possessed during the reign of my mother, will be another object of my reforms. I do not like to see, that people, to whom the care of the future life is committed, give themselves so much trouble, to make our life here below an object for their wisdom. ****

Vienna, December, 1780.

To the Archbishop of Salzburg.

*** The internal administration of my states demands a reformation without delay. An empire which I govern, must be ruled according to my principles; prejudice, fanaticism, partial-

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ity, and slavery of the mind, must be suppressed, and each of my subjects put in the enjoyment of his native liberties.

The monastic life has gained too much the ascendant in Austria; the number of foundations and cloisters has increased extraordinarily.——When I have torn away the veil from the monastic life, when I have banished the Arachne's web of ascetic doctrines from the lecture-rooms of my universities, and transformed the mere contemplative monk into the active citizen, then perhaps some of the party of zealots may reason differently about my reforms.

I have a hard task before me; I am to reduce the army of monks, fashion men out of *fakirs*, before whose shaven head the rabble reverently kneels, and who have gained a greater dominion over the heart of the citizen, than any thing which could make an impression on the human mind. Adieu.

Vienna, February, 1781.

To Cardinal Herzan, Imperial Minister at Rome.

My dear Cardinal,—Since I ascended the throne, and have worn the first diadem of the world, I have made philosophy the law-giver of my empire.

In accordance with its logic, Austria will receive a new form, the importance of the *Ulemas* will be restrained, and the rights of the crown regain their dignity. I must remove from the sphere of religion some things, which never belonged there.

Since I despise superstition and the Sadducees, I will free my people from them. To this end I will dismiss monks, break up their cloisters, and subject them to the bishops of their diocese.

In Rome they will call this an invasion of the rights of God; I well know they will exclaim, the glory of Israel is fallen; and complain that I take from the people their tribunes, and draw a dividing line between religion and philosophy; but they will be still more angry, that I undertake all this without asking leave of the servant of the servants of God.

To these things we must attribute the decline of the human understanding. A servant of the altar will not acknowledge that the state does but confine him to his proper sphere, in leaving him no employment but the gospel, and in preventing by law the children of Levi from possessing a monopoly of human reason.

The principles of the monastic life, from the days of Pachomius to our own, have been diametrically opposed to the light of reason; they proceed from the esteem of their foundations to the adoration of them; and thus we see revived in them the Israelites, who went to Bethel to adore golden calves.

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I will take care that the building, which I have erected for futurity, shall be permanent.

Vienna, October, 1781.

In the following letter to Van Swieten, Joseph perhaps betrays a passion to be esteemed in his turn as an author.

My dear Friend,—I hardly know how some monarchs have fallen into the folly of acquiring literary distinction; and seek a sort of greatness in making verses, or drawing a sketch for a theatre, to be a *pendant* to the works of Palladio.

True, I perceive the obligation of kings to be not wholly unacquainted in the empire of science; but I deem it wholly unnecessary for a monarch to pass his time in writing madrigals.

The Margrave of Brandenburg took the lead in a royal sect, which is occupied in writing memoirs, poems, and essays on various subjects. The Empress of Russia followed the fashion, read Voltaire, and wrote poetry; Stanislaus Lesczinsky, and the King of Sweden, confined themselves to private letters.

The causes of all this are as strange, as the products of their minds. The King of Prussia began his academic employments at Rheinsberg, where his father exiled him, and where he could hardly maintain a state equal to that of a colonel in my armies. When he came to be king, he continued his learned occupations; at once a host of French champions gathered round him, and sung his victories in Silesia; that is, the conquest of a country, which had two regiments of infantry for its garrison, and which he overrun with 40,000 men. Afterwards the passion for making verses drove him to establish a friendship with Voltaire, which was, however, interrupted, renewed, broken off, renewed again and continued to the death of the watchmaker of Ferney.

The Empress of Russia undertook it from pride; she endeavored to shine in every department of fame; the rest was done by time and circumstances, friendship and passion, and a portion of vanity to boot.

Stanislaus was a good sort of a man; he saw visions like the Abbé de St. Pierre, and had it been possible, would from his Luneville have commanded peace to all the earth. His Majesty of Stockholm had other motives; Gustavus was treated in Paris with great attention, and after his return wrote such tender letters to Paris and to the court of Versailles, that they were compelled to pay him the compliment, that besides being a king he was a very amiable private man.

Such are my views on these matters. To me neither the great Grecians, nor Romans are unknown; I am conversant with the history of the German empire, and with that of my dominions in

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a special manner; but my time has never allowed me to manufacture epigrams or hammer out Vaudevilles. I have read, to gain instruction; I have travelled, to enlarge my knowledge; and in giving assistance to men of letters, I do them a greater service than if I should employ them to aid me in turning out sonnets at a writing desk. Adieu.

Vienna, December, 1780.

Compare the instructions given by Napoleon to his brother, the King of Holland, with the following letter, addressed by Joseph to his youngest brother, on becoming Elector of Cologne.

You know your duties perfectly, my dear Prince! As a Mentor I have nothing to say; but as a friend, permit me to make you acquainted with your new dignity.

As elector, you are one of the first princes of the empire. *Forget that the Emperor is your brother, and that you are a Prince of my house; sacrifice yourself wholly to the country and to your people.*

The letter to the magistrates of Buda, is too boastful.

I thank the magistracy and the citizens for the intended honor of a statue, to be erected in one of their public squares. To facilitate the transaction of business, and the better to oversee the offices of the kingdom, I have concentrated them in Buda, and the city thus accidentally acquires some advantages; but for this such an honor is really not merited.

Yet when I shall have made the Hungarians recognise the true relations between king and subjects; when I shall have removed all spiritual and all civil abuses; when I shall have awakened activity and industry, made commerce flourishing, and provided the land from one end to the other with roads and navigable canals, as I hope to do; if then the nation will erect a monument to my honor, I may perhaps have deserved and will then gratefully accept it.

Vienna, June, 1784.

Two letters will illustrate his views of the rights of noblemen.

To the Chancellor of Hungary.

The privileges and liberties of a nobility or a nation, in all countries and republics of the world, consist not in the right of contributing nothing to the public burdens; on the contrary, they bear more than any other class, as in England and Holland; but those privileges consist solely in this, that they may impose

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on themselves the burdens required by the state and the common advantage, and by their consent take the lead in the increase of the taxes. The liberty of persons is carefully to be distinguished from that of possessions; in respect of which the proprietors represent not the nobleman, but simply the cultivator or the grazier, and in cities the citizen and consumer, in the highway and on the passage, the traveller merely and the passenger; in which cases, for the sake of preserving the free competition that alone makes the system useful, they must be put on an equal footing, according to their possessions, with all other citizens and inhabitants.

Vienna, July, 1786.

To a Lady.

Madam,—I do not comprehend the obligations of a monarch, to give an office to one of his subjects because he is a nobleman. A man may be the son of a general, without the least talents for an officer; a cavalier of good family, without having any other merits than that by the sport of fortune he has become a nobleman.

I pity you, madam, that your son is fit neither for an officer, nor for a statesman, nor for a priest;—in short, that he is nothing but a nobleman, and that with his whole soul.

I hope you are impartial enough to see the reasons that have compelled me to a decision, which will perhaps be disagreeable to you, but which I have considered necessary. Adieu, madam.

August 4, 1787.

We close our extracts with two of the letters in which the Emperor gives his own character, and enters upon the defence of his administration.

To a Lady.

Madam,—You know my character; you know that I choose the society of ladies only for recreation after business; and that I have never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex. I listen to their recommendations but seldom, and then only when the object of them is a worthy man, who at any rate would not have long remained unknown to me.

Two of your sons are already established; the elder, not yet twenty years old, is a captain of cavalry in my army; and the younger receives of the Elector, my brother, a canonicate in Cologne. What will you have more? Ought not the first already to be a general, and the second to have a bishoprick?

It is a duty to be upright at court, severe in the field, stoical without harshness, and magnanimous without weakness, and by

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just actions to win even the esteem of enemies; such are my sentiments, madam.

Vienna, 1787.

To one of his Friends.

My Friend,—Because there have been Neros and a Dionysius, who went beyond the proper limits of their power; because there have been tyrants who have abused the force, which destiny put into their hands, is it therefore reasonable, under the pretext of anxiety to preserve the rights of a nation for the future, that a prince should have all possible obstacles thrown in the way of measures, which have no other object, than the welfare and advantage of his subjects?

Since the commencement of my reign, I have at all times endeavored to conquer the prejudices against my rank; have taken pains to win the confidence of the nations under my sway; and since I ascended the throne, I have often given proofs, that the welfare of my subjects is my passion; that to satisfy it I shun no labors, no pains, and I may add, no torments, and that I carefully consider the means, which may bring me nearer to the designs which I have proposed; and nevertheless in my reforms I every where meet with opposition from those, of whom I had least expected it.

As a monarch, I do not deserve the distrust of my subjects; as ruler of a vast realm, I must have the whole extent of my dominions before my eyes; this I embrace at a glance, and cannot always have regard to the separate voices of single provinces, which consider only their own narrow circle.

My private good is only a chimera, and while on the one side I abandon it as a sacrifice to my country, I can in return participate in the general welfare! But how many are aware of this!

If I were unacquainted with the duties of my station, if I were not morally convinced, that I am destined by Providence to bear my diadem with all the weight of obligations, which are imposed upon me with it, disgust and discontent with my lot, and the desire not to exist, would be the sensations, which would force themselves on my mind. But I know my heart; I am inwardly convinced of the honesty of my intentions, and hope that when I shall be no more, posterity will more reasonably, justly, and impartially investigate, prove, and pass sentence on what I have done for my people.

Vienna, October, 1787.

Having by these copious citations, put the reader in possession of Joseph's own views, we have a little to add on the character of his administration. It was his greatest fault, that he

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would himself govern; that he considered his own will the main-spring of the administration, and desired to find in others only willing instruments to execute his commands.

The talent of Joseph for the internal administration of his states resulted from his wakeful curiosity, his extensive acquisitions, his untiring activity, and his earnest zeal for the prompt execution of his schemes. Nor can it be denied, that he was just, except when justice would have required the abandonment of a favorite plan; and that he sincerely wished to develope to the utmost the resources of his hereditary states.

He came to the throne, determined to have but one uniform system throughout his wide dominions. He forgot, that a weak mind is apt to demand such a uniformity, while a strong understanding knows where and when to allow the existence of differences. In the attempt to reduce all things to one standard, to equalize all burdens, to establish but one mode of transacting business in states, as various in language and customs as in hereditary privileges, Joseph was engaged in a contest with the prejudices of centuries and the rooted habits of his time. Irremediable difficulties presented themselves to impede his scheme. The monarch grew impatient and wavered. Throngs of remonstrants crowded round his person; all were freely admitted; complaints increased and were listened to; and modifications of his early measures ensued. These modifications could but increase the evil; and render the uncertainty greater than before. The confusion grew worse. This excited the irascible prince to insist on the execution of his decrees by force. But violence could not reach the difficulty, which lay in the habits and character of his subjects; while it still further alienated the affections of those, whose condition he wished to improve. Then the Emperor receded. Upon this the factious triumphed, and grew more factious than before; at last all respect for authority was gone, revolt ensued, the Emperor fairly knew not what to do, and the best disposed of his people were left in a strange uncertainty between the ancient usage and the reform. Such is philanthropy without firmness. So much do the sterner virtues of fortitude and justice surpass the milder merits of benevolence and mercy.

The causes of the little success, that attended the reforms of Joseph, are to be looked for partly in himself, and partly in the nations which he ruled. *They* were unripe for the rapid course of change; *he* was unskilful in his manner of urging im-

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provement on those whom he desired to influence; and, generally, was deficient in tact, in his intercourse with others. The officers of government, who were necessarily made his agents, in part did not comprehend his system; many doubted if he had a feasible system; some were, from their interest or prejudices, secretly, but vigorously opposed to it; and thus it came to pass, that even to the Emperor himself, his innovating measures, which were to break down the bulwarks of fanaticism, and establish the empire of philosophy, remained in a great measure but a mass of waste paper, filed away in the bureaus of state. Frederic II. was irresistible in the steady firmness, with which he moved towards the execution of his boldest measures in the internal administration; and would have been inexorably severe against any, who might have attempted to thwart his purpose. But Joseph, precipitate in issuing his edicts, knew not how to overcome opposition; and contented himself with addressing to all the officers of state a sort of imperial homily, a mixture of eloquence, commonplace sentiments, sound philosophy, and dictatorial haughtiness. It probably produced no more effect, than the invectives of an irritable man, uttered in a moment of excitement. After all, there is no such thing in nature as *absolute*, though there may be *irresponsible*, power.

The Emperor's passion for reform was so strong, that he went far beyond the most extraordinary performances in excessive legislation of any of our state legislatures. A set of resolutions, aiming at a change in the fundamental laws of the country, would require of Congress a six weeks' discussion; Joseph, within the course of three years, issued at least two hundred and seventy six laws of a general nature, and obligatory on all his dominions; while the number of special edicts for the immediate territory of Austria was too great to be readily counted.

The contrast between the state of intelligence prevailing in Austria, and the culture in the neighboring Protestant countries was apparent even to Maria Theresa. 'How comes it,' said she one day to a Protestant (Von Moser) in her employ, 'how comes it that clear heads are more common among you Protestants?' 'It is' replied he, 'because we put more windows in the house.' Maria Theresa was a devotee, though a woman of benevolent feelings; but Joseph proceeded with great, yet too hasty philanthropy to give liberty to thought, and repeal the heavy penalties which prevailed against dissent.

To the citizens of the United States, in which there is no

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established sect, the idea of toleration is unacceptable, because it implies subordination, and is a mark of inferiority and weakness. To those, who are not Catholics, and yet live in a Catholic country, the word seems fraught with the richest blessings of religious liberty. An edict, proclaiming unlimited toleration, was among the first measures adopted by Joseph, in a spirit of unprejudiced justice. He also viewed it as a wise political act, which might transfer to his dominions the industry of Protestant countries, and cause intelligence to spring from the unrestrained conflict of opinions.

But the praise, which is awarded to Joseph, requires limitation. The Emperor, like most of his contemporaries in Europe, did not exactly know how much toleration included. His edict allowed the free confession of opinions without any civil inability, consequent on dissent; and the unrestrained exercise of public worship, wherever a dissenting parish could provide the necessary funds. Now the former severity of the government had induced many to conceal their sentiments; and the number of Anti-catholics, claiming the benefit of the edict, was great beyond all expectation. The Catholic clergy interfered, and attributed the numerous secessions from their parishes to a wavering love of novelty and change. So the tolerant Joseph enacted, that there should be a limit of time, within which all who had been esteemed Catholics, but who wished to pass for such no longer, might report themselves; after the expiration of the time thus fixed, every one, who had apparently been a Catholic, and had not signified any wish to the contrary, should ever after and at all hazards remain of the Roman church. Those who reported themselves, however, were to be instructed in the Catholic faith, and converted, if possible; if they remained firm, they might have permission to join another sect. Power being on the side of the clergy, the instruction, which was given, consisted often in threats, abuse, and personal violence. It was now right for the Protestants to complain. Joseph listened and issued new orders. The minds of the people were unsettled, and neither party had a distinct understanding of its condition.

The Catholic clergy complained, that their revenues were impaired. The Emperor ordered, that taxes should be paid by the Dissenters to the Catholic priesthood, as before. The Protestants were thus left too poor to provide themselves with suitable teachers, and a multiplicity of sects seemed about to

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ensue. Joseph began with absolute toleration; but now he became provoked, that plebeian ignorance should venture to think for itself, and henceforward was willing to tolerate none but Lutherans and Calvinists.

There existed a singular sect, of which the members were called Deists, or Abrahamites. They were the relics of the early reforms in Bohemia. When the spirit of persecution raged against all who were suspected of heresy, the civil authority had taken from them their bibles and Protestant books of devotion, and they were thus left to profess Christianity, independently of any written documents. Hence their name, since, like Abraham, they had no Scriptures. Such an attachment to the opinions of their fathers, secretly passing from one generation to another, among an unenlightened peasantry, unsupported by books, visible union, or external forms, seems to us a most remarkable phenomenon in the history of the human mind. These poor men now came forward and claimed to be tolerated. Their case merited from our enlightened and philanthropic Emperor the benefit of a special edict. 'Whoever reports himself as a Deist, shall, without inquiry, at once receive twenty-four blows *ad posteriora*,' (we quote the words of the law) 'and the punishment shall be repeated as often as he so reports himself, not because he is a Deist, but because he says he is that, of which he does not know the meaning.' Such is toleration. Under the most severe penalties, these Abrahamites were ordered to rank themselves with one of the three great sects. Otherwise their children were taken from them, and they themselves, without respect to age, or sex, separated from each other, exiled from their ancient homes, subjected to the worst public services, or banished to Transylvania and the Bannat, where, from the proximity of Turkey, a sort of Babel of religions was licensed.

In giving civil liberties to the Jews,* Joseph encountered fewer difficulties. He began with a general rule, which took from them the heavy restrictions, under which they had been permitted to exist. In doing justice to them, the Emperor made their condition in his dominions more favorable than it

* 'Den Priester rufst du wieder zur Jüngerschaft
Des grossen Stifters; machest zum Unterthan
Den jochbeladen Landman; machst den
Juden zum Menschen,'
says Klopstock, in an Ode, of which this first verse is the best.

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was elsewhere. His subjects complained, that the imperial justice operated as a bounty to attract Jews from all quarters. He, therefore, made some modifications in his first act, which, however, still left the condition of that nation far better than it had been before. The example of justice was soon imitated by neighboring states.

The most difficult task, which Joseph undertook in regulating the religious concerns of his states, was the reform of abuses in the established hierarchy. He was determined to set bounds to the influence of the Pope, and allow him no voice, except in cases of doctrine.

A beginning was made with the monastic orders. The members of them were commanded to discontinue their dependence on the superior of their orders, and to submit themselves to the bishop of their diocese in matters of religion, but in other concerns to the regular civil authorities. The monks replied, that the monastic vow was binding upon them, and that its obligation could not be dispensed with; of course the superior must still be obeyed. To end the discussion, Joseph abolished all monasteries and nunneries, of which the members led the idle, contemplative life. At that time the Austrian monarchy contained two thousand and sixty-nine cloisters, and sixty-three thousand persons, attached to them. The cloisters* were all broken up, and the nuns and monks turned on the world, except such as were engaged in some directly useful employment. He also forbade religious processions, attempted to restrain superstition, and prohibited the mummeries, usual in the church festivals.

In all these measures, Joseph proceeded without any reference to the wishes of the Pope; and such danger seemed to threaten the interests of the church, that the Sovereign Pontiff, having full confidence in the power of his eloquence, determined to appear personally at Vienna, and to check the progress of change by an attempt at direct interference. It is not consistent with our limits to explain how unavailing the journey proved to be; Kaunitz was far too wary, and Joseph far too vain, to be circumvented by the remonstrances, the eloquence, or the entreaties of the illustrious guest. Pius VI. was called by the women the handsome Pope; his fine voice and

* Brissot, in his letter to his constituents, is bitterly unjust to Joseph, and insists on inventing for him unworthy motives.

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stately person made him peculiarly suited for display on the great days of ceremony; his dress was always arranged with scrupulous neatness, and a careful rehearsal preceded his appearance in any of his most important functions. Such a pope might charm the fashionables of Vienna; throngs of devout admirers crowded to secure the benefit of a blessing, so gracefully distributed, and, for the accommodation of the pious, his slipper was daily left in the antichamber to receive the kisses of the orthodox. But the impenetrable secrecy, and the phlegmatic vanity of Kaunitz left no opportunity for opening a successful negotiation; and Joseph was only gratified in his self-love, that now for the first time for more than a thousand years, for the first time since the days of Charlemagne, the head of the church had repaired, and almost as a suppliant, to the Imperial Court. So little influence was exercised, that the very day, when Pius on his return had been accompanied by the Emperor as far as the convent of Mariabrun, and had there received the most tender demonstrations of regard at the farewell, which was taken in the presence of the people, was selected to announce to the monks the abolition of that cloister.

In addition to the bitterness of having displayed his inability to resist the encroachment of the Emperor, the Roman Pontiff had now to regret the sacrifice of the dignity of his office. The disputes continued, and at last a communication from Rome gave so much offence to Joseph, that he returned it without any written answer, but with the verbal message, that he presumed the document had been forged by some ill-disposed person, and had received the papal signature without having been read. The Emperor was now ready for a formal rupture with the Roman See, and for proclaiming the entire independence of his states in religious concerns. He was prevented from doing so by no respect for the church, but by a consideration of the difficulties, which would have attended such a measure, and which would have diverted him from other favorite schemes.

In his intercourse with foreign nations, Joseph is not always entitled to the praise of good intentions. It was he, rather than his mother, who was a partner in the plan for dividing Poland; and in his intercourse with Holland, Bavaria, and the Porte, he manifested a restless passion for aggrandizement, which, by its very intensity, defeated itself, leading him to pounce

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continually on the weakest of his neighbors, and drawing him off as often by the prospect of some more alluring game. In none of his negotiations with foreign powers does he appear in a less favorable light, than in the contest with Holland. Ancient treaties refused to his Belgian provinces the privileges of foreign commerce. Joseph asserted for his subjects their natural rights, in virtue of the intrinsic justice of the demand, and because the ancient treaties had lost their force by the effect of subsequent transactions. If there was justice in the demand, there was no palliation for renouncing the privilege anew in consideration of a gratuity in money. As a financial speculation, it was ignoble. It was making the weak pay for being left in peace.

The war against Turkey was unwise, and, we must add, unjust; and for it Joseph had to atone by the loss of all military reputation, and of his health, which gave way under a consumption, engendered by the fatigues and exposures of his first campaign. 'To be a soldier,' he said in his farewell to the army, 'was always his most decided propensity.' Since he attained no eminence in war, he passed a severe sentence on himself, in avowing his predilection.

The early education of Joseph was unequal. The history of the states, which he was to govern, was taught him in a manner the least suited to benefit him; and his mother would have held herself deficient in her duty, had she not provided carefully for his instruction in religion, according to the notions of a bigotted priesthood. But he also acquired, besides the German, which he wrote uncommonly well, the French, the Italian, and the Hungarian languages; and by means of the Bohemian he was somewhat familiar with those of the northeast of Europe. He seems also to have possessed a lively curiosity, which was subsequently strengthened by travelling, and by frequent intercourse with intelligent men. It is said, to the honor of his nationality, that he insisted on the use of German at his court, though his mother had used, and the Austrian nobility still preferred, the French.

In domestic life he was unhappy. His first wife, whom he tenderly loved, died in about three years after marriage, on the birth of her second child. His second wife he never loved, and she did not live to bear his indifference long. The only surviving daughter of his first wife died when about eight years old, and Joseph had now nothing but his country, on which to

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concentrate his affections. He had consented against his will, to his second marriage, from reasons of state; but being again left a widower, he faithfully cherished the recollections of his youthful happiness, and for more than twenty years he was not for a single day under the control of woman. Neither had he any political favorites. He was fond of his brothers and sisters, and took a lively interest in their domestic concerns; but he was far above all *nepotism.*

In his personal expenses he was sparing, that his finances might the better bear the cost of public improvements. His economy was one cause of the hostility of many, who had expected abundance from his munificence. His dress and personal manners were remarkable for their simplicity.

His pleasures were the theatre, travelling, and music. In the latter he could have been no connoisseur. A story is told in the life of Mozart, that the Emperor, after hearing one of that great master's very difficult works, said goodnaturedly to him, 'Very fine, very fine; but you have put into your composition terribly many notes.' 'Just exactly enough, your Majesty,' said the offended musician, 'and not a single note too many.'

As a man of business, he was of untiring diligence. Few private men could be compared with him. It was the rule of Kaunitz, that most extraordinary compound of greatness and folly, never to do any thing himself, which he could possibly get done by others. Joseph's system was the reverse. He was for doing every thing himself. He slept on straw till his last illness; and rose at five in summer, and before six in winter. His day was all labor; he gave himself no respite; he retired to rest just before midnight; he was always temperate, and at all times ready to give his mind to public concerns.

Sensitive as he was, he could forgive opposition. He was accustomed to read the bitter strictures of the discontented on his administration; and he really seems always to have believed himself to be doing what was right, at least what was most for the general advantage.

Joseph's reign continued hardly ten years; he had occasion to learn many a severe and painful lesson; perhaps had his life been spared, in the great school of experience he might have acquired moderation, and through trials and misfortunes have made his way to tranquillity. He died at a moment the most unfortunate for his fame. Yet the Prince, who in nine

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years abolished vassalage, reformed the penal code, improved the whole system of national instruction, established the means of popular education, provided by a tariff* for the protection of the Austrian system, colonized desert parts of his territories, introduced the liberty of the press, proclaimed toleration in matters of religion, turned Jews into men and citizens, abolished all useless monasteries, and founded hospitals and many endowments for the unfortunate; such a prince can bear to have his faults exhibited, and yet preserve a claim to esteem.

If Joseph was philanthropic, he was in no less degree unfortunate. His subjects were so much accustomed to hear the clanking of their chains, that they distrusted every effort for their relief. Unhappy as a husband, unhappy as a father, unhappy as a ruler, his last hours acquire a sublime, tragic interest. Like the Hamlet of the poet, destiny seemed to have called upon him for the accomplishment of purposes beyond his strength, and he was too weak to gain the victory in a contest, which he had too much moral courage to shun.

There are many anecdotes related of Joseph, which represent him in a very amiable light. At Paris, in the midst of the most splendid regal entertainments, he would be found apart in a remote room, quietly conversing with some man of decided merit. Being asked if the routine of dissipation did not exhaust him, he replied, 'I do not burn my candle at both ends; it is that which will save me.' In the kingdom of Wirtemberg, there is a particularly pleasant road, made by the side of the great highway from Stuttgardt to a neighboring palace of the royal family; a large sign, like one of the boards by our bridges, indicating the rates of toll, declares that no plebeian wheels may roll upon it, and that the owner of a carriage must be of at least princely rank, or he cannot be allowed to raise a dust on the patrician pavement. In the same spirit the nobility of Vienna prayed, that the fine public walks in the suburbs of that city, might be closed, except to those of their rank. 'If,' answered Joseph, 'I would walk among none but my equals in birth and rank, I should have to stay with my ancestors in the vaults of the church of the Capuchins. I prefer men of virtue and talent to those who can only count princes among their progenitors.' 'His dress,' it was said of him in the early campaign against Frederic, 'is the dress of a soldier, his wardrobe

* His tariff was an injudicious one.

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that of a lieutenant, his recreation labor, his life constant motion.' He was of undoubted bravery, and never shunned personal danger. 'How can I complain of dangers, when I see my Emperor's crown as much exposed as my cap?' said a grenadier, in a commendable antithesis for one of his rank.

There is a story related by Coxe, in which the Emperor, who often went about *incognito*, plays the part of another James Fitz-James, according to the lively picture of the Scottish bard. The daughter of an officer's widow made him the confidant of the unjust neglect, which their sufferings had to sustain from the Emperor. He promises, if she will go to the palace, to be her intercessor. The poor girl gratefully accepts his offer, and is overwhelmed with awe, when she finds that she has been abusing the Emperor to his own face. The generous monarch forgives and relieves. As a further proof of a liberal spirit, it is related, that Joseph, having inherited from his father, as a private patrimony, twenty-two millions of guilders in Austrian paper-money, consigned the whole to the flames. When in the Turkish war he had covered himself with shame and defeat, he sent Laudon to take his place. 'Go, dear Laudon,' said he, 'set my blunders to rights; I give you full powers.' We at least like the honesty of his answer on being asked his opinion of the revolution of our fathers. 'I am a royalist by trade.'

Frederic II. of Prussia, happening one day to see that a libel upon him, which some discontented person had affixed to the wall, was placed too high to be conveniently read, took it down himself and placed it lower. In this he showed good humor and good sense. We are not sure, that Joseph's imitation of this little matter, was a mark of taste or ability. He had assigned a Roman Catholic church as a place of worship to the Lutherans and Calvinists. A writing was one morning found on the door, full of bitter invective against the Emperor; he ordered the paper to be printed and sold for the benefit of the Protestant service. This indicated petulance and irritability, rather than greatness of mind.

The liberal principles of Joseph seem in direct contrast with his high birth, and his bigotted education. But the anomaly is explained by the influence of the example of Frederic. The glory of the veteran monarch naturally attracted the admiration of the aspiring Joseph, who was led to contemplate with wonder the military kingdom, which, with a moderate territory

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and population, yet held the balance of power in Europe. The younger monarch determined to imitate, but he failed to bear in mind the difference between his own dominions and those of Frederic. In Prussia there existed no powerful nobility to watch the motions of the monarch; no ancient families, whose influence and grandeur were hereditary; no venerated and opulent hierarchy, having alike the sanction of time, of superstition, and of cherished religious faith; no jealously defended constitutions, securing to the several provinces of the monarchy their respective privileges, and endeared by the recollections of patriotism. The kingdom of Prussia admitted of unity in the administration, and contained within itself no obstacles to the system of military despotism. But Joseph found his hereditary dominions forming a kind of federative state, and he wished to give them an absolute unity, corresponding to his theory of an equal administration. He came to rule over nations, that spoke various tongues, and he thought by an imperial decree, to change the language of common life and of the law; he undertook to denationalize the strongest portion of his realms, and to take from the millions of Hungary, the tongue, which was associated in their minds with the best days of their early history, and with their proudest recollections. He saw that the usurpations of the church had by degrees acquired within his territory an authority, which claimed to be independent of the laws of the land; and he hoped by a series of edicts, unsupported by popular opinion, to overturn an established state of things, identified with all that his subjects venerated and feared. He forgot his relative position, and the reciprocal influence of circumstances, popular caprices, an obstinate regard for what was endeared by antiquity, and the vague but powerful influence of a superstitious faith. The more devotedly he sacrificed himself for his subjects, the more earnestly he gave up pleasure, tranquillity, and health, to the furtherance of his objects, the more critical did his own situation become. He was engaged in a struggle with the times; and his destiny found in them too powerful an antagonist. The more impetuously and warmly he rushed to the contest, the more unguardedly did he lay himself open to successful attacks. His imprudent exertions made opposition almost universal. His mother, a few weeks before his birth, at a time when her states were overrun by the French and Prussian armies, had said in her anguish, that in her wide inheritance she knew not the city, where she

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could await her delivery in security. When Joseph came to die, he could have said, that he knew not the town in his realms, where his last moments would not be embittered by the din of clamorous remonstrance. The famous Oxenstiern of Sweden used to say, 'that he never took a care with him to his night's rest,' so exact was he in business, so serene in temper. Joseph never knew the enjoyment of rest in this world; and when he came to prepare for his last sleep, which nature renders deep, anxieties crowded round him to the last; so that a few hours before his death, he could beg for no more than this epitaph on his tomb, 'Here rests a Prince, whose designs were pure, but who had the misfortune to see all his enterprises shipwrecked.'

We may add, that the present Emperor of Austria was the favorite nephew and *elève* of Joseph.

ART. II.—*American Literature.* An Article in the 99th Number of the Edinburgh Review.

It is always more or less provoking to be made the subject of abuse and sarcasm with or without just cause; and it is painful enough to see the character of the relations between two great countries vitiated by the paltry prejudices of a few obscure scribblers; but it is nevertheless curious, as a matter of philosophical study, and at times sufficiently amusing to mark the influence of national pride and jealousy on the tone of the British periodical writers in regard to the United States. We have already on several preceding occasions, adverted to this subject, and we rarely open a review, magazine, or newspaper from the mother country, without observing some new effect of the same cause. As regularly as their successive numbers issue from the press, each and all of them continue to carry on this—as they probably conceive—very pious warfare, according to their various measures of ability and habitual modes of handling the topics that come before them. The Quarterly reviles us, the Edinburgh sneers at us, Blackwood bullies us,*

* The writer of a late article in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled 'Wellington at Cadiz,' containing an account of an entertainment given to his hero upon a visit to that city, goes out of his way to introduce the following episode, which we extract as a specimen of the tone of

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the magazines show us up under no very brilliant colors in imaginary travels and journals from Kentucky;—even the poor bookseller's drudge, who gets up that humblest of all periodicals, the *Literary Gazette*, can afford to be merry at the ex-

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that journal in regard to the United States. We hardly know whether to admire most the elegance and correctness of the language, or the liberality of the sentiments.

'The British Consul was honored with fifty cards, to be filled up with the names of such of the respectable merchants and their families as he should select. The Portuguese, Sicilian, and other foreign consuls, were complimented with tickets for their families; but in this liberal distribution of favors, by some oversight, the Consul for the United States was unluckily forgotten. The Republican Eagle was all in a flutter, at the unintentional indignity. On a representation to the committee by the Consul, an apology was made for the omission, and cards of invitation, in blank, to the number of twenty, were immediately placed in his hands as the '*amende honorable*'—but Jonathan made it quite a 'national' affair; insisting on an equal number of cards *as* were bestowed on the Consul of Great Britain. We were just then on the eve of a war with the *States* of stripes and stars, (and slavery.) Some private discussions took place, during which it is believed the wishes of the hero of the fête were consulted, and which ended, for the sake of harmony, in complying with the American Consul's *requisition*, (rather than *request*,) and fifty cards were *officially*, or at least more *ceremoniously* than *cordially* presented. *This concession (which was, I believe, the subject of a report to the States,) had the effect of introducing a mob of sleek-headed gentlemen from the Western world, (chiefly captains and supercargoes from Philadelphia and New York,) in long skirted coats, and nankeen breeches—all redolent of tar and tobacco—among the embroidered crowd! But even their Republican vanity must have quailed under the mortifying sneers of the noble Señoras, who appeared to loath the touch of their tanned and ungloved paws.*'

The article is written throughout with a great outpouring of the heart, and seems to be a sort of sentimental prose poem, the author of which introduces himself as a witness of the scenes he describes. Should he be disposed to indite another work of this description in honor of the conqueror of Waterloo, we would venture to suggest to him, that as the nearest connexions of his hero have condescended to select their wives from the families of some of us *sleek-headed gentlemen of the West*, it is hardly agreeable to the rules of the art to make us the villains of the plot. It would also not be amiss, should the scene be laid in Spain, to consult the court calendar, so far as to ascertain the title of the Duchess of Benavente; and we would further express our doubts, whether the kind of triumph, which the hero is represented as achieving over the Duke of Frias and the Prince of Anglona, be well suited to form the catastrophe of a sentimental poem to appear in a loyal and religious magazine. A *denouement* of this kind, if resorted to at all, can only be employed with safety in works of a comic order; and even in those, the example of Pope's *Afra* has not been considered by the best modern writers as furnishing a standard for general imitation.

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pense of Jonathan.* In short we are daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, from one year's end to the other, accused before these self-created courts of sundry high crimes and misdemeanors, and to all these indictments we are regularly expected to plead guilty, at least by a silent acquiescence in the charges made upon us. If in reply to this continual attack, an American writer happen to venture upon a few words in the way of recrimination, or even simple self-defence, we are forthwith proclaimed by the same general chorus of voices to be the most susceptible and *thin-skinned* of all the dwellers upon earth. It is perhaps but justice to add, that the *Radicals*, who, like us, though for different reasons, are constantly run upon by almost every other sect and party in the kingdom, appear to have a sort of fellow-feeling with us, and that we are occasionally patronized in the *Westminster Review*, the *Black Dwarf*, and *Cobbett's Register*.

Such is, and has been for many years past, the habitual tone of the British critics in regard to this country. In the mean time the real head and front of our offending—as is perfectly well understood on all sides—is nothing more than this, that we happen by the act of God, and the valor and virtue of our fathers, without any merit or fault of our own, to be placed in such a situation, political, geographical, and statistical, that we are more likely than any other power to rival or surpass Great Britain, first, in those commercial and maritime pursuits, which have hitherto constituted the chief elements of her greatness, and at a more remote period in population, wealth and national importance. Now we put it to the conscience of any reflecting statesman in the mother country, or even any honest and fair-minded man among the more irritable race of authors, to decide—and we are willing to abide by the sentence—whether this be a just ground for so much abuse. It is, no doubt, natural enough, that a comparative view of the respective positions of the two countries should excite a good deal of jealousy

*This journal, as is well known, is a mere puffing machine in the hands of the booksellers, conducted, we believe, by a worthless creature named *Jerdan*. It has lately signalized itself by an attack upon Washington, whom the wildest of our foreign traducers had hitherto respected, but on whom this miserable tool undertakes to fasten the foul and odious charge of irreligion. We take for granted that this proceeding will have its proper effect upon the circulation of the work in the United States.

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in British minds; but we appeal to the sober sense and considerate judgment of our transatlantic brethren to say, whether it be right and proper to indulge this sentiment, and exhibit it so plainly as they do in their language and actions. Is the petulant and peevish spirit, which they regularly show in regard to this subject, such a one as we should naturally expect from a great and gallant nation, that still maintains, though in the wane of her fortunes, a lofty standing among the leading powers of the world? Is it not more like the petty spite of a faded beauty, who would gladly, if she dared, tear out the eyes of a younger rival, because she feels that their lustre eclipses that of her own? Or, omitting any question of justice and propriety, is it not the dictate of policy and correct taste to suppress these base emotions, and to render a manly and honorable tribute to merit of every description wherever we meet with it? Is not this, after all, the best and surest method of fully securing our own deserts, whatever they may be? Is it possible to give a more significant proof of conscious weakness, than by constantly carping at, and exaggerating petty blemishes in the characters of others; putting the worst construction upon doubtful passages; and passing over in silence, or 'damning with faint praise' the good qualities and actions that cannot be disputed? When we see an individual in private life pursuing this course, do we not pronounce him at once and without hesitation to be a sour, sorry, poor-spirited creature, and generally conclude that he is a disappointed and broken-down man? The same principles apply to the intercourse of nations; and if individuals, so insignificant as ourselves, might venture to suggest any thing in the nature of advice to our brethren on the other side of the water, we would, in all humility, respectfully give it as our opinion, that they would better consult their own interest and comfort, as well as ours, by putting a good face upon this matter, and accustoming themselves to look with complacency and satisfaction, instead of a mean and paltry jealousy, upon the rising greatness and exuberant prosperity of our young and flourishing republic.

The abuse, which they lavish upon us, although it may give us at times some passing annoyance, really does us very little injury, while the indulgence of the feelings, in which it has its origin, must be to them, unless the best ethical philosophers are at fault, a perpetual source of internal uneasiness and disquiet. On the other hand, if they could persuade themselves to take a different view of the subject, they might derive a

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satisfaction of the highest and most liberal kind from the very circumstances, which now change the milk of human kindness, that should naturally flow in their bosoms for a kindred people, into wormwood and gall. Is there nothing, in fact, to approve, to admire, to rejoice at, to sympathise with in the mighty developement of wealth and population—the creation, as it were, of a new human race—which is now going on upon our vast territory? And is it no just ground of pride and pleasure to an Englishman that all these wonders are the work of English hands, and were performed under the influence of English habits, feelings, and principles? Can the friend of learning in England find no joy in reflecting that the language he loves and cultivates—the language, which conveyed to his infant ear the soft accents of maternal affection—to his young heart the tender avowals of passionate love—to his manly mind the sublime strains of parliamentary and pulpit eloquence, will be spoken in a future age by hundreds of millions, inhabiting a distant foreign land, and will enliven with its rich and noble music the now solitary regions of another quarter of the globe? Is it nothing, for example, to the enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare—and every Englishman is or ought to be one—that the madness of Lear will hereafter rend the concave of a thousand theatres from Maine to California; the sorrows of Juliet draw forth floods of sympathy from bright eyes in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, or on the banks of the river Columbia; and the mournful melody of the harp of Ariel move upon the bosom of the smooth Pacific 'in notes by distance made more sweet' than they ever could have been, even in the fancy of the poet, upon the shores of the 'still vexed Bermoothes?' Here, too, Liberty has found a home and a throne, and Liberty is or was the god of the idolatry of every true-born Englishman. Is it nothing to the countryman of Hampden, Sidney, and Russell, that the principles of 'the glorious constitution,' for which they gave up their 'golden years' to exile and prison, or their lives upon the block, are to flourish hereafter in all their beauty, purified and perfected, according to the illustrious Fox, by the experience of a thousand years, in four and twenty—in the sequel we know not how many more—independent states? Is it nothing to the friend of good government, social order, law, and humanity, that the problem of perpetual peace has at length been solved, and that these four and twenty states have bound themselves

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together by a mysterious but indissoluble tie of union, which preserves to them at once the beneficial activity of independent sovereignties and the untroubled harmony of a single community? Is it nothing to a Scotchman—a friend of Erskine—that the *Trial by Jury* is to spread its banner of protection over the head of the unfortunate, and perhaps innocent prisoner—that the potent sound of *Habeas Corpus*, like the *sesame* of the Arabian fable, is to burst the doors, which arbitrary power shall have closed—if such a case should ever happen here—in regions which might, and probably would, if they had not been settled by Englishmen, have been subjected to a ruthless Spanish despotism? Finally, is it a matter of indifference to the Christian—this is not, we are aware, an *argumentum ad hominem*, when addressed to the writers in the Edinburgh Review—but is it, after all, a matter of indifference to the friend of pure and undefiled religion under any of its forms, that the beautiful feet of those that bring good tidings, that publish peace, that say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth, are already traversing in every direction the sandy shores of the Atlantic, the blue summits of the Alleghanies, and the green savannahs of the West, that they are climbing the precipices of the Rocky Ridge, and will soon reach the distant borders of the South Sea? Is all this world of wonders, this magnificent display of the full bloom and glory of civilization, bursting forth, as it were instantaneously, from the depth of barbarism, like a Lapland spring out of the icy bosom of winter, to be held as nothing, and worse than nothing, not because it is not the work of Englishmen—for that in the main it is—but because it is not performed by the Englishmen, who inhabit a little island on the eastern side of the Atlantic? Is it not a burning shame, a crying sin, that under the influence of this paltry motive, the greatest achievements and characters are to be habitually depreciated, the purest and most amiable sentiments mocked and jeered at, and this too by men of high pretensions for talent, education, and philosophy? We know not what others may say in answer to these questions, or what doctrines and sentiments may be fashionable in the mother country, where a selfish system seems in fact to be the order of the day: but for ourselves, we must avow without hesitation, that we consider the tone of criticism, to which we have here alluded, as very strongly marked by bad principle, bad feeling, bad taste, and bad policy. We believe that our transatlantic

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brethren, who adopt it, are great losers by it, on the score, not only of honor and conscience, but of national advantage, as well as mere personal comfort and pleasure. We really think that an Englishman of right feeling and good understanding, instead of exhibiting a miserable jealousy of the progress of this great offset from the parent stock, ought to take as much pride in it as in any of the more direct developements of the resources of his country. We conceive that the victory over our western wilderness, which has been won by English hands and English hearts, ought to fill his mind with as high a satisfaction as the blockade of the whole coast of the European continent by the British navy: and that he ought to view the marvellous increase of population that is going on among us, the hitherto unexampled multiplication of human life and human happiness, which is taking place, for instance, in the State of Ohio, with even more delight than the glorious waste of blood and treasure at Trafalgar or Waterloo.

Of the various attacks that have been from time to time directed against this country in the British journals, few, if any, have been more offensive to the public feeling than the article upon American Literature, which appeared in the ninety-ninth number of the Edinburgh Review. The works of the Rev. Dr. Channing, form the immediate subject of it, and its principal aim appears to be to depreciate the talent and destroy the reputation of this justly eminent divine. Several other writers of great merit are also shewn up under a ludicrous point of view, and an attempt is made to cast a general slur upon the intellectual character of the country. The spirit in which the article is executed corresponds very well with the nature of its purpose, and is distinguished by a more than usual portion of the malignant and cold hearted flippancy, which has always been one of the leading traits in the style of this, in many respects, valuable journal. We are not of opinion, that it is necessary to the honor of the country, or the reputation of the individuals particularly interested, to repel every attack of this description. The best and only sufficient reply to foreign calumny, is annually and hourly given in the constantly progressive greatness and glory of the United States. There are, however, some cases that seem to form an exception to this remark, and we have been given to understand that a notice of the article alluded to, would be acceptable to many of our readers. We could have wished, that the task had

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fallen into more competent hands, but shall cheerfully execute it to the best of our ability, and shall endeavor, if our limits should permit, to point out the errors in one or two other articles of a similar kind, that have lately appeared in other British journals.

The reviewer commences by remarking, that the only American writers who have hitherto been heard of in England, are Irving, Brown, and Cooper, to whose names must now be added, that of Dr. Channing. On farther tasking his memory, it occurs to him that there lived half a century ago such a man as Dr. Franklin, who, as the Quarterly had previously informed us, possessed some skill in grinding his electrical machine; that Jonathan Edwards wrote some rather remarkable treatises on metaphysics, and finally, that there appeared in the United States, just before the revolutionary war, an anonymous work, entitled 'A Farmer's Letters,' which gives a tolerably correct description of certain local scenes and incidents. The works of these writers compose, according to the reviewer, the whole body of American literature.

Now we have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be a very poor and silly piece of affectation. It is much as if an American, in giving a summary account of British literature, should say, that we had heard in this country of no modern writers of much distinction excepting Scott, Moore, and Southey, and more recently, Dr. Chalmers; but that we had reason to suppose, that Newton had made some important discoveries in astronomy at the beginning of the last century; that 'one Locke,' as Lord Sunderland called him, had published about the same time, a pretty valuable essay on the human understanding; and finally, that there appeared in London, soon after the close of the seven years' war, a very agreeable little collection of letters on miscellaneous subjects, published under the feigned name of 'Fitzosborne.' This caricature, though somewhat more extravagant, is in point of taste and correctness, precisely parallel to that of the Review. To attempt to remove an ignorance, which is obviously affected, would of course be superfluous, and we shall therefore spare ourselves the trouble of completing this very elaborate catalogue of American authors. We may remark, however, that at the moment when the reviewer was telling us, that he could only recollect the few names above quoted, that of JEFFERSON was ringing through the newspapers of his country, and filling the

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mouths of men of science, taste, and liberal curiosity throughout the civilized world. The memoirs and correspondence of this illustrious statesman, philosopher, scholar, and author, were probably on his table at the time when he wrote the passage in question. Does the reviewer mean to tell us that the name of Jefferson will not be ranked hereafter among the principal ornaments of the literature and philosophy of the present day? Does he really suppose that the author of the declaration of independence of the United States, the Notes on Virginia, and the vast body of political, literary, and scientific works, which emanated from the same prolific pen, will be eclipsed in the judgment of posterity by *Hector St. John*, or by either of the four writers, justly distinguished as they all are, whom the critic has thought proper to mention? He ought to be aware, whether he is or not, that Mr. Jefferson will occupy an elevated place in the very highest order of writers—the one of which Cicero and Burke are the great exemplars in ancient and modern times—writers, who by combining literary and active pursuits, and exhibiting in both a first-rate talent, furnish in their works the most complete reflection that can possibly be given, of the finished man. A person, who could forget the name of Jefferson in the present noon-day of his glory, and go back half a century to rake out *Hector St. John* from the dust of his barn-yard, would not feel the difference between Tacitus and *Tom Thumb*, and would have talked to you of *Goody Two Shoes* the morning after the first publication of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

By the side of the Memoirs and Correspondence of Jefferson lay, or should have lain, upon the table of our critic, at the time when he was writing, among the other new publications, the first volume of the American translation with an accompanying commentary of the *Mécanique Celeste*. Is the name of Bowditch unknown to the countrymen of Napier, Playfair, and Leslie? If so, is it our fault or theirs that they are ignorant of the existence and labors of one of the first mathematicians of the age? It will not answer for the critic to tell us, that he intended to limit his view of our literature to the departments of poetry and romance, since the very publication which was immediately before him belongs to that of moral philosophy. Charity itself requires that we should compliment his memory and understanding at the expense of his honesty, and believe that his pretended ignorance is, as we have already intimated, a mere piece of silly affectation.

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We shall not, as we have said before, undertake to complete the catalogue which this writer has left in so defective a state, but will mention a few other names which would naturally have occurred to any person disposed to do us justice, and moderately versed in our political and literary history; and continuing to look at the same great department of science, to which the works of Dr. Channing and those of Mr. Jefferson belong, we would venture to ask our critic whether, with his universal knowledge of men and things, past, present, and to come, he ever heard of two such persons as JOHN ADAMS and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS? If not, we have the honor to apprise him, that the former, who under a coincidence of singularly beautiful and affecting circumstances a few years since terminated his earthly pilgrimage—and the latter, who is still living in the full vigor of his powers and brightness of his glory, have occupied successively, during their long and brilliant careers of half a century each, the highest places in philosophy, taste, and learning, as well as in the administration of the government of their country, and the esteem of their fellow citizens; that though they were constantly engaged in the most urgent and momentous political affairs, creating constitutions, representing the people in legislative halls and foreign courts, encountering, in short, responsibility and toil of every description, until they finally stood before the world as the elected Rulers of our great and rising empire, they still found leisure—like the admired statesmen and sages of antiquity—to cultivate letters in the intervals of business—published voluminous works, the results of thorough researches into the most intricate branches of political philosophy—taught in our colleges the noble arts they practised in the Senate, and maintained an extensive correspondence with most of the distinguished individuals of the age. Of them and their works the reviewer, according to his own account, is profoundly ignorant. Whether his ignorance, real or affected, be more discreditable to himself or to them, is a question which we may safely leave to the reader to decide. Again; did our critic never hear of FISHER AMES? If not, we recommend to his perusal *the Speech on the British Treaty*, and the *Eulogy on Hamilton*. He will soon perceive that the views they set forth are similar to those that are generally taken in England on the same subjects; and having thus ascertained that he can praise them with a good conscience, we have little doubt that he will admit them to be fully equal to

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the most successful efforts of Canning or Mackintosh; HAMILTON himself, with his illustrious fellow laborers, MADISON and JAY, the joint Numas of our modern Rome; did the reviewer never hear of them, or does he suppose that their works will be winked out of the view of the world by the voluntary blindness of an anonymous Scotch journalist? To take a more 'modern instance,' has our critic, in the singular shortness of his memory, forgotten the name of ROBERT WALSH, who has been several times noticed with extraordinary favor in the Edinburgh Review itself, has contributed to its pages, and was pronounced by its conductors to be one of the best writers in the language, until he undertook the task of defending his country against British slander, after which it was pretty soon discovered, that he did not write so well as he did before; who now publishes a review that would be disparaged by being placed on an equality with most of the leading English journals of the same description? We will mention but one more name, and only further ask, whether it would not have been natural for one who was taking a general view of American literature, in connexion with a particular notice of the works of Dr. Channing, to revive the recollection of his friend and colleague in the ministry of divine truth, the beloved, the admired, the lamented BUCKMINSTER—a miracle of genius, cut off indeed in the early morning of his brilliant promise, but not till he had produced works which may well be compared with the mature efforts of the highest talents in the same departments of learning? His discourses, of which a volume was published soon after his death in 1813, and a second has just passed through the press, are among the most elegant, finished, and really valuable productions of their class to be found in the language. They combine the powerful thinking of the English divines, more directly applied to practical life, with the fervid eloquence of the French school, chastened by the purest and most delicate taste. With all their merit they give us, no doubt, as we read them, a very inadequate idea of the delightful effects which they produced, when the impression was aided by the charming intonations, the graceful movements, and the radiant visage of the accomplished speaker; but considered simply as written sermons, they are undoubtedly superior to any that have appeared in England since the beginning of the present century. To say this, is giving them, indeed, but scanty praise, and it would be easy to show, if we

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had room and opportunity to make the comparison, that the standard of pulpit eloquence, and we may add, of biblical criticism and most other branches of theology, is higher in this country than it is in Great Britain. In these respects, we are at least sufficiently advanced to know what has been done and is doing on the continent of Europe, which does not appear to be the case with our worthy brethren of the 'fast anchored isle.'

If the object of the reviewer, in reducing the number of American authors of any reputation to three or four, were to do the greater honor to those, whom he is willing to acknowledge as such, his proceeding, if not justifiable, would be rather more natural. We all have our favorites among the various pretenders to different kinds of distinction, and are apt enough, in our partiality for those we prefer, to overlook the just claims of others. Such, however, is not the motive of this writer. After limiting in this way the number of our authors, he next proceeds to a malignant and studied depreciation of the merit of those whom he is pleased to enumerate. Messrs. Irving, Brown, and Cooper, and Dr. Channing, are successively noticed in a tone of insolent and contemptuous levity, which would suit well enough with an inquiry into the merit of a doubtful rope-dancer or the rival pretensions of the two Fire-Kings, but which really seems to us to be out of place in a discussion that involves the honor and interest of some of the most highly gifted and respectable individuals of the day. Messrs. Irving and Cooper—although not precisely of equal pretensions—stand, as our readers do not require to be informed, quite at the head of polite literature. Their reputation and popularity are not confined to England and the United States, but extend through the civilized world. With the exception of a few veterans in the wane of their powers, though still in the fulness of their fame, such as Goethe and Châteaubriand on the continent, and Scott, Moore, Southey, and some others in England, that properly belong to another generation, we really know no writers, who, in the line in which they labor and excel, can come in competition with our distinguished countrymen. Their eminence is not the passing effect of an accidental burst of popular favor, obtained by low and unworthy arts, but rests securely on the labors and successes of a series of years. Dr. Channing, on the other hand, though at present somewhat less extensively known, possesses claims to respect of a still higher order, resulting from a still more marked

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superiority of talent, and enhanced by the sacred nature of his calling and the exemplary purity of his life. The delicacy, which we deem it proper to observe in speaking of a living character, a neighbor, and a personal friend, prevents us from dwelling so much as we should otherwise gladly do upon the merits of this divine. Suffice it to say, that if first-rate powers, directed with a steady, unwearied, and enthusiastic effort to the promotion of the noblest ends by the noblest means, can entitle a man to the gratitude of others, Dr. Channing has a fair right to claim that distinction. We are happy, for the honor of our country, to add, that the public favor has, in this case at least, been awarded with discernment, and that few, if any, of our citizens, are more admired and respected by all classes of the community.

Such are the persons, whose literary merits are the subject of discussion in the article before us. Let us now see the manner in which they are treated.

Mr. Irving, who had hitherto been petted, and, as it were, clapped on the back by these sturdy censors, is now 'deficient in nerve and originality,' he 'brought nothing with him from home,' and his sketches, taken in England, are only 'copies of our favorite authors'—'patterns, taken on silk paper from our classic writers.' The applause bestowed upon his works, was not so much a tribute to his merit, as an acknowledgment of the assiduous homage, with which he courted the favor of the British public. 'He gasped for British popularity.' 'The *national politeness (?)* owed him some return, for he imitated, admired, deferred to us, and was ready to *sacrifice every thing* to obtain a smile or a look of approbation.' Such is the liberal construction put by the critic upon the amiable and romantic, but perfectly honest and even natural delusion in regard to the refinement and generosity of the British aristocracy, under which Mr. Irving appears to have labored on his arrival in England, and which certainly gave a false coloring to many passages in the second series of his writings.

Mr. Cooper is treated with still less ceremony. He is 'the drudge of his materials,' he 'labors under an epilepsy of the fancy,' he is 'not aware of the infinite divisibility of *mind* and matter.' Is the reviewer, by the bye, quite certain himself of the truth of this principle as respects the former substance? He 'anatomizes his subjects'—'he runs riot in an account of the dishes at a boarding-house, as if it were a banquet of the

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gods, and recounts the overturning of a stage-waggon with as much impetuosity, turbulence, and exaggerated enthusiasm, as if it were the fall of Phaëton.' One of his works is, however, a masterpiece, but the merit even of this appears to result in a great measure from the circumstance of its containing a single fine description. And what, gentle reader, do you suppose to be the subject of this description, which has the effect of elevating one of these abortions of an epileptic fancy into a literary *chef-d'œuvre?* Neither more nor less than the 'white topsail of an English man-of-war.' 'The description of the guiding of the vessel by the Pilot through the narrow strait left for her escape, the sea-fight, and the incident of the *white topsail of the English man-of-war* appearing above the fog, where it is first mistaken for a cloud, are of the first order of graphic composition. *The rest is commonplace.*' Our critic traverses in the wake of his adventurous author a thousand leagues of land and pathless ocean—numberless incidents and changes of many-colored life invite his attention without success. 'Tis all barren because 'tis all foreign. But no sooner does the 'white topsail of an English man-of-war' rise upon his fancy, like the welcome vision of the Heavenly Twins upon the weary eyes of the tempest-tost mariners in Horace, than all is well, and he is ready to exclaim with honest Larry in the Absentee, 'There spoke the true thing—now my own heart's satisfied.' '*The rest is commonplace.*'

This we think excellent. We know nothing better in the same way, unless it be a subsequent passage in the article in which the reviewer represents himself as having heard or *said* beforehand all the good things in Dr. Channing's Essay on Milton. 'Our author's criticisms seem to be in a great measure borrowed from our own lucubrations.' 'All this we have heard or said before. We are not edified at all, nor are we greatly flattered by it. It is as if we should convey a letter to a friend in America, and should find it transcribed and sent back to us with a heavy postage.' Our reviewer, whatever may be his other errors, can hardly be charged with hiding his light under a bushel. Montesquieu tells us in one of his Persian letters, that on a visit to a friend's house in the country, he met with two persons who talked more than the rest of the company. The conversation of one resolved itself into this phrase, *Cela est vrai parceque je l'ai dit*—'that is true, for I have said as much myself;' that of the other into the following, *Cela*

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n'est pas vrai parceque je ne l'ai pas dit—'that cannot be true, for I never said any such thing.' The former was considered a pleasant fellow, while the other passed for an insufferable coxcomb. Our critic employs the converse of the first of these forms. *Cela est vrai, donc je l'ai dit*—'that is true, therefore I said it myself.' He has not the most remote conception that any body else in the world can originate a good thing. If there be a bright thought in Dr. Channing's Essay on Milton, it was of course borrowed from the article on the same subject which appeared about the same time in the Edinburgh Review, although the latter unluckily did not reach this country until after Dr. Channing's was published. Talleyrand, upon reading one day in a newspaper some new repartee, which was attributed, as usual, to himself, is said to have exclaimed, *Voila encore un bon mot, que je suis bien aise d'avoir dit.* The reviewer, we think, might say as much with great propriety in the present instance, for Dr. Channing's article, wherever it may have come from, is the better of the two. With equal simplicity he firmly believes, that all the books that are published throughout the world are intended solely and exclusively for the perusal of his fraternity, and if they contain any allusion to, or extract from 'the Review,' they are thus far in the nature of a letter, which returns to its writer with the burden of double postage. With all this, our critic can talk very pointedly and properly in the same article on the folly of *selfishness*. 'This *paltry self*, looking upon *itself* as of more importance than all the rest of the world, fancies *itself* the centre of the universe, and would have every one else look upon it in the same light.' We entirely agree in the doctrine here stated by this writer, which is so distinctly expressed as to relieve us from the trouble of seeking epithets, to characterize his practice.

So much for the manner in which Messrs. Irving and Cooper, and in part Dr. Channing, are treated in the article before us. As respects the last of these writers, he not only borrows all his good sayings from the Edinburgh Review, but 'endeavors to trim to all opinions and unite all suffrages,'—'calculates the vulgar clamor and venal sophistry of the British press for the meridian of Boston,'—'keeps an eye to both worlds, kisses hands to the reading public all round, and does his best to stand well with all the different sects and parties.' 'He is a Unitarian, but disclaims all connexion with Dr. Priestley as

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a materialist; he denounces Calvinism and the Church of England, but to show that this proceeds from no want of liberality, makes the *amende honorable* to Popery and Popish divines—is an American Republican and a French Bourbonist—abuses Bonaparte, and observes a profound silence with respect to Ferdinand.' '*He likes wit, provided it is serious.*' Because he speaks of Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, as superior in the order of intellect to the Duke of Wellington and Admiral Nelson, he is compared to Abraham Adams, in Fielding's novel, who 'thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters;' and is represented as 'gravely dividing greatness into different sorts, and placing *himself* at the top.' Finally, he is a '*pretender* of the stamp of those, who think that there is no reason why they should not do all that others can, and a great deal more into the bargain.'

Thus much for his personal character. As to his writings;—'We like his sermons best—his criticisms less—his politics least of all.' It would seem from other passages, that the best is bad enough. Even as a preacher, his 'style is tedious, and his arguments trite.' 'He is prolix without suspecting it—lays a solemn stress on the merest trifles—repeats truisms and apologises for them as startling discoveries—plays the sophist, and conceives that he is performing a sacred duty.' The 'general feature' that distinguishes his works is '*ambitious commonplace.*' 'He takes up the newest and most plausible opinion at the turn of the tide, or just as it is getting into vogue, and would fain arrogate both the singularity and the popularity of it to himself.' 'His account of Milton is a mere imitation or amplification of what has been said by others,' *which others are, as we have seen, afterwards* explained to be the critic himself. 'His style is good, though in general too labored, formal, and constrained. All is brought equally forward—nothing is left to tell for itself. In the attempt to be copious, he is tautological—in striving to explain every thing, he overloads and obscures his meaning. The fault is the uniform desire to produce effect, and the supposition that this is to be done by main force.' 'His politics are borrowed from others, and are grounded on misrepresentations and falsehoods.' The 'ugly mask,' which once concealed from the world the true character of Bonaparte, has, it seems, been 'taken off in England,' but Dr. Channing chooses to lecture on the 'mask in preference to the head.'

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Now we must assume that every journal of the character and pretensions of the Edinburgh Review, has for its object, in profession at least, if not in practice and reality, to promote good taste in letters, and good principles in the conduct of life. This being supposed, we would venture to ask whether the prevalence of good taste is promoted by a studied depreciation of the merits of the best writers of the time, or that of good principles by treating the ministers of religion and the most enlightened, active, and ardent friends of humanity with open insult, merely because they happen to reside in a foreign country. It is not our purpose to attempt to fix on this occasion the precise value of the literary labors of the distinguished persons alluded to, and we shall therefore not undertake to examine whether there be or be not any real foundation for some or all of the charges here made against them. They doubtless have, like all other men, their weak points, and this critic would have proved himself to be as stupid, as he is malignant, which is not exactly the case, if he had not selected these as the basis of some at least of his caricatures. Others, as we shall presently see, are so entirely destitute of any resemblance to the features of the originals, that they must necessarily pass for mere fancy-pieces. But without pretending to refute, or even examine in detail any of these objections—without wishing to exempt these writers from the full severity of a just and legitimate criticism,—we confine our view at present entirely to the tone and temper of the article,—about which, after the extracts we have given, the reader will perceive that there can be no dispute,—and we ask again what advantage results to the cause of good taste and good morals from assailing the best writers and the best men with wanton outrage? Is it fair, just, grateful, or honorable to reward in this way, the labors, the studies, the privations of every kind, which are incident to the literary profession? The principle of genius is a keen sensibility, which renders its possessor uncommonly susceptible to all impressions, and incapacitates him, as it were, from bearing up with equanimity under the toils and troubles that enter so largely into even the common lot of humanity,—and are those whose occupation it is to cultivate and encourage letters, to add to these troubles the 'slings and arrows' of unprovoked calumny? The delicate texture of a poetical imagination is not proof against such treatment, which has often been fatal to the peace, the happiness, the life itself of those who have suffered

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it. It was said by Racine, that he had received more pain from a single unjust criticism, than pleasure from all the praise that had ever been bestowed upon him; and it is commonly reported, that he died of the effects of a reprimand from his sovereign. A modern critic remarks, that it was a great piece of folly in so wise a man, to allow himself to be so much affected by so slight a cause; but he did not recollect that if Racine had been so constituted as to support with indifference the attacks of critics and the displeasure of Louis XIV. he could not possibly have written his exquisite tragedies. Did our reviewer remember when he aimed at the probity of Mr. Irving, the false and wanton insinuations, or rather assertions, which we have quoted above, that, coming from such a quarter, they would necessarily poison for a time the peace of one of the purest and most amiable, as well as ingenious men now living? Was this a natural return for the pleasure which he has given to us all—including his cynical calumniator—by the charming creations, with which his fine genius has for so many years peopled the monotonous pathway of every-day life? Or even if we choose to consider the whole business of polite literature as mere sport, and those who cultivate it, as voluntarily exposing themselves to be treated with a wanton and insolent levity, which they are to receive as mere pleasantry, and requite in kind, what shall we say of the taste and principles of those who sport in the same way with the sacred subject of religion and its teachers? These may be supposed indeed to be comparatively indifferent to unjust attacks. Their objects are of a loftier and purer kind than those of the merely literary man, and raise them above the sphere of popular applause and censure, in which the other lives, and moves, and has his being, —above the ordinary accidents of life. Like their sublime Master, when fixed to the cross in the fatal hour of his last agony, they can pray for their spiteful and malignant persecutors, as mistaken wretches, who know not what they do. But the same reasons, which render the minister of religion, who truly feels the spirit of his calling, superior to the influence of calumny, impose upon others with tenfold force the duty of treating him in the interest of society with marked respect. We are willing to believe, and do in fact think it probable, that the critic was not aware of the extraordinary purity and excellence of the character of Dr. Channing, when he ventured to assault him in this unmanly style, but it is obvious that the reverence,

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which is habitually cherished by all right-minded persons for every thing connected with religion, in the absence of any more particular motive, ought to, and would, if he had felt it, have restrained his petulance.

It is not our intention, as we remarked above, to discuss in detail the objections that are made to the literary and moral characters of our distinguished countrymen in the article before us, but we will here barely mention, without enlarging upon them, one or two very extraordinary inconsistencies between the statements of the critic, and the real facts of the case.

Mr. Irving is represented as entirely deficient in images and feelings of American origin—'he brought with him no new earth, no sprig of laurel gathered in the wilderness, no red bird's wing, no gleam from crystal lake, or new-discovered fountain, neither grace nor grandeur plucked from the bosom of this Eden state, like that which belongs to cradled infancy—but he brought us *rifacciamentos* of our own thoughts—copies of our favorite authors.' Now all this, which is prettily, though somewhat affectedly, expressed, happens to be exactly the reverse of the truth. The best parts of Mr. Irving's works are those in which he has drawn his inspiration wholly from American sources, and those of which the scene is laid abroad, though often beautiful, are uniformly feebler than the former. Such has been and is the general opinion of competent judges, and, what our critic will consider as more to the point, of the writers in the Edinburgh Review. In a very favorable notice of the Sketch Book, which appeared in that journal, some articles were recommended, and in part quoted, as more particularly interesting, of which the prominent one was *Rip Van Winkle*. It appears, therefore, that the first bouquet which Mr. Irving presented to the British public, contained a 'sprig of laurel,' which he had brought with him from home, and which was pronounced at once by these fastidious critics, to be the prettiest thing in the bunch. In their notices of his subsequent works, the passages founded on American scenery and manners, have always been selected as the most striking and spirited. So obvious indeed is the superiority of these to the rest, that we have no hesitation in regarding them as the life of the collections in which they appear, the attic salt as it were, that gave vitality, freshness, and taste to the otherwise somewhat insipid compound. Mr. Irving had gathered on his native soil, and before he ever saw Europe, not merely 'sprigs of laurel,' but garlands

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far more healthy and more likely to endure than those which he afterwards plucked in the conservatories of England. His Knickerbocker, on the whole the most powerful and original of all his productions, is wholly American. Every line of it is 'new earth and red bird's wing.' In Salmagundi there were occasionally imitations of Addison and Goldsmith, and the plan was copied from that of the Spectator, but even here the best things are of native origin. The *Little Man in Black* is not, as far as we recollect, described in 'our stock-books of a century ago,' nor have we seen any account of the American *logocracy*, the Tunisian ambassador's wardrobe, or the pleasures of a tour to Saratoga Springs by 'the wits of Queen Anne.' When Mr. Irving went to Europe, he carried with him, as we have just seen, sundry sprigs of laurel, a little nursery, in fact, of wild flowers, which he mingled in somewhat sparing proportions with those of foreign growth, that he collected on his way, but which were constantly noticed as the pride of his nosegay. The red bird's wing was always the most conspicuous plume in his bonnet. But we did not find him putting forth all his power until he employed himself again in his Columbus upon a subject exclusively and strictly American. Does our critic find no 'gleam of crystal lake, or new-discovered fountain, neither grace nor grandeur plucked from the bosom of an Eden state, like that of cradled infancy,' in the charming descriptions which Mr. Irving has given us of the indolent, luxurious Paradise of the natives of Haïti? Why, this very writer, or one of his fraternity, employed, but a short time since, almost the same language in telling us what Mr. Irving's style is, that he now employs with the insertion of a negative in telling us what it is not. This is really *too bad*. Mr. Irving's sketches in England are, as we have hinted above, comparatively feeble. By affecting to represent these as the only things which he has done that are worth attention, and throwing out of view the whole of his best and most spirited productions, the reviewer is able to make him out a mere tame copyist of the British classics, with some degree of plausibility; with how much candor, we leave it for our readers to judge.

An inconsistency with fact, not less glaring than that which we have just noticed, occurs in the account of Dr. Channing, the prominent trait in whose character, according to this writer, is a disposition to 'trim to all opinions, and keep well with all parties at the same time.' Such is the picture; but how

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stands the fact? Dr. Channing, as our readers are generally aware, is the acknowledged leader of the Unitarian sect, as far as there can be leaders in a communion of which the officiating clergymen are all on a footing of perfect equality. Far from making a secret of his opinions, he habitually declares them with a degree of fearlessness, which some of his friends consider imprudent. Now the Unitarian sect—although it includes perhaps, in proportion to its numbers, as large a share of the talent, virtue, and respectability of the country as any other, —is doubtless among them all the one, which has the least pretensions to popularity. It is in fact one, which, as all who are capable of looking at the subject philosophically well know, from the nature of its tenets never can be popular. It is one which scrutinizes texts—estimates the value of manuscripts and editions—balances the authority of conflicting passages, and consequently addresses itself to a very limited portion of the community: for such a portion only have the means and leisure to pursue these inquiries. We may go further, and affirm with safety, not only that the Unitarians are not a popular sect, but that they are decidedly the most unpopular of all. They are habitually denounced, both here and in England, by those who respect and love them individually, as unbelievers, deists, and sometimes atheists. The state of the case is therefore simply this: Dr. Channing stands forth openly and fearlessly before the world as the leading champion of a decried, suspected, and unpopular class of Christians. It is no part of our business to inquire into the justice of the suspicions entertained of the Unitarians, which may or may not have a reasonable foundation. The fact is undoubtedly as we have stated it. What, then, does the reviewer mean,—what can he mean,—by representing Dr. Channing as a time-server, who trims to all opinions, and keeps well with all parties? Is it trimming to all opinions to espouse a particular one, and maintain it with so much energy, eloquence, and consistency, as to be considered the leader and champion of those who hold it? Is it keeping well with all parties to oppose and defy them all except a particular one, and that the smallest and most unpopular among them? In his controversial writings, Dr. Channing has no doubt uniformly observed the decorum, which belongs to his character and feelings, as well as to his position, and has treated his opponents with perfect liberality; but we venture to hope that the observance of the ordinary courtesies of life does not make a man out to be a

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time-server and a trimmer. If it did, by the bye, we think we could safely assure the writer of the article before us, that he would never be considered as obnoxious to those qualifications In short, the charges here made against Dr. Channing are so obviously and palpably at variance with his position in the world, they attribute to him a character so entirely the reverse of that which he notoriously bears, that it is somewhat difficult to imagine how the idea of them could have gained admission into the reviewer's mind in connexion with his name. The making of them supposes, no doubt, an almost complete ignorance of the reputation and standing of the author whose works he undertook to cut up, as well as a criminal readiness to scoff at things and persons which all good men regard with reverence; but it also supposes, we think, the existence of some particular motive which operated in this case, to give a bias to the mind of the reviewer, which, under other circumstances, it could not well have taken.

It appears, in fact, from the tenor of the article, that there was such a motive, the nature of which is indicated with sufficient clearness in the closing sentence of the extracts given above. The 'ugly mask' which for a time concealed from the world the character of Bonaparte, has, it seems, been taken off in England; but 'Dr. Channing continues to lecture on the mask in preference to the head.' Dr. Channing, has published, under the form of a review of Scott's Napoleon, a powerful analysis of the intellectual and moral character of that personage, which, according to the notions of the reviewer, is not sufficiently favorable to the 'Man of Destiny.' The supposed injustice done to his favorite hero, seems to be the source of the particular disgust which the reviewer has taken towards our distinguished countryman; and the supposed inconsistency between a love of liberty and a dislike of Bonaparte, appears to be the real foundation for the charge made upon him, of trimming between opposite opinions, and keeping well with all parties.

Now, supposing even that Dr. Channing had in some degree mistaken the character of Bonaparte, we cannot admit that this would at all justify the critic in his outrageous attack; but, independently of this consideration, we must also remark, that, according to our judgment, the mistake on this subject, if there be any, is on the other side. We cannot perceive that any material injustice is done to the celebrated Corsican in

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the Doctor's article. We greatly doubt the fact, so positively affirmed by the reviewer, that the 'ugly mask,' which was formerly supposed to be the face of Bonaparte, has been taken off in England. We have seen no authentic account of any such operation. The meaning of this language in plain English—if it mean any thing—is, that Napoleon was at one time considered as a tyrant, a usurper, and an enemy of liberty, but that the public opinion on this subject has been since changed, and that he is now better thought of, perhaps approved, lamented, and admired; for we are not informed how far the reviewer means to proceed in his hero's apotheosis. Now we are free to confess, as respects ourselves, that we have no knowledge of any such revolution in the public opinion upon this subject, and we believe that we may say the same for most of our countrymen. On this side the water, Napoleon is still the same tyrant, usurper, and enemy of liberty, that he always was; and Dr. Channing, in representing him under this point of view, has expressed the feeling of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, as well as his own. We know that a mask was removed from his character some time before his death—not, however, by any means an ugly mask, but, on the contrary, a brilliant and dazzling one, like the silver veil of the Prophet in Moore's poem—we mean the false glare, the *prestige*, to use an expressive French word, with which the possession of imperial power and unbounded wealth had so long surrounded him in the imagination of the world. When this was removed, he did not,—such at least is our impression,—rise in the public estimation, but on the contrary was thought to have lost much of his heroism, without gaining a great deal on the score of humanity. When we saw the conqueror in fifty pitched battles—the modern Charlemagne—forgetting the real, in a vain concern for the imaginary and conventional, dignity of his character, and disputing with a paltry colonial governor about the style in which he was to be addressed, and the number of bottles of claret he was to be allowed for dinner, with as much apparent interest as he had before contended with Alexander for the empire of Europe, our estimate of his qualities was in some degree lowered, and we recollected Rousseau's well known ode,

Le masque tombe—l'homme reste,—
Et le héros s'évanouit.

Since that time, and especially since the death of Bonaparte, we have had in rapid succession a series of publications, filled

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with the most minute, curious, and instructive information respecting his character and opinions, prepared in general by friendly hands, and compiled, in part, under his own direction and even dictation. We have had the scientific and military details of his campaigns by himself and his favorite generals; the diffuse memoranda of his conversations in exile by the Count de Las Cases, and now within a few months the authentic narrative of his private life while in power, by his favorite secretary, of which we hope in a future number to lay some notice before our readers. In addition to this, we have had a hundred collections of memoirs, some of them in the highest degree curious and interesting, by various personages, who figured in his armies or at his court, from his brother to his butler: and we may safely say, that there is now, as the Spanish proverb runs, very little at the bottom of the inkstand. The strain of most of these works is on the whole decidedly panegyrical, as might naturally be expected, when we recollect that they were almost all written by creatures and dependants of the Ex-Emperor, who looked back to the period of his reign as the golden age, which for them no doubt it was. Every thing has been said that could be said, to exalt, embellish, explain, justify, excuse, or palliate, according to the nature of the particular passage of his life under consideration. His encomiasts endeavor to make him out the 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best' of men, as well as the most enterprising, skilful, and successful of commanders. We have been told how he pinched the Abbé de Pradt's ears, extemporised love-tales for the entertainment of the Empress and her ladies, and played bob-cherry with the King of Rome. All this may be true, although we must own that we receive it in part with some grains of allowance. But supposing it to be all true, it does not much affect the political and moral character of the personage, who, we fear, must still remain what he was before—*sedet æternumque sedebit*—a usurper, a tyrant, and an enemy to liberty.

Our critic takes it very much amiss that Dr. Channing should elevate Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare in the order of intellectual precedency above Wellington, Nelson, and Napoleon, and in general should consider philosophy and poetry as higher applications of talent than the business of practical life even in its highest departments, which policy and war undoubtedly are. He affirms that the latent object of the Doctor in making this division, is no other than to place himself at the top among

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those who *talk* about things, and commanders at the bottom among those who only *do* them. Now this, which is doubtless in the opinion of the reviewer very excellent pleasantry, is unquestionably very inaccurate, and we must add, very unfair when considered as a statement of the theory of our countryman. Dr. Channing does not place himself, but Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare at the *top*, and he does not place the great commanders, such as Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson, at the *bottom*, but only below the very few persons who have exercised equal or greater powers in a still more comprehensive and general way. The difference between these two versions of his theory, however unimportant the critic may consider it for other purposes, is at least very material to the reputation of Dr. Channing for modesty—a quality which is more valued on this side the water than—to judge by the practice of the reviewer—we should suppose it to be in Scotland. As respects the principle, we incline to think that it will bear examination, and do not consider it so much at variance with the common opinion of the world as this writer evidently does. If he had not treated it as a paradox, we should have been rather disposed to regard it as a truism. 'In Europe,' it seems, 'we think that Cæsar, Alexander, and Charlemagne were no babies.' Has Dr. Channing, then, intimated that he considered Napoleon as a baby? Is every man a baby who could not have written the Paradise Lost, the *Novum Organon* or King Lear? If the reviewer's object be caricature, we can understand what he means; but his representation, or rather misrepresentation, is obviously wholly foreign to the merits of the question. 'We think in Europe that to move the great masses of power, and to bind opinions in a spell, is as difficult as the turning a period, or the winding up a homily.' Does the reviewer then mean to tell us that it is the commander, military or naval, who moves the great masses of power and binds opinions in a spell? Is it not perfectly obvious, that no individual, by a direct application of even the highest talent to practical business, can produce any very extensive effects, excepting so far as he may have the advantage of a favorable state of opinion, prepared, 'spell-bound,' as the reviewer is pleased to say, beforehand? No illustration of this remark can be more complete and conclusive than that which is furnished by the example of Napoleon himself. The conqueror of Arcole, Austerlitz, and Jena, undoubtedly possessed a military genius

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of the first class; but what would he have been under other circumstances—had he lived, for example, fifty years earlier than he did? He would have been under Louis XV. what Dumouriez—a person of much the same character—was, a brigadier-general at forty, with the reputation of a *mauvaise tête*, and alive at this day. The principle of his great success lay in the fact of his appearance at a critical epoch. The revolution had electrified public opinion, and thrown the great living masses of power, not only into motion, but into convulsions. Bonaparte, with his prodigious military talent, electrified himself by the same causes that acted upon all the rest, was able, under the favor of circumstances, to give these masses for a time a direction towards any particular object which he happened to prefer. Here was a golden opportunity for displaying the very highest order, not of intellectual, but, what is a still nobler quality, moral greatness; and had Napoleon done justice to it, he would undoubtedly have placed his name above those of Milton, Shakspeare, or any other that is named among men, excepting only that of Washington. To what object then—having as he had the full liberty of choice—did he direct the almost boundless power which was placed at his disposal? The good of the world—the service of truth, virtue, and liberty—the welfare of his country? Oh no! All these might have been promoted together, and by the same efforts; but these noble objects, and with them the lives and happiness of millions of his contemporaries, were sacrificed to a direct regard for his own *paltry self*, as the reviewer has it. When the universe was all in alarm, ready for any thing, and thrown by accident under his command, he could think of nothing better to employ it upon than the mighty adventure of changing the style, title, and mode of living of a little French corporal and his family. Such were his pretensions to moral greatness; and where a man is deficient in this particular, there is much reason to fear that his mind is not of the highest order. 'The heart,' says Vauvenargues, 'is the true source of intellectual power.' *Toutes les grandes pensées viennent du cœur.* But to return to the question, as stated by the reviewer himself—Who electrified public opinion, and set in motion the great masses of power, which Napoleon so shamefully mismanaged? Obviously the authors of the French revolution. And who were the authors of the French revolution? The military, we know, were the last portion of the community who had any concern in it.

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Those who gave the impulse and carried on the work to its completion at the taking of the Bastille, were the orators, thinkers, and writers—to go no higher—of the two preceding centuries, from Luther to Mirabeau. How did they effect their object? Precisely by the means which the reviewer speaks of with so much contempt—'by turning periods' and 'winding up homilies.' An obscure Augustine monk, by his powerful preaching, wrought in such a way upon the feelings of his contemporaries, that they burst all bounds—rent in twain the sacred veil that had before concealed from the public the mysteries of religious belief, and commenced a series of wars that lasted a century and a half, and opened an epoch in the history of Europe. But as Luther only 'wound up homilies' he was of course, in the opinion of our critic, a very small man. Calvin and he were mere pigmies in comparison with Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, who *did* the things, which they only *talked* about. Locke, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the rest, by their powerful speculations in moral and political philosophy, effected the change in the public opinion of Europe, which immediately determined the occurrence of the French revolution, and thus unsettled all, and overthrew the greater part of the governments before existing in the civilized world. But as these persons only 'turned periods,' their agency was, of course, a very secondary one, and they are not to be named for importance on the same day with Dumouriez, Pichegru, Moreau, and, finally, Napoleon and his generals, who actually *did* what they only *talked* about. Such is the system of the reviewer. We in America—very foolishly perhaps—consider the 'kingly-crowned *head*' and the 'counsellor *heart*,' as nobler members of the body, whether politic or natural, than 'our steed the leg,' or 'the arm our soldier.' Without pretending to depreciate the importance of the functions of a military or naval commander, which are among the noblest that belong to practical life, we conceive that the philosopher occupies the same situation in the great action of human affairs, and in relation to the whole human race, that the general does on the field of battle in reference to his own army. The skilful commander, who knows his business, does not place himself in the front rank, and lay about him with his own hands. He takes his station on a neighboring height with a telescope by his side, and gives his orders to his aids, who in turn convey them to the inferior officers, until they reach the subalterns and privates. These are

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the persons who actually cut down the enemy. They *do* what the commander-in-chief and the superior officers only *talk* about, and on the system of our critic are the real heroes of the day. In the same way, the philosopher takes his stand on the intellectual elevation of superior talent, and talks to the few who are able to hear him—*φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν*. By them his judgments of men and things are communicated to the many, and having thus wrought out a change in public opinion, begin at last to exhibit their practical effects, whether for good or evil, by determining a new order of political events. Thus far all is done by talking, and the talk is entirely upon general principles. At this period, a new scene opens in the progress of the action, and a new set of characters make their appearance. The practical statesman and commander are now the prominent persons, but still, as before, all is done by talking. The only difference is, that the conversation, instead of turning upon general principles, now turns upon the application of them to the business of the world. The representative and diplomatist talk in Congress and in Parliament—the commander talks and writes in his cabinet or at the head of his army—and they thus produce effects upon a somewhat inferior, but still very extensive scale, until, finally, the merely passive mortal machine begins to perform its functions. The tax-gatherer, the soldier, the sheriff, the surgeon, the attorney, the cultivator, get into motion. Sword and lancet, pill and cartridge-box, plea, plough, and printing-press are set to work: the talk is over, and the real action, as our critic considers it, is at last in progress. It is needless, of course, after what we have said, to dwell any further on the nature of his mistake, which is obviously the vulgar one of considering 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance,' the 'sound and fury, signifying nothing,' which attend the appearance of a certain class of the performers in this great drama, as proofs of their superior importance in comparison with the rest. A man who wears a laced coat with epaulettes on his shoulders, occupies the largest house in the city, is attended, when he goes out, by a multitude of others, and perhaps saluted by the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery, is obviously a much greater character than another who merely sits down in his morning-gown, to write by his fire-side. The plausibility of the statement, so far as it has any, lies in confounding the faculty of writing and speaking with grammatical correctness and rhetorical elegance, with the intellectual power which is required for

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writing and speaking with effect. In the former sense the art of turning a period or winding up a homily is undoubtedly a very trifling accomplishment, although we could wish that, trifling as it is, it were not quite so much neglected by some of our great men. But to turn a period or wind up a homily with effect, requires, in addition to all that Lowth and Blair can supply, *a head*—with good effect—*a heart;* and these are tools which, whatever the reviewer may think of it, are not to be found in every man's workshop. As respects the latter, at least, we believe that his own stock would not be the worse for a little mending.

The reviewer appears to consider the opinion entertained by Dr. Channing of the character of Napoleon, as not only unjust and incorrect in itself, but as entirely inconsistent with the liberal principles, which our countryman professes in regard to other matters. This supposed inconsistency is, as we remarked above, the real foundation of the charge made upon him by the critic of trimming between opposite parties. It is impossible according to this authority, to love liberty without loving Bonaparte, and one who pretends to love liberty, and at the same time to hate Bonaparte, must necessarily be a hypocrite and a time-server. 'We are surprised, that staunch republicans, who complain that the world bow to rank and birth alone, should turn with redoubled rage against intellect, the moment it became a match for pride and prejudice, and was the only thing that could be opposed to them with success, or could extort a moment's fear or awe for human genius or human nature!'

Now we must needs say, at the risk of appearing to be actuated by a spirit of indiscriminate censure, that the inconsistency here, as the error before, seems to us to be on the side of the reviewer, and not of Dr. Channing. We really cannot discern the identity between the cause of Bonaparte, and that of well-ordered and rational liberty, which is so perfectly obvious and palpable to the sharp optics of this Scottish seer. We in our turn are surprised that staunch whigs, nurtured in the principles of Sydney and Russell, brought up at the feet of Fox, enemies by creed, feeling, habit, and inheritance, of the slightest approach to arbitrary forms of government, should deem it consistent with their character to grovel at the footstool of a despot, and kiss the rod of iron oppression, simply because it is wielded by the hand of one who rose from the lower walks of life, possessed great talents, and had once been, or pretended to be, a

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friend of liberty. Does tyranny lose its proper character, and cease to be odious, because the tyrant happens to be also a usurper, an apostate, and an upstart? If the situation and disposition of a ruler be such, that he will certainly do me all the injury in his power, is it a rational source of satisfaction to me, that he possesses great talents, and that his power to injure me will of course be nearly co-extensive with his will? Can I be blamed for turning with 'redoubled rage,' if the reviewer like the expression, upon intellect, when the only use that is made of this intellect is to invent and put in practice new and more effectual methods of depriving me by force or fraud of all I hold dear? Did the Romans of the time of Cæsar, who, as Cassius tells us in the play, were compelled to

> Walk under his *huge legs*, and peep about
> To find themselves dishonorable graves,

feel much pride in the large dimensions of the political man-mountain, that was trampling them down in the dust? For ourselves we are devotedly attached to liberty, and would make any sacrifice to escape from oppression; but if we must submit to it, we have no hesitation in saying that we should much prefer a good, easy, hereditary, gouty despot, who would ask for nothing but a skilful cook, and a well-stocked deer-park, to a fiery usurper of first-rate talent, who would be always on horseback, wasting the blood and treasure of his people in vain attempts to gratify his wild and wanton ambition. Tyrant for tyrant, we should certainly prefer King Log to King Stork, Louis to Napoleon; and we consider this preference as not only not inconsistent with, but as the natural and necessary result of a love of liberty. We must even venture to suggest to this critic, with all the deference due to so high an authority, that the intelligent friends of liberty on this side the water have not been edified by the tone of adulation which has generally distinguished the speculations of the Edinburgh Review on the character of Bonaparte. We have seen with regret, and a sort of indignation, the journal which claims to be, and may perhaps be fairly considered as being in Europe, the leading periodical organ of sound political principles, lavishing its warmest expressions of applause and admiration upon the bitterest and most effective enemy to such principles that has yet appeared. We cannot admit as a sufficient excuse for this, that the Edinburgh Review is or was, as respects the party divisions that prevail in Great Britain, an opposition journal; and that it was neces-

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sary to defend at all hazards, and with every sacrifice of consistency and principle, the chief of a nation with which the ministry were at war. This might answer as an apology for a humbler class of writers, who profess no other rule of conduct than attachment to their party; but can hardly be received as a good plea in behalf of the Edinburgh Review. Or even if we consent to allow to this consideration somewhat more weight than it is fairly entitled to, what propriety is there in expecting that we in this country, who are not under the influence of the same party feelings, should give way to the same real or affected delusion upon this subject? Because the British whigs deem it politic to rush through thick and thin in pursuit of what they no doubt regard as patriotic objects, are the citizens of the United States, who have no immediate concern with those objects, to affirm that black is white, and sanction the wildest excesses in conduct, and the grossest errors in principle, merely for the sake of keeping them company? We can assure the reviewer, that it is as much as our consciences will bear us out in, to follow up the hue and cry of our own parties, without intermeddling in those of other countries a thousand leagues off. In short, if the critic will but coolly consider these things, he cannot avoid seeing, that the inconsistency complained of is really on his side, and not on that of Dr. Channing; that the friends of liberty are not, as such, bound in honor and conscience to bow down before the brazen image of a ruthless and bloody military despotism; and that if he, the reviewer, had thought proper to bestow a little of his friendly feeling upon the young, flourishing, growing, glorious, English republic of the United States, instead of wasting it all upon an Italian soldier, merely because he was a man of talent, he would have acted much more consistently with his professed principles, and done himself a great deal more honor in the opinion of judicious men.

The general result seems to be, that the attack of the reviewer upon the literary and moral reputation of Dr. Channing, and our other distinguished countrymen, is not less unjust than it is indecorous. We had intended, after replying to the article immediately before us, to have alluded to some other attacks, which have recently been levelled by the British press against this country, but have only room at present to notice the manner in which one of the more respectable weekly journals has been pleased to comment upon our own labors. We shall first quote entire the article to which we allude, and

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which appeared in the Edinburgh Scotsman of December 5th, under the title of *North American Review, No.* 65, *for October,* 1829.

'We have no great respect for this periodical, of which a casual number now and then strays into our hands. We give the writers credit for considerable industry, talent, and extent of information, and for a large portion of that worldly shrewdness which disposes prudent men to sail with the tide, and keep to windward of all doctrines which are not already in general favor; but they are woefully deficient in intellectual courage, in profound and original views, in lofty aims, and in that love of truth and of mankind, which atones for many errors, and sanctifies the best efforts of the understanding. The journal wants true American feeling; it wants heart and it wants soul. The writers *creep* in the train of our reviewers, and take upon their shoulders from choice, the load of prejudice and sophistry which is forcibly entailed upon us by our old establishments, and the feelings and interests which have grown out of them. There is but one absolutely *clear stage* in the world for the discussion of every question that interests mankind; and that, owing to a happy combination of circumstances, exists in North America. But the periodical writers of the first class there, voluntarily renounce the high functions which thus devolve upon them, and, instead of heading the tide of liberal speculation, and boldly proclaiming truths which must either be suppressed in the old world, or uttered in whispers, send us back a feeble echo of the false doctrines and antiquated opinions, which are, or were current among ourselves. For any thing that appears in it on politics, morals, law, religion, or philosophy, this review might be edited under the censorship of a Burgomaster of Frankfort, or an Amtman of Carlsruhe! If it was (were) published in either of these towns, we should say it was a respectable journal; but as the organ of opinion in free republican America, nothing can be more pitiful. It is as innocent of giving countenance to innovation, as if Prince Metternich were the editor! Indeed, it gives shelter and protection to many errors and prejudices, of which enlightened men in Europe are beginning to be ashamed. The writers have not the slightest conception that their country exemplifies a new and happier order of society, which ought to become a source of light to the world. Were Locke and Sydney living in our day, they would regard the American government as a beautiful and successful experiment, which has solved difficulties that had perplexed the wisest of men from the beginning of time, and unfolded truths of incalculable value to mankind.

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Not so the sages of the North American Review. In their eyes, the republican institutions of their country are merely one of the accidental modes or fashions of government to which the varieties of national taste and genius give birth, having much in common with the pauper-loaded and priest-ridden systems of the old world! To transplant its forms, or apply its principles to any state of continental Europe, would, in their opinion, be a presumptuous and visionary attempt, fit only for the Radicals of England, or the Tugenbundists of Germany! As men shave their heads in one country—their chins in another—and wear both their hair and their beard in a third—so there is a diversity of taste and usage among nations upon the subject of government, which no wise man should disturb! The American loves to make his own laws, assess his own taxes, and appoint his own parsons and magistrates. The Englishman's pleasure is to grumble at the aristocracy, to whom he commits these functions; the Spaniard rejoices in the dominion of his *rey absoluto* and his priests; the Turk is delighted with the bow-string of his sublime Lord, and the conscience of the Russian is satisfied provided his back is well flayed with the knout! All these are equally happy under their several systems! To transfer the institutions of one of these nations, in whole or in part, to any of the others, would unsettle old associations and venerable usages, as Burke sagaciously observes, and be in fact like an attempt to fit the jacket of the Laplander upon the shoulders of the gigantic Patagonian! We assure our readers, that in giving this account of their doctrines, though we cannot quote words or passages, we are not intentionally caricaturing the American reviewers, but describing what we honestly believe to be the scope of their principles; and our opinion is formed after perusing, at one time or another, a considerable portion of their lucubrations. It does indeed rouse our indignation to see them, with such unequalled means of doing good, play false to the cause of mankind, and lend their aid to prop up the most pernicious errors and the worst dogmas of the old world.

'Let him who doubts our statement, try the American reviewers by "any constant question." Let him examine their opinions as to the effect of church establishments, the utility of classical literature as a part of general education, the value of the English unpaid magistracy, and of the technicalities, cumbrousness, and expensiveness of the English law, the advantages of codification, &c. On all these points he will find the reviewers ranging themselves on the side of old opinions, and sailing in the wake of those writers in this country, who are distinguished as the enemies of every rational reform, and the upholders of every

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old abuse. Though living in a country where improvement is advancing at the gallop, "on the car of time," they have no faith in the future fortunes of our race, nor indulge in any aspirations after unattained but possible good. Such as man has been, such they think he ever will be, a poor, benighted animal, groping his way from one error to another, the prey of priests, and the victim of tyrants, abusing liberty where he has it, and often more happy as a slave than as a freeman! The weight of their authority, such as it is, is employed to inculcate political maxims, which are shallow and grovelling. Their labors tend to repress true independence of thought, to bring derision on a generous and enlarged philanthropy, and to teach the Americans to undervalue those institutions which constitute their chief glory. Fortunately, the course of things is too strong for the efforts of any knot of literary men. Truth in our days has, like the ocean, ten thousand avenues, and its course can be but little impeded by closing up one or two of them. America will produce men who can appreciate the moral grandeur of her institutions, and when these appear, her literature will become a fountain of light to the world.

'In a literary point of view, the present number is respectable. It contains twelve articles, the last and longest of which is a review of Captain Hall's Travels. We have seen a writer cut up in a more masterly style, but the critic does exert no contemptible degree of skill, in showing up the Captain's prejudice, rashness, and inconsistency, and he has imitated the subject of his criticism in combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. So much of the discussion, however, is devoted to special points, that we cannot find a passage fit for quotation. Of the other articles, there are not many calculated to interest readers in this country; but we insert an extract from an article on Modern Greek Literature, for the sake of the information it contains.'

It is plain, from the tenor of this article, that the mind of the writer has been severely exercised by something which he has met with in some preceding number of this journal, but with the aid of the little light which he has thought proper to throw upon the subject, we are rather at a loss to conjecture what particular part of our speculations it is, by which we have been so unfortunate as to give him offence. To the charges of ignorance and dulness, we of course, plead guilty with great cheerfulness. Independently of the general presumption against us, which results from the well-known degeneracy of the race on this side the water, we are quite

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aware of our personal incapacity to carry into effect to any considerable extent, our very honest intentions to entertain and instruct our readers. We know, that in both these respects, they are too often compelled to take the will for the deed. We also fully acquit the worthy editor of any intention to caricature or misrepresent our doctrines. His positive denial of any such intention would of course be quite sufficient; independently of which, the honor he has done us by reading the 'casual numbers of our journal that now and then stray into his hands,' or, as he is afterwards pleased to explain himself, by 'perusing at one time or another a considerable portion of our lucubrations,' is an ample guarantee that he bears us no ill-will. When, therefore, we find him asserting that we are 'woefully deficient in intellectual courage—profound and original views—lofty aims—love of truth and mankind—heart—soul—and true American feeling,'—that we 'take upon ourselves from choice a load of prejudice and sophistry,'—'send back to the old world a feeble echo of the false and antiquated doctrines that are or were current there,'—that we 'play false to the cause of man,'—that 'as an organ of opinion for republican America, nothing can be more *pitiful*' than our journal—and finally, that we '*creep* in the train of *our reviewers*.'—with the other *gentillesses* of the same description, which the reader will have met with in the above extract, we are bound to presume that all these pretty compliments are in the nature of confessions, reluctantly extorted by the force of truth from a warm and real friend, and if the manner appear to be somewhat unceremonious, it must be owing to a want of taste in us, and not of good breeding in the Scotsman, who is, of course, thoroughly imbued with the *national politeness* of his country.

But even if we allow to this writer all the credit which he seems disposed to claim for a friendly and respectful feeling towards us, as well as for a strict observance of the forms of civility usual among gentlemen, to which his pretensions are equally well founded; and if we also concede to him the general inferiority of every product of cisatlantic origin to the corresponding one of European, and especially of Scottish growth, we may still venture to intimate that, as respects some of the more serious offences with which he charges us, there may possibly be a mistake in fact. While assuring his readers that he has no intention to caricature us, he candidly admits

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that he *cannot quote words and passages* in support of his view of our doctrines. Here, then, is a book, in thirty volumes, lying open before him, and, according to his account, full of the most dangerous and heretical principles, written—within and without—like the roll in Ezekiel, with lamentation and mourning and woe; but when he comes to file his bill of exceptions, he cannot, by his own admission, quote an objectionable passage—no, not so much as a single offensive word. This, we confess, does seem to us a little extraordinary—but let it pass; for we have not room to treat the subject in detail. In defect of evidence to support his charges, our accuser undertakes to bring us to confession, forgetting the humane rule of the common law, which declares that no person shall be held to criminate himself. He proposes, in his own phrase, 'to try us by any constant question,' and accordingly suggests two or three, which we are expected to answer. Independently of the rather inquisitorial character of this method, we must be permitted to remark, that the Scotsman is a little unfortunate in his application of it. Of the problems which he states, all, that are of any importance, have already been solved in this journal, in a manner which would probably be satisfactory to him. As to the unpaid magistracy, and the value of classical literature, they are matters of comparatively trifling consequence, on which, if we recollect rightly, we have not had much occasion to descant: but as respects the weightier subjects of *codification* and an established church, we have repeatedly expressed opinions decidedly in favor of the former, and against the latter, so that we really do not know what this writer means by accusing us of heresy on these points. In treating the question of *codification*, we have not even stated before, what we now honestly confess, that, whatever may be the value of the thing, we heartily detest and despise the name, which, though patronised by the Edinburgh Review and the Scotsman, ought, as we conceive, to be utterly eschewed, with all the other abominable inventions of the same author, by every lover of pure English. Supposing, however, that we had in fact said somewhat less upon the subjects of the established church and codification, than the opposition journals in England habitually do, does not the critic perceive, that our position in these respects is entirely different from theirs? We in America have no church establishment, nor are we embarrassed with 'the technicalities, cumbrousness, and expensiveness of the English law.' We

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have given, long ago, the best and most decisive evidence of our sentiments on these points, by simplifying the law, and avoiding altogether the plan of an established church. The battle is fought and won. What merit would there be in railing at the enemy after he is fairly beaten, and has cried quarter? The thing which the Scotsman wishes us to be always *talking* about, we have already *done:* and this, according to his neighbor of the Review, is by far the more important part of the business. He has fallen into a similar error in charging us with a disinclination to *innovate.* We deny that we have ever shown any indisposition to real improvements of any kind; but the Scotsman should remember that we have already attained most of the objects which the friends of liberty in Europe regard as desirable. He tells us himself, that 'our country exemplifies a new and happier order of society, which ought to become a source of light to the world; that if Locke and Sydney were living in our day, they would regard the American government as a beautiful and successful experiment, which has solved difficulties that had perplexed the wisest of men from the beginning of time, and unfolded truths of incalculable value to mankind.' Such is his opinion of our institutions; and, although he has thought proper to add in the same passage, that 'the sages of the North American Review have not the slightest conception of all this,' we can assure him that he is quite mistaken, and that our opinion upon the subject is exactly the same with his. But since he has been pleased to put us to the question, we would venture to ask him in turn, why, if our government be already perfect, we are called upon to encourage innovation? Does not he recollect the old Italian epitaph, *I was well, I wanted to be better, and here I am?* We are well—we do not want to be better—we conceive that the best thing that can happen to us is to remain as we are; and this being the case, we can have no motive for wishing to *innovate.* Does our Scotch friend think that, after reaching the top of the hill, we ought to descend rather than not keep moving? Does he wish us to change for the worse, rather than not change at all? Or does he—as is more probable—only wish to find fault?

Charges, which cannot be supported by words or passages, must of course be of a very loose and general character. When the Scotsman has endeavored to present those which he prefers against us in a shape at all tangible, he has failed of giving them

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the least appearance of plausibility. He tells us, for example, that we want *true American feeling*. On this point, we must refer him again to his neighbors of the Edinburgh Review, who, at an early stage in our progress, pronounced that we were 'abundantly national,' and that 'there was no want of patriotic feeling.' The intimation evidently was, that there was a slight, perhaps excusable, excess of this quality; and we think we may affirm, without the danger of being contradicted, that there has been no diminution since. Again, we 'creep in the train of our reviewers.' As a full defence against this count in the indictment, we appeal with confidence to the articles which we have had occasion, at various times, from the commencement of our editorial labors up to the present day, to address to 'our reviewers' in reply to their strictures upon the United States. However feebly executed in other respects, our readers will do us the justice to allow, that they have not exhibited any disposition on our part to truckle to foreign arrogance, or kiss the rod of unjust criticism. We defy the Scotsman to produce a single sentence in which we have shown an inclination to court the favor of the British press, or of any other portion of the British public. We are quite aware, on the contrary, that the tone we have uniformly maintained in this respect, is not fitted to conciliate the good will of our transatlantic brethren; and if this were the object we had in view, we should of course adopt a different one. A few compliments to their national pride—a few sacrifices to their national interest—and we should soon cease to be 'a pitiful organ of republican America.' We have lately seen one of our countrymen raise himself to the rank of 'the highest existing authorities in political economy,' by saying that the British have eight million tons of shipping employed in the coasting trade. Had he carried his calculation up to ten or twelve millions, he would have equalled the fame of Adam Smith. For ourselves, we look exclusively for encouragement and support to the home market. We court no favor from foreigners, and our only ambition is to merit the approval of our own intelligent countrymen. Far from creeping in the train of 'our reviewers,' we have always regarded it as being, in the present state of the intercourse between the two countries, one of the most interesting branches of our editorial duty, to repel the attacks, and to guard our fellow-citizens against the misrepresentations of the British journals; and we have uniformly acted, and shall continue to act—as far as occasion may appear to require—on this principle.

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As the charges of the Scotsman, whenever they assume a tangible shape, are thus palpably, and even ludicrously inconsistent with fact, the general accusation which he deduces from them of lukewarmness in the cause of liberty and a disposition to sustain exploded errors and abuses, of course falls of itself. The truth is, that it is very difficult for us in this country to give satisfaction to our transatlantic brethren, whatever bias we may happen to take. Nothing will answer but direct homage to their grossest prejudices, and even then, we must expect to be told that their approbation of us is merely the result of the *national politeness*. The reproach which has heretofore been generally made against the American press, is that of a tendency to exaggeration in the expression of sentiments favorable to liberty. We have been told that we confounded monarchy with slavery, that our notions of government were narrow and intolerant, and that we could see nothing good or great out of the circle of our own institutions. We have been charged, in short, with being *ultra-democratic* in our political opinions, and this heresy is undoubtedly much more common among us than the opposite one. But if it happen by accident that a journal which appears at long intervals of time, and is or ought to be prepared with more reflection, expresses the same opinions in a rather more deliberate form than the rest, our censors forthwith attack us with 'redoubled rage,' for the want of the same quality, of which we were before reproached with the excess. So delicate is their taste, that it is next to impossible not to offend them in one way or another. If violent, we are blind and bigoted democrats—if considerate, we are lukewarm in the cause of liberty—at all events, we are always in the wrong. This kind of criticism is so easily seen through, that it would be superfluous to expose the injustice of it. We yield to none, as we have already remarked, in attachment to liberty; but we are also aware, with every body else of the least reflection, that liberty, like other good things, may be abused, and that the name is often assumed by false pretenders for unworthy purposes. We may remark here, since the occasion presents itself, that we cannot agree in all the principles that are set forth from time to time upon this subject on respectable authority in the mother country. We are told for example, in the article of the Edinburgh Review, upon the prose writings of Milton, to which we have once before alluded, that liberty, like a certain beautiful fairy in the poem of Ariosto, sometimes

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'puts on the form of a hateful reptile—that she grovels, and hisses, and stings; but that we must admire and cherish her in this degraded and frightful shape, if we mean to be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.' All this means, if it mean any thing, that the real friends of liberty are not only bound to approve, to concur in, and to sympathise with the rational and well-directed exertions of the honest and intelligent laborers in her cause, but also to applaud and aid every charlatan, who chooses for any purpose, however vile, to wear her mask. But a few moments since we were invited, as friends of liberty, to grovel at the footstool of Bonaparte, and we are now called upon, always in the same character, to take counsel with Robespierre—to yell with Marat for two hundred thousand heads—to listen with delighted attention to the 'orator of the human race,' and to bow with reverential awe at the shrine of the unveiled Goddess of Reason. However highly we may value the approbation of the Edinburgh Review and the Scotsman, we have no hesitation in saying distinctly, that we shall not purchase it at such a price; and since these writers express their opinion with so much freedom upon our conduct, we would ask them in turn how it happens that they do not set us the example as well as give us the precept? How happens it that they pay no court themselves to their goddess, in her grovelling, hissing, stinging shape? Why is it that we do not find them clamoring with Hunt and Cobbett—blaspheming with Carlile,—and outraging decency with Mary Woolstonecraft and Fanny Wright? All this and more they are bound to do on their own system, but of all this we see little or nothing in their writings, to judge at least from the 'casual numbers of the Scotsman that accidentally stray into our hands,' and from 'perusing at one time or another a considerable portion of the lucubrations' of the Edinburgh Reviewers. The simple truth appears at last to be, that at the very moment when they are ridiculing and abusing us for lukewarmness in the cause of liberty, their own language is much less liberal than ours. So much for the consistency and decency of these would-be dictators in the republic of letters. As respects the system they recommend to us, and the allegory by which it is illustrated, we may add, that they involve a mistake in fact, which was long ago pointed out by the great English apostle of the rights of man. The degraded and frightful shape, which in days of trouble has often appeared under the

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name and character of *Liberty*, is not, as we are told by Milton, the sweet mountain-nymph herself in disguise, but a ghastly counterfeit of her charming appearance, animated by the foul spirit of *License*—a malignant demon, tormented by a continual thirst for human blood. Like the Vampyre Bride in Goethe's poem, this loathsome figure puts on specious looks, and uses honied words—wears perhaps upon her brow the golden round of military triumph, or the red cap of deliverance from bondage; but her only delight is to suck out the life of her victims. Her touch is fatal; there is no remedy for it; those who take her to their bosoms shall surely die.

ART. III.—*An Act to Incorporate the New-England Asylum for the Blind. Approved, March 2d*, 1829.

There is nothing in which the Moderns surpass the Ancients more conspicuously than in their noble provisions for the relief of indigence and distress. The public policy of the Ancients seems to have embraced only whatever might promote the aggrandizement or the direct prosperity of the state, and to have cared little for those unfortunate beings, who from disease or incapacity of any kind, were disqualified from contributing to this. The beneficent influence of Christianity, however, combined with the general tendency of our social institutions, has led to the recognition of rights in the individual as sacred as those of the community, and has suggested manifold provisions for personal comfort and happiness.

The spirit of benevolence, thus widely, and oftentimes judiciously exerted, continued until a very recent period, however, strangely insensible to the claims of a large class of objects, to whom nature, and no misconduct or imprudence of their own, as is too often the case with the subjects of public charity, had denied some of the most estimable faculties of man. No suitable institutions, until the close of the last century, have been provided for the nurture of the deaf and dumb, or the blind. Immured within hospitals and alms-houses, like so many lunatics or incurables, they have been delivered over, if they escaped the physical, to all the moral contagion too frequently incident to such abodes, and have thus been involved in a mental darkness far more deplorable than their bodily one.

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This injudicious treatment has resulted from the erroneous principle of viewing these unfortunate beings as an absolute burthen on the public, utterly incapable of contributing to their own subsistence, or of ministering in any degree to their own intellectual wants. Instead, however, of being degraded by such unworthy views, they should have been regarded as, what in truth they are, possessed of corporeal and mental capacities perfectly competent, under proper management, to the production of the most useful results. If wisdom from one entrance was quite shut out, other avenues for its admission still remained to be opened.

In order to give effective aid to persons in this predicament, it is necessary to place ourselves as far as possible in their peculiar situation; to consider to what faculties this insulated condition is on the whole most favorable, and in what direction they can be exercised with the best chance of success. Without such foresight, all our endeavors to aid them will only put them upon efforts above their strength, and result in serious mortification.

The blind, from the cheerful ways of men cut off, are necessarily excluded from the busy theatre of human action. Their infirmity, however, which consigns them to darkness, and often to solitude, would seem favorable to contemplative habits, and to the pursuits of abstract science and pure speculation. Undisturbed by external objects, the mind necessarily turns within and concentrates its ideas on any point of investigation with greater intensity and perseverance. It is no uncommon thing, therefore, to find persons setting apart the silent hours of the evening for the purpose of composition, or other purely intellectual exercise. Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely, used to close his shutters in the day-time, excluding every ray of light; and hence, Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize the better; a story, it is true, the veracity of which Cicero, who relates it, is prudent enough not to vouch for.

Blindness must also be exceedingly favorable to the discipline of the memory. Whoever has had the misfortune, from any derangement of the organ, to be compelled to derive his knowledge of books less from the eye than the ear, will feel the truth of this. The difficulty of recalling what has once escaped, of reverting to, or dwelling on the passages read aloud by another, compels the hearer to give undivided atten-

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tion to the subject, and to impress it more forcibly on his own mind by subsequent and methodical reflection. Instances of the cultivation of this faculty to an extraordinary extent, therefore, have been witnessed among the blind, and it has been most advantageously applied to the pursuit of abstract science, especially mathematics.

One of the most eminent illustrations of our preceding remarks is the well-known history of Saunderson, who having been deprived in his infancy, not only of sight but of the organ itself, contrived to become so well acquainted with the Greek tongue as to read the works of the ancient mathematicians in the original. He made such advances in the higher departments of the science, that he was appointed, though not matriculated at the university, to fill the chair which a short time previous had been occupied by Sir Isaac Newton at Cambridge. The lectures of this blind professor on the most abstruse points of the Newtonian philosophy, and especially on optics, naturally filled his audience with admiration; and the perspicuity with which he communicated his ideas is said to have been unequalled. He was enabled, by the force of his memory, to perform many long operations in arithmetic, and to carry in his mind the most complex geometrical figures. As, however, it became necessary to supply the want of vision by some symbols which might be sensible to the touch, he contrived a table in which pins, whose value was determined principally by their relative position to each other, served him instead of figures; while for his diagrams he employed pegs, inserted at the requisite angles to each other, representing the lines by threads drawn around them. He was so expert in his use of these materials, that when performing his calculations he would change the position of the pins with nearly the same facility with which another person could indite figures; and when disturbed in an operation, would afterwards resume it again, ascertaining the posture in which he had left it by passing his hand carefully over the table. To such shifts and inventions does human ingenuity resort when stimulated by the thirst of knowledge; as the plant when thrown into shade on one side, sends forth its branches eagerly in that direction where the light is permitted to fall upon it.

In like manner, the celebrated mathematician Euler continued, for many years after he became blind, to indite and publish the results of his scientific labors, and at the time of his

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decease left nearly a hundred memoirs ready for the press, most of which have since been given to the world. An example of diligence equally indefatigable, though turned in a different channel, occurs in our contemporary Huber, who has contributed one of the most delightful volumes within the compass of natural history, and who, if he employed the eyes of another, guided them in their investigation to the right results, by the light of his own mind.

Blindness would seem to be propitious also to the exercise of the inventive powers. Hence poetry, from the time of Thamyris and blind Mæonides down to the Welch harper and the ballad-grinder of our day, has been assigned as the peculiar province of those bereft of vision;

> As the wakeful bird
> Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal note.

The greatest epic poem of antiquity was probably, as that of the moderns was certainly, composed in darkness. It is easy, however, to understand how the man, who has once seen, can recall and embody forth in his conceptions new combinations of material beauty; but it would seem scarcely possible, that one born blind, excluded from all acquaintance with 'colored nature,' as Condillac finely styles it, should excel in descriptive poetry. Yet there are eminent examples of this; among others, that of Blacklock, whose verses abound in the most agreeable and picturesque images. He could have formed no other idea of colors, however, as his biographer and countryman Mackenzie justly remarks, than was conveyed by their moral associations, the source indeed of most of the pleasures we derive from descriptive poetry. It was thus that he studied the variegated aspect of nature, and read in it the successive revolutions of the seasons, their freshness, their prime, and decay.

Mons. Guillié in an interesting Essay on the Instruction of the Blind, to which we shall have occasion repeatedly to refer, quotes an example of the association of ideas in regard to colors, which occurred in one of his own pupils, who in reciting the well-known passage in Horace, '*rubente dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces*,' translated the two first words by 'fiery,' or 'burning right hand.' On being requested to render it literally, he called it 'red right hand;' and gave as his reason for his former version, that he could form no positive conception of a

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red color; but that as fire was said to be red, he connected the idea of heat with this color, and had therefore interpreted the wrath of Jupiter demolishing town and tower, by the epithet, 'fiery or burning;' for 'when people are angry,' he added, 'they are hot, and when they are hot, they must of course be red.' He certainly seems to have formed a much more accurate notion of red, than Locke's blind man.

But while a gift for poetry belongs only to the inspired few, and while many have neither taste nor talent for mathematical or speculative science, it is a consolation to reflect that the humblest individual, who is destitute of sight, may so far supply this deficiency by the perfection of the other senses, as by their aid to attain a considerable degree of intellectual culture, as well as a familiarity with some of the most useful mechanic arts. It will be easier to conceive to what extent the perceptions of touch and hearing may be refined, if we reflect how far that of sight is sharpened by exclusive reliance on it, in certain situations. Thus the mariner descries objects at night, and at a distance upon the ocean, altogether imperceptible to the unpractised eye of a landsman. And the North American Indian steers his course undeviatingly through the trackless wilderness, guided only by such signs as escape the eye of the most inquisitive white man.

In like manner the senses of hearing and feeling are capable of attaining such a degree of perfection in a blind person, that by them alone he can distinguish his various acquaintance and even the presence of persons whom he has but rarely met before,—the size of the apartment, and the general locality of the spots in which he may happen to be,—and guide himself safely across the most solitary districts, and amid the throng of towns. Dr. Bew, in a paper in the Manchester Collection of Memoirs, gives an account of a blind man of his acquaintance in Derbyshire, who was much used as a guide for travellers in the night over certain intricate roads, and particularly when the tracks were covered with snow. This same man was afterwards employed as a projector and surveyor of roads in that county. We well remember a blind man in the neighboring town of Salem, who officiated some twenty years since as the town crier, when that functionary performed many of the advertising duties now usurped by the newspaper, making his diurnal round, and stopping with great precision at every corner, trivium or quadrivium, to chime his 'melodious twang.'

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Yet this feat, the familiarity of which prevented it from occasioning any surprise, could have resulted only from the nicest observation of the undulations of the ground, or by an attention to the currents of air, or the different sound of the voice, or other noises in these openings, signs altogether lost upon the man of eyes.

Mons. Guillié mentions several apparently well-attested anecdotes of blind persons, who had the power of discriminating colors by the touch. One of the individuals noticed by him, a Dutchman, was so expert in this way, that he was sure to come off conqueror at the card-table by the knowledge which he thus obtained of his adversary's hand, whenever it came to his turn to deal. This power of discrimination of colors, which seems to be a gift only of a very few of the finer-fingered gentry, must be founded on the different consistency or smoothness of the ingredients used in the various dyes. A more certain method of ascertaining these colors, that of tasting or touching them with the tongue, is frequently resorted to by the blind, who by this means often distinguish between those analogous colors, as black and dark blue, red and pink, which, having the greatest apparent affinity, not unfrequently deceive the eye.

Diderot, in an ingenious letter on the Blind, *à l'usage de ceux qui voient*, has given a circumstantial narration of his visit to a blind man at Puisseaux, the son of a Professor in the University of Paris, and well known in his day from the various accomplishments and manual dexterity which he exhibited, remarkable in a person in his situation. Being asked what notion he had formed of an eye, he replied, 'I conceive it to be an organ on which the air produces the same effect, as this staff on my hand. If when you are looking at an object, I should interpose any thing between your eyes and that object, it would prevent you from seeing it. And I am in the same predicament when I seek one thing with my staff and come across another.' An explanation, says Diderot, as lucid as any which could be given by Descartes, who, it is singular, attempts, in his Dioptrics, to explain the analogy between the senses of feeling and seeing, by figures of men blindfolded, groping their way with staffs in their hands. This same intelligent personage became so familiar with the properties of touch that he seems to have accounted them almost equally valuable with those of vision. On being interrogated if he felt a great desire to have eyes, he answered, 'Were it not for the mere gratification of curiosity, I think I

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should do as well to wish for long arms. It seems to me that my hands would inform me better of what is going on in the moon, than your eyes and telescopes; and then the eyes lose the power of vision more readily than the hands that of feeling. It would be better to perfect the organ which I have, than to bestow on me that which I have not.'

Indeed the 'geometric sense' of touch, as Buffon terms it, as far as it reaches, is more faithful, and conveys, oftentimes, a more satisfactory idea of external forms than the eye itself. The great defect is, that its range is necessarily so limited. It is told of Saunderson, that he, on one occasion, detected by his finger a counterfeit coin, which had deceived the eye of a connoisseur. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved from blindness, at an advanced or even early period of life, have been found frequently to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to the sight. The celebrated English anatomist, Cheselden, mentions several illustrations of this fact, in an account given by him of a blind boy, whom he had successfully couched for cataracts, at the age of fourteen. It was long before the youth could discriminate by his eye between his old companions, the family cat and dog, dissimilar as such animals appear to us in color and conformation. Being ashamed to ask the oft-repeated question, he was observed one day to pass his hand carefully over the cat, and then, looking at her steadfastly, to exclaim, 'So, puss, I shall know you another time.' It is more natural that he should have been deceived by the illusory art of painting; and it was long before he could comprehend, that the objects depicted did not possess the same relief on the canvass as in nature. He inquired, 'Which is the lying sense here, the sight or the touch?'

The faculty of hearing would seem susceptible of a similar refinement with that of seeing. To prove this without going into further detail, it is only necessary to observe that much the larger proportion of blind persons are more or less proficients in music, and that in some of the institutions for their education, as that in Paris for instance, *all* the pupils are instructed in this delightful art. The gift of a natural ear for melody, therefore, deemed comparatively rare with the *clairvoyans*, would seem to exist so far in every individual as to be capable, by a suitable cultivation, of affording a high degree of relish, at least to himself.

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As in order to a successful education of the blind, it becomes necessary to understand what are the faculties, intellectual and corporeal, to the developement and exercise of which their peculiar condition is best adapted, so it is equally necessary to understand how far, and in what manner, their moral constitution is likely to be affected by the insulated position in which they are placed. The blind man, shut up within the precincts of his own microcosm, is subjected to influences of a very different complexion from the bulk of mankind, inasmuch as each of the senses is best fitted to the introduction of a certain class of ideas into the mind, and he is deprived of that one through which the rest of his species receive by far the greatest number of theirs. Thus it will be readily understood that his notions of modesty and delicacy may a good deal differ from those of the world at large. The blind man of Puisseaux confessed that he could not comprehend why it should be reckoned improper to expose one part of the person rather than another. Indeed the conventional rules, so necessarily adopted in society in this relation, might seem, in a great degree, superfluous in a blind community.

The blind man would seem also to be less likely to be endowed with the degree of sensibility usual with those who enjoy the blessing of sight. It is difficult to say how much of our early education depends on the looks, the frowns, the smiles, the tears, the example, in fact, of those placed over and around us. From all this, the blind child is necessarily excluded. These, however, are the great sources of sympathy. We feel little for the joys or the sorrows which we do not witness. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' says the old proverb. Hence people are so ready to turn away from distress, which they cannot, or their avarice will not suffer them to relieve. Hence, too, persons, whose compassionate hearts would bleed at the infliction of any cruelty on so large an animal as a horse or a dog, for example, will crush without concern a wilderness of insects, whose delicate organization, and whose bodily agonies are imperceptible to the naked eye. The slightest injury occurring in our own presence, affects us infinitely more than the tidings of the most murderous battle, or the sack of the most populous and flourishing city at the extremity of the globe. Yet such, without much exaggeration, is the relative position of the blind, removed by their infirmity at a distance from the world, from the daily exhibition of those mingled scenes of

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grief and gladness, which have their most important uses, perhaps, in calling forth our sympathies for our fellow creatures.

It has been affirmed that the situation of the blind is unpropitious to religious sentiment. They are necessarily insensible to the grandeur of the spectacle, which forces itself upon our senses every day of our existence. The magnificent map of the heavens, with

> 'Every star
> Which the clear concave of a winter's night
> Pours on the eye,'

is not unrolled for them. The revolutions of the seasons, with all their beautiful varieties of form and color, and whatever glories of the creation lift the soul in wonder and gratitude to the Creator, are not for them. Their world is circumscribed by the little circle which they can span with their own arms. All beyond has for them no real existence. This seems to have passed within the mind of the mathematician Saunderson, whom we have more than once referred to, and whose notions of a Deity would seem to have been, to the last, exceedingly vague and unsettled. The clergyman, who visited him in his latter hours, endeavored to impress upon him the evidence of a God, as afforded by the astonishing mechanism of the universe. 'Alas!' said the dying philosopher, 'I have been condemned to pass my life in darkness, and you speak to me of prodigies which I cannot comprehend, and which can only be felt by you, and those who see like you!' When reminded of the faith of Newton, Leibnitz, and Clarke, minds from whom he had drunk so deeply of instruction, and for whom he entertained the profoundest veneration, he remarked; 'The testimony of Newton is not so strong for me, as that of Nature was for him; Newton believed on the word of God himself, while I am reduced to believe on that of Newton.' He expired with this ejaculation on his lips, 'God of Newton, have mercy on me!'

These, however, may be considered as the peevish ebullitions of a naturally skeptical and somewhat disappointed spirit, impatient of an infirmity which obstructed, as he conceived, his advancement in the career of science to which he had so zealously devoted himself. It was in allusion to this, undoubtedly, that he depicted his life as having been 'one long desire and continued privation.'

It is far more reasonable to believe that there are certain

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peculiarities in the condition of the blind, which more than counterbalance the unpropitious circumstances above described, and which have a decided tendency to awaken devotional sentiment in their minds. They are the subjects of a grievous calamity, which, as in all such cases, naturally disposes the heart to sober reflection, and, when permanent and irremediable, to passive resignation. Their situation necessarily excludes most of those temptations, which so sorely beset us in the world—those tumultuous passions which, in the general rivalry, divide man from man, and embitter the sweet cup of social life—those sordid appetites which degrade us to the level of the brutes. They are subjected, on the contrary, to the most healthful influences. Their occupations are of a tranquil, and, oftentimes, of a purely intellectual character. Their pleasures are derived from the endearments of domestic intercourse; and the attentions almost always conceded to persons in their dependent condition, must necessarily beget a reciprocal kindliness of feeling in their own bosoms. In short, the uniform tenor of their lives is such, as naturally to dispose them to resignation, serenity, and cheerfulness; and accordingly, as far as our own experience goes, these have usually been the characteristics of the blind.

Indeed the cheerfulness, almost universally incident to persons deprived of sight, leads us to consider blindness as, on the whole, a less calamity than deafness. The deaf man is continually exposed to the sight of pleasures, and to society, in which he can take no part. He is the guest at a banquet, of which he is not permitted to partake, the spectator at a theatre where he cannot comprehend a syllable. If the blind man is excluded from sources of enjoyment equally important, he has at least the advantage of not perceiving and not even comprehending what he has lost. It may be added, that perhaps the greatest privation consequent on blindness, is the inability to read, as that on deafness is the loss of the pleasures of society. Now the eyes of another may be made in a great degree to supply this defect of the blind man, while no art can afford a corresponding substitute to the deaf for the privations to which he is doomed in social intercourse. He cannot hear with the ears of another. As, however, it is undeniable that blindness makes one more dependent than deafness, we may be content with the conclusion that the former would be the most eligible for the rich, and the latter for the poor. Our remarks will be

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understood as applying to those only who are wholly destitute of the faculties of sight and hearing. A person afflicted only with a partial derangement or infirmity of vision, is placed in the same tantalizing predicament above described of the deaf, and is consequently found to be usually of a far more impatient and irritable temperament, and consequently less happy than the totally blind. With all this, we doubt, whether there be one of our readers, even should he assent to the general truth of our remarks, who would not infinitely prefer to incur partial to total blindness, and deafness to either. Such is the prejudice in favor of eyes.

Patience, perseverance, habits of industry, and above all, a craving appetite for knowledge, are sufficiently common to be considered as characteristics of the blind, and have tended greatly to facilitate their education, which must otherwise prove exceedingly tedious, and indeed doubtful as to its results, considering the formidable character of the obstacles to be encountered. A curious instance of perseverance in overcoming such obstacles occurred at Paris, when the institutions for the Deaf and Dumb and for the Blind were assembled under the same roof in the convent of the Celestines. The pupils of the two seminaries, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable barrier interposed between them by their respective infirmities, contrived to open a communication with each other, which they carried on with the greatest vivacity.

It was probably the consideration of those moral qualities, as well as of the capacity for improvement, which we have described as belonging to the blind, which induced the benevolent Haüy, in conjunction with the Philanthropic Society of Paris, to open there in 1784, the first regular seminary for their education ever attempted. This institution underwent several modifications, not for the better, during the revolutionary period which followed, until in 1816, it was placed on the respectable basis on which it now exists under the direction of Dr. Guillié, whose untiring exertions have been blessed with the most beneficial results.

We shall give a brief view of the course of education pursued under his direction, as exhibited by him in the valuable treatise to which we have already referred, occasionally glancing at the method adopted in the corresponding institution at Edinburgh.

The fundamental object proposed in every scheme of educa-

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tion for the blind, is to direct the attention of the pupil to those studies and mechanic arts, which he will be able afterwards to pursue by means of his own exertions and resources, without any external aid. The sense of touch is the one therefore almost exclusively relied on. The fingers are the eyes of the blind. They are taught to read in Paris, by feeling the surface of metallic types, and in Edinburgh by means of letters raised on a blank leaf of paper. If they are previously acquainted with spelling, which may be easily taught them before entering the institution, they learn to discriminate the several letters with great facility. Their perceptions get to be so fine by practice, that they can discern even the finest print, and when the fingers fail them, readily distinguish it by applying the tongue. A similar method is employed for instructing them in figures, the notation table invented by Saunderson, and once used in the Paris seminary, having been abandoned as less simple and obvious, although his symbols for the representation of geometrical diagrams are still retained.

As it would be labor lost to learn the art of reading, without having books to read, various attempts have been made to supply this desideratum. The first hint of the form, now adopted for the impression of these books, was suggested by the appearance exhibited on the reverse side of a copy as removed fresh from the printing-press. In imitation of this, a leaf of paper of a firm texture is forcibly impressed with types unstained by ink, and larger than the ordinary size, until a sufficiently bold relief has been obtained to enable the blind person to distinguish the characters by the touch. The French have adopted the Italian hand, or one very like it, for the fashion of the letters, while the Scotch have invented one more angular and rectilinear, which, besides the advantage of greater compactness, is found better suited to accurate discrimination by the touch, than smooth and extended curves and circles.

Several important works have been already printed on this plan, viz.—a portion of the Scriptures, catechisms, and offices for daily prayer, grammars in the Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, and Spanish languages, a Latin *selectæ*, a Geography, a course of General History, a selection from English poets and prose-writers, a course of Literature, with a compilation of the choicest specimens of French eloquence. With all this, the art of printing for the blind is still in its infancy. The characters are so unwieldy, and the leaves

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(which cannot be printed on the reverse side, as this would flatten the letters upon the other), are necessarily so numerous as to make the volume exceedingly bulky, and of course expensive. The Gospel of St. John, for example, expands into three large octavo volumes. Some further improvement must occur, therefore, before the invention can become extensively useful. There can be no reason to doubt of such a result eventually, for it is only by long and repeated experiment, that the art of printing in the usual way, and every other art, indeed, has been brought to its present perfection. Perhaps some mode may be adopted like that of stenography, which, although encumbering the learner with some additional difficulties at first, may abundantly compensate him in the condensed forms, and consequently cheaper and more numerous publications which could be afforded by it. Perhaps ink, or some other material of greater consistency than that ordinarily used in printing, may be devised, which, when communicated by the type to the paper, will leave a character sufficiently raised to be distinguished by the touch. We have known a blind person able to decypher the characters in a piece of music, to which the ink had been imparted more liberally than usual. In the mean time, what has been already done, has conferred a service on the blind, which we, who become insensible from the very prodigality of our blessings, cannot rightly estimate. The glimmering of the taper, which is lost in the blaze of day, is sufficient to guide the steps of the wanderer in darkness. The unsealed volume of Scripture will furnish him with the best sources of consolation under every privation; the various grammars are so many keys with which to unlock the stores of knowledge, that he may enrich himself with in after life; and the selections from the most beautiful portions of elegant literature will afford him a permanent source of recreation and delight.

One method used for instruction in writing, is to direct the pencil or stylus in a groove cut in the fashion of the different letters. Other modes, however, too complex for description here, are resorted to, by which the blind person is enabled not only to write, but to read what he has thus traced. A portable writing-case for this purpose has also been invented by one of the blind, who, it is observed, are the most ingenious in supplying, as they are best acquainted with, their own wants. A very simple method of epistolary correspondence, by means of a

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string-alphabet, as it is called, consisting of a cord or ribbon, in which knots of various dimensions represent certain classes of letters, has been devised by two blind men at Edinburgh. This contrivance, which is so simple that it can be acquired in an hour's time by the most ordinary capacity, is asserted to have the power of conveying ideas with equal precision with the pen. A blind lady of our acquaintance, however, whose fine understanding and temper have enabled her to surmount many of the difficulties of her situation, after a trial of this invention, gives the preference to the mode usually adopted by her of pricking the letters on the paper with a pin; an operation which she performs with astonishing rapidity, and which, in addition to the advantage possessed by the string-alphabet, of being legible by the touch, answers more completely the purposes of epistolary correspondence, since it may be readily interpreted by any one, on being held up to the light.

The scheme of instruction at the institution for the blind in Paris, comprehends geography, history, the Greek and Latin, together with the French, Italian, and English languages, arithmetic, and the higher branches of mathematics, music, and some of the most useful mechanic arts. For mathematics, the pupils appear to discover a natural aptitude; many of them attaining such proficiency as not only to profit by the public lectures of the most eminent professors in the sciences, but to carry away the highest prizes in the lyceums in a competition with those who possess the advantage of sight. In music, as we have before remarked, they all make greater or less proficiency. They are especially instructed in the organ, which, from its frequency in the churches, affords one of the most obvious means of obtaining a livelihood.

The method of tuition adopted, is that of mutual instruction. The blind are ascertained to learn most easily and expeditiously from those in the same condition with themselves. Two male teachers, with one female, are in this way found adequate to the superintendence of eighty scholars, which, considering the obstacles to be encountered, must be admitted to be a small apparatus for the production of such extensive results.

In teaching them the mechanic arts, two principles appear to be kept in view, namely, to select such for each individual respectively, as may be best adapted to his future residence and destination; the trades, for example, most suitable for a sea-port, being those least so for the country, and *vice versa*.

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Secondly, to confine their attention to such occupations as from their nature are most accessible to, and which can be most perfectly attained by persons in their situation. It is absurd to multiply obstacles from the mere vanity of conquering them.

Printing is an art for which the blind show particular talent, going through all the processes of composing, serving the press, distributing the types, &c. with the same accuracy with those who can see. Indeed much of this mechanical occupation with the *clair-voyans* (we are in want of some such compendious phrase in our language) appears to be the result rather of habit, than any exercise of the eye. The blind print all the books for their own use. They are taught also to spin, to knit, in which last operation they are extremely ready, knitting very finely, with open work, &c., and are much employed by the Parisian hosiers in the manufacture of elastic vests, shirts, and petticoats. They make purses delicately embroidered with figures of animals and flowers, whose various tints are selected with perfect propriety. The fingers of the females are observed to be particularly adapted to this nicer sort of work, from their superior delicacy, ordinarily, to those of men. They are employed also in manufacturing girths, in netting in all its branches, in making shoes of list, plush, cloth, colored skin, &c, and list carpets, of which a vast number is annually disposed of. Weaving is particularly adapted to the blind, who perform all the requisite manipulation without any other assistance but that of setting up the warp. They manufacture whips, straw bottoms for chairs, coarse straw hats, rope, cord, pack-thread, baskets, straw, rush, and plush mats, which are very saleable in France.

The articles manufactured in the Asylum for the Blind in Scotland, are somewhat different, and as they show for what an extensive variety of occupations they may be qualified in despite of their infirmity, we will take the liberty, at the hazard of being somewhat tedious, of quoting the catalogue of them exhibited in one of their advertisements. The articles offered for sale consist of cotton and linen cloths, ticked and striped Hollands, towelling and diapers, worsted net for fruit trees; hair-cloth, hair-mats, and hair-ropes, basket-work of every description; hair, India hemp, and straw door-mats, saddle-girths, rope and twines of all kinds, netting for sheep-pens, garden and onion twine-nets, fishing-nets, bee-hives, mattresses and cushions, feather-beds, bolsters and pillows; mattresses

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and beds of every description cleaned and repaired. The labors in this department are performed by the boys. The girls are employed in sewing, knitting stockings, spinning, making fine banker's twine,—and various works, besides, usually executed by well-educated females.

Such is the emulation of the blind, according to Dr. Guillié, in the institution of Paris, that hitherto there has been no necessity of stimulating their exertions by the usual motives of reward or punishment. Delighted with their sensible progress in vanquishing the difficulties incident to their condition, they are content if they can but place themselves on a level with the more fortunate of their fellow-creatures. And it is observed that many, who in the solitude of their own homes, have failed in their attempts to learn some of the arts taught in this institution, have acquired a knowledge of them with great alacrity, when cheered by the sympathy of individuals involved in the same calamity with themselves, and with whom of course they could compete with equal probability of success.

The example of Paris has been followed in the principal cities in most of the other countries of Europe;—in England, Scotland, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark. These establishments, which are conducted on the same general principles, have adopted a plan of education more or less comprehensive, some of them, like those of Paris and Edinburgh, involving the higher branches of intellectual education, and others, as in London and Liverpool, confining themselves chiefly to practical arts. The results, however, have been in the highest degree cheering to the philanthropist, in the light thus poured in upon minds to which all the usual avenues were sealed up,—in the opportunity afforded them of developing those latent powers, which had been hitherto wasted in inaction,—and in the happiness thus imparted to an unfortunate class of beings, who now, for the first time, were permitted to assume their proper station in society, and instead of encumbering, to contribute by their own exertions to the general prosperity.

We rejoice that the inhabitants of our own city have been the first to give an example of such beneficent institutions in the New World. And it is principally with the view of directing the attention of the public towards it, that we have gone into a review of what has been effected in this way in Europe. The credit of having first suggested the undertaking here is

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due to our townsman, Dr. John D. Fisher, through whose exertions aided by those of several other benevolent individuals, the subject was brought before the Legislature of this State; and an Act of Incorporation was granted to the petitioners, bearing date March 2d, 1829, authorizing them, under the title of the 'New-England Asylum for the Blind,' to hold property, receive donations and bequests, and to exercise the other functions usually appertaining to similar corporations.

A resolve was subsequently passed, during the same session, requiring the selectmen of the several towns throughout the Commonwealth, to make returns of the number of blind inhabitants, with their ages, periods of blindness, personal condition, &c. By far the larger proportion of these functionaries, however, with a degree of apathy, which does them very little credit, paid no attention whatever to this requisition. With the aid of such as did comply with it, and by means of circulars addressed to the clergymen of the various parishes, advices have been received from one hundred and forty-one towns, comprising somewhat less than half of the whole number within the State. From this imperfect estimate it would appear, that the number of blind persons in these towns amounts to two hundred and forty-three, of whom more than one fifth are under thirty years of age, which period is assigned as the limit within which they cannot fail of receiving all the benefit to be derived from the system of instruction pursued in the institutions for the blind.

The proportion of the blind to our whole population, as founded on the above estimate, is somewhat higher than that established by Zeune for the corresponding latitudes in Europe, where blindness decreases in advancing from the equator to the poles, it being computed in Egypt at the rate of one to one hundred, and in Norway of one to one thousand, which last is conformable to ours.

Assuming the preceding estimate as the basis, it will appear that there are about five hundred blind persons in the State of Massachusetts at the present moment; and adopting the census of 1820, there could not at that time, according to the same rate, be less than sixteen hundred and fifty in all New-England, one fifth being under thirty years of age,—a number, which as the blind are usually retired from public observation, far exceeds what might be conceived on a cursory inspection.

From the returns it would appear that a large proportion of

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the blind in Massachusetts are in humble circumstances; and a still larger proportion of those in years, indigent or paupers. This is imputable to their having learnt no trade or profession in their youth. So that, when deprived of their natural guardians, they have necessarily become a charge upon the public.

Since the year 1825, an appropriation has been continued by the Legislature for the purpose of maintaining a certain number of pupils at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford. A resolve was obtained during the last session of the General Court, authorizing the Governor to pay over to the Asylum for the Blind whatever balance of the sum, thus appropriated, might remain in the Treasury unexpended at the end of the current year; and the same with every subsequent year to which the grant extended, unless otherwise advised. Seven hundred dollars only have been realized as the balance of the past year, a sum obviously inadequate to the production of any important result, and far inferior indeed to what had been anticipated by the friends of the resolve. On the whole, we are inclined to doubt, whether this will be found the most suitable mode of creating resources for the Asylum. Although in fact it disposes only of the superfluity, it has the appearance of subtracting from the positive revenues of the Deaf and Dumb, an institution of equal merit and claims with any other whatever. The Asylum for the Blind is an establishment of too much importance to be left thus dependent on a precarious contingent, and is worthy, were it only in an economical point of view, of being placed by the State on some more secure and ample basis.

As it is, the want of funds opposes a sensible obstruction to its progress. The pressure of the times has made the present moment exceedingly unfavorable to personal solicitation, although so much has been effected in this way, through the liberality of a few individuals, that, as we understand, preparations are now making for procuring the requisite instructers and apparatus, on a moderate and somewhat reduced scale.

As to the comprehensiveness of the scheme of education to be pursued at the Asylum, whether it shall embrace intellectual culture, or be confined simply to the mechanic arts, this must, of course, be ultimately determined by the extent of its resources. We trust, however, it will be enabled to adopt the former arrangement, at least so far as to afford the pupils an acquaintance with the elements of the more popular sciences. There is such a diffusion of liberal knowledge among all classes in this

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country, that if the blind are suffered to go, without any tincture of it, from the Institution, they will always, whatever be the skill acquired by them in mechanical occupations, continue to feel a sense of their own mental inferiority. The connexion of these higher with the more direct objects of the Institution will serve, moreover, to give it greater dignity and importance. And while it will open sources of knowledge from which many may be in a situation to derive permanent consolation, it will instruct the humblest individual in what may be of essential utility to him, as writing and arithmetic, for example, in his intercourse with the world.

To what extent it is desirable that the Asylum be placed on a charitable foundation, is another subject of consideration. This we believe is the character of most of the establishments in Europe. That in Scotland, for instance, contains about a hundred subjects, but who, with their families included, amount to two hundred and fifty souls, all supported from the labors of the blind, conjointly with the funds of the Institution. This is undoubtedly one of the noblest and most discriminating charities in the world. It seems probable, however, that this is not the plan best adapted to our exigencies. We want not to maintain the blind, but to put them in the way of contributing to their own maintenance. By placing the expenses of tuition, board, &c. as low as possible, the means of effecting this will be brought within the reach of a large class of them; and for the rest, it will be obvious economy in the State to provide them with the means of acquiring an education at once, that may enable them to contribute permanently towards their own support, which in some shape or other is now chargeable on the public. Perhaps, however, some scheme may be devised for combining both these objects, if this be deemed preferable to the adoption of either exclusively.

We are convinced that as far as the Institution is to rely for its success on public patronage, it will not be disappointed. If once successfully in operation, and brought before the public eye, it cannot fail of exciting a very general sympathy, which in this country has never been refused to the calls of humanity. No one, we think, who has visited the similar endowments in Paris or in Edinburgh, will easily forget the sensations which he experienced on witnessing so large a class of his unfortunate fellow-creatures thus restored from intellectual darkness to the blessings, if we may so speak, of light and liberty. There is

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no higher evidence of the worth of the human mind, than its capacity of drawing consolation from its own resources under so heavy a privation; so that it not only can exhibit resignation and cheerfulness, but energy to burst the fetters with which it is encumbered. Who could refuse his sympathy to the success of these efforts,—or withhold from the subject of them the means of attaining his natural level and usefulness in society, from which circumstances, less favorable to him than to ourselves, have hitherto excluded him?

ART. IV.—*Bericht ueber die Versammlung Deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte in Heidelberg, in September*, 1829. Von F. TIEDEMANN und L. GMELIN. [Report of the Proceedings at the Meeting of German Naturalists and Physicians at Heidelberg, in September, 1829. By F. TIEDEMANN and L. GMELIN.] Heidelberg. 1829.

Rede, gehalten bei der Eroeffnungder Versammlung Deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte in Berlin, am 18ten September, 1828. Von ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. [Address delivered at the opening of the Meeting of German Naturalists and Physicians at Berlin, on the 18th of September, 1828. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.] Berlin. 1828.

Among the most striking characteristics of the present age, are the general facility of communication existing between the nations of the West, the Europeans and their American descendants, and the readiness with which each of them receives from every other, whatever may be usefully applied to its own condition and circumstances. The late wars in Europe brought the people of different countries into closer connexion than before, and thus gave birth among them to feelings of mutual respect; while, by rendering them weary of military glory, they tended also to awaken a more general fondness for science and the arts of peace. Even England has cast away many of her ancient prejudices, and has become more willing than formerly, to receive instruction from other nations. The Frenchman no longer regards Paris as the only city worthy of the attention of a traveller: the Spaniard begins to be sensible of the absurdity of his foolish pride; Russia herself will soon be included in

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the circle of civilization; and many of the prevailing misconceptions and false opinions respecting the East, are beginning to disappear. The Chinese are no longer looked upon as mere barbarians: we have, in short, discovered, in the language of a common German proverb, that there are men beyond the mountains. The world is daily becoming more enlightened and more just. Before the people of the United States, lies the whole Western continent, spread out like the prospect from the summit of a mountain—vast, animated, and various; and we are enabled, by the unexampled quickness of our communications with other countries, to adopt immediately from them all their valuable and useful improvements. The Latin language, which, in the middle ages, was the only medium of intercourse among men of learning, is now supplanted by several others. Books are published at the same time, in two or three different dialects; and it has become indispensable for every well-educated man, to be familiar with some other, beside his vernacular tongue. We would not be understood to adopt the common opinion, that the progress of civilization has been retarded by the barriers interposed between nations, by the difference of their languages: nor do we consider it as at all unfortunate, that a single language does not universally prevail. On the contrary, we are convinced, that the great variety of the tongues and dialects spoken by her inhabitants, is one of the causes of the superiority which Europe, a small and insignificant portion of the earth, has obtained over the rest of the Eastern hemisphere. Polite literature is divided, not according to countries, but according to languages: and it passes in each through the same gradations, from the earliest efforts of epic and lyric song, to refined description and attic wit; as the nation, which speaks it, passes itself through the various stages of civilization. This remark, however, cannot with justice be applied to the exact sciences, to the literature of the mechanic arts, or to geography. Still, if one language only had been spoken in Europe, our admiration would hardly have been at the same time excited by Camoens, Ercilla, Dante, Ariosto, the Nibelungenlied, and Milton. If the Danes had spoken the same language as the Germans, Denmark could hardly have produced so many distinguished writers in the short interval between Holberg and Oehlenschlaeger. We will even go further, and assert, that the human intellect would not have attained to its present degree of developement in so many

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departments, and with so many shades of difference in each, if the ideas of all men had been necessarily expressed in the same idiom. Language and ideas exert a constant and reciprocal influence; and it is one of the principal charms of the study of a new language, that it discloses to us new ideas.

The Association, the title of whose eighth report is placed at the head of this article, appears to us to be one of the most striking effects of the increased facility and desire of communication between different countries. Knowledge is certainly rapidly advancing. We do not accord in opinion with those, who claim for the present age a superiority in every branch of civilization, science and art; and who forget, in their admiration of Fulton, that the application of the paddle-wheel, or even the mere wheel, to the propulsion of vessels, was an improvement as great as his: but we believe, that particular ages have been distinguished by certain peculiar attainments; and that there has been very little, if any, increase of skill in modern times, though the diffusion of it has become more general and rapid. We are of the opinion just indicated, that every remarkable age has applied its ingenuity and activity to some particular department, in which it has excelled preceding and subsequent ones. The favorite studies at the present day are natural philosophy, geography, statistics, and the application of science to the arts; and the zeal and success with which they have been cultivated, cannot be too highly praised.

The Association of German naturalists and physicians is novel, we may say, unique in its character; and it well deserves to be imitated in other countries. It promises, as the reader will hereafter perceive, to be the means of effecting—what is most earnestly to be desired—a scientific union of the German and French nations: and we deem it, therefore, not unimportant to give some account of its character and history.

In a country, in which natural philosophy is so important an object of general pursuit as it is in Germany, and in which so many professors of the healing art are distinguished, as their annual discoveries and publications abundantly prove, for scientific attainments, it was desirable, that men of science should become personally acquainted with each other; in order that they might more readily exchange ideas, aid one another in their respective plans, and communicate more directly and with greater rapidity, information that could not well be conveyed through the medium of printed transactions; that they might, in short, enjoy the

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animating and inspiring influence of the *living word*, and consolidate, as far as might be practicable, the union of the great republic of letters. In the address, of which the title is prefixed to this article, Baron Humboldt remarks, that 'the ancients felt the value of the *living word*, the inspiring influence which superior minds exert over others, and the enlightening effect of free and friendly intercourse on the state of opinion and the direction of inquiry.' The character of this Association may be more accurately described, by contrasting it with two institutions of an opposite character. It is not an academy of sciences, the purpose of which is, to aid profound thinkers in pursuing their deep and solitary researches into the recesses of knowledge, and to publish learned transactions. Its immediate object is to produce a general animation, and a rapid interchange of ideas. On the other hand, it bears no resemblance to the schools of the middle ages, with their cold and vain displays of controversial ingenuity. It aims at the discovery of truth by conversation, and not at the exhibition of dialectic skill. As the edifying and happy influence of public religious services is universally acknowledged, while private devotion is also an incumbent Christian duty, so these disciples of science expect and desire to edify one another by their combined, as well as by their separate labors. The union in an actual community of men, whose purposes are the same, and who labor in the same cause of art, science, politics, and religion, but who are scattered over a vast extent of country, cannot fail to have a very salutary effect. It is also the object of this Association, to become acquainted with the various museums, collections, and other treasures of science, in different parts of Germany; and its meetings are held in successive years, at different places, alternately in the northern and southern parts of that country.*

Professor Ludwig Oken† may be considered as the founder

* This Association will doubtless remind the reader of Klopstock's *Republic of the Learned*, though there is, in fact, no real resemblance between them.

† Oken was at one time a professor at the University of Jena; but in 1820, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was compelled by the Prussian government to dismiss him, on account of his political opinions. He lived for some time at Aargau in Switzerland, and has lately been appointed professor at the University of Munich by King Louis of Bavaria; who does not seem inclined to tread in the footsteps of the Holy Alliance. The article 'Oken,' in the '*Biographie des Contemporains*,' is not, in all respects, accurate.

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of this interesting and useful institution. Its origin and character will be best explained by a view of its constitution, of which the following is a translation.

'§ 1. On the 18th of September, 1822, a number of German naturalists and physicians formed an Association at Leipzic, which bears the name of the *Association of German Naturalists and Physicians.*

'§ 2. The principal object of the Association is to afford the naturalists and physicians of Germany an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with one another.

'§ 3. Every author of a work on natural philosophy or medicine is considered as a member.

'§ 4. Inaugural dissertations are not regarded as scientific works for this purpose.

'§ 5. There is no election of members, and no diplomas are given.

'§ 6. Any person employed in the study of natural philosophy or medicine, is permitted to attend the meetings.

'§ 7. No absent member has a right to vote.

'§ 8. All questions are decided by a majority of votes.

'§ 9. The meetings are held annually with open doors. They begin regularly on the 18th of September, and continue several days.

'§ 10. The place of meeting is annually changed. At each meeting, the place where the succeeding one is to be held is determined.

'§ 11. A president (*Geschaeftsfuehrer*) and secretary, who must reside at the place of meeting, manage the affairs of the Association until the succeeding meeting.

§ 12. The president fixes the time and place of meeting, and regulates the proceedings. He must, therefore, receive previous information when any paper is proposed to be read.

§ 13. The secretary makes a record of the proceedings, keeps the accounts of the Association and maintains its correspondence.

§ 14. These two officers sign in the name of the Association.

§ 15. They notify the authorities of the place where the next meeting is to be held, and also give public notice of the same.

§ 16. At each meeting, officers are chosen for the next year. If the persons elected decline, the officers make another choice; and may also, if necessary, change the place of meeting.

§ 17. In the event of the death of one officer, the survivor appoints another. If both shall die, the officers of the preceding year resume their offices.

§ 18. The Association makes no assessment, and holds no property, with the exception of its records. Whatever may be exhibited, continues to belong to the exhibiter.

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§ 19. The expenses of the meetings are defrayed by the members present.

§ 20. No change can be made in the constitution, until after the first five meetings.

This institution accords so well with the spirit of the age, or at least with the spirit of the Germans in their ardent pursuit of natural science, that its meetings which were held for the four last years at Dresden, Munich, Berlin and Heidelberg, were remarkably brilliant. The meeting at Heidelberg in 1829 was attended by two hundred and seventy-three naturalists and physicians, among whom were individuals from all parts of Germany, and from Switzerland, Poland, Denmark and Tuscany; together with seven from England, nine from France, and five from the Netherlands.

This meeting was rendered particularly interesting by the presence of Baron de Ferussac, director of the '*Societé du Bulletin universel pour la propagation des connoissances scientifiques et industrielles*,* who appeared as the representative of that Association, and for a purpose which will be best explained by the following letter, addressed by him to the president of the Society.

Mr. President,

The directors of the *Universal Bulletin* have imposed upon me the duty of presenting myself before the meeting of German *savans* at Heidelberg, to express their wishes and their hopes.

'The statutes of the Society, and the catalogue of its members, together with the other documents, which I have the honor to present to you, will enable you to form a just idea of its character, and of its means of influence.

'It is the object of that Association, which was instituted by virtue of a decree of the King of France, issued on the 13th of March, 1828, upon the report of the ministry and the council of state, to establish a permanent connexion, and an active cor-

* The *Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie* is a periodical journal published at Paris, and divided into eight sections, of each of which a number is issued monthly. Baron de Ferussac is the general director. He is assisted by eight editors, one for each section. The sections are arranged as follows. 1. For mathematical, physical and chemical science; 2. natural history and geology; 3. medical science; 4. agriculture, horticulture, fishing, and sporting in general; 5. technology; 6. geography, statistics, political economy, voyages and travels; 7. philology, antiquities and history; 8. military science.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

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respondence between all the friends of science and the useful arts; to the end that the ideas and labors of each may be rendered accessible and useful to all; for without this the progress of all must of necessity be slow, and valuable results far less rapidly effected.

'This Association, which is peculiarly distinguished by its universal character, belongs exclusively to no one nation, to no single school, to no particular doctrine. It professes to labor for the *public good.* The most eminent friends of science in every country are invited to become its members. They must in every state constitute a committee for the encouragement of science, and for facilitating the labor and researches of scientific men. They must form together the Senate of that general republic of science and industry, which is every day so rapidly increasing with the progress of instruction and the culture of the human mind.

'The unquestionable importance of such an organization to the interest of science and men of learning, as well as to the progress of civilisation, has induced the association which I have the honor to represent, to believe, that an object so elevated and generous as theirs, will attract the attention of the assembly of learned men, over which you preside.

'For these reasons, the directors of the *Universal Bulletin* believe, that it belongs to an assembly so remarkable and so solemn as that which is now convened in Heidelberg, to manifest their friendly disposition towards that Institution, by some public act; and I have accordingly been requested, Mr. President, to beg you to cause this letter to be read at one of the earliest meetings of your Association, and to ask that it may be noticed in the report of your proceedings; and if these requests be not disregarded, that it may be made the order of the day for the consideration of the sections.

'I have also, Mr. President, the honor to enclose six copies of our documents, for the use of the several sections of the assembly.

I am, with high respect, &c.

Heidelberg, Sept. 13th, 1829.

The meeting at Heidelberg was organized in four departments; appropriated respectively to chemistry and natural philosophy, mineralogy and geology, botany, and medicine. A general meeting and a separate meeting of each division were held every day. The session continued seven days: and we are astonished, on examining the report, to perceive how much scientific and practical information was communicated, in so short a space of time. Reports of uncommon medical operations were

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made; delicate chemical preparations were exhibited; new discoveries promulgated; new instruments brought into notice; and a great number of scientific treatises read. Letters were received from learned men in many different parts of Europe, and in short, more activity and zeal were displayed, on this occasion, than upon any former one of the kind. This meeting, however, was inferior in brilliancy to that which was held last year at Berlin, and at which, as we have already mentioned, Baron Alexander Humboldt presided. The short introductory discourse, which he delivered upon that occasion, exhibited the refinement and elegance that belong to this distinguished philosopher, so well known throughout the world for his researches and discoveries, in almost every department of natural science. Having mentioned the name of this great man, we cannot permit the occasion to pass without expressing our admiration of his elevated character—our deep sense of the services which he has rendered to the world by his indefatigable efforts in America, Europe, Africa and more recently in Asia, and our ardent wishes that his valuable life may be long continued for the instruction of both hemispheres.

The meeting at Berlin was rendered, by the taste of Baron Humboldt, as pleasing as it was interesting and useful. Its first session in the hall of the royal musical academy was attended by more than five hundred persons, among whom were some of the highest officers of state. To this succeeded the regular meetings. In the evening, a *conversazione* was given by the President, in the great concert-room of the royal theatre. This saloon, which is one of the most elegant in Europe, was arranged by Mr. Schinkel, the King's architect, as a temple of German Fame. Within a semicircle of rays, opposite to the entrance, the names of the most distinguished German naturalists were inscribed in characters of gold and silver. On one side were placed the following lines of Goethe:

Es soll sich regen, schaffen, handeln,
Erst sich gestalten, dann verwandeln,
Nur scheinbar stehts momente still;
Das Ew'ge regt sich fort in Allem,
Denn Alles muss in Nichts zerfallen,
Wenn es im Seyn beharren will.*

* Motion, action, formation, creation, change, are the laws of existence. Repose is a mere appearance, for the Universe is inspired in all its parts by a principle of constant activity; and ceasing to change is in other words ceasing to be.

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On the other side was inscribed the following passage from Schiller:

Es entbrennen im feurigen Kampf die eifernden Kraefte,
Grosses wirket ihr Streit, Groesseres wirket ihr Bund.*

The King and several of the princes attended this festival: which was rendered still more attractive by a full orchestra and the first singers of the royal theatre. While the meeting continued, the members were every day conveyed in carriages to a vast dining hall, in which were spread twenty tables, at each of which twenty-four persons were accommodated. Baron Humboldt presided at the first table. No ladies were present, excepting the wives or daughters of such members as did not reside in Berlin.

The institution has been conducted with so much success, that it was proposed at the last meeting that the future ones should occasionally be held in other countries, and it was particularly requested by Professor Oersted of Copenhagen, that the next might take place in that city; but the invitation was declined for the present, principally because the Association had not yet met in several of the German cities, which contain treasures of natural science well worthy of their attention. Hamburg has been assigned as the place of meeting for the next year. We should rejoice if the attendance there of some of our fellow citizens might produce a literary and scientific union between two regions, separated only by an ocean, which is found to oppose no obstacles of importance to our commercial enterprise. Boston, New-York and Philadelphia, are not really more remote from Paris, than Warsaw, Stockholm, Lisbon, and many other European cities. The representatives of the United States would doubtless meet with a hospitable reception, and a cordial welcome from the inhabitants of a country, which was styled by Madame de Staël '*le pays des pensées et de la bonhommie.*'

* The power of conflicting principles is increased by the ardor of contention; their strife produces much good, but their union still more.

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ART. V.—*Melanges Historiques et Littéraires, par M. Villemain, Membre de l'Academie Française.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1827.

Mr. Villemain, the author of the work before us, is one of the most distinguished and popular of the living writers of France. He is the Professor of Eloquence in the University; and his lectures are regularly attended by thousands of intelligent and fashionable auditors. We cannot too highly commend the liberality, which renders these lectures accessible to all. It is most honorable to the French, that their treasures of literature and science are not, like those of some other nations, secured by bolts and bars, which nothing but the magical application of silver can remove. A field of action is thrown open by this liberality to eloquence and talent, which reminds us of the glorious days of ancient Greece. The influence of intellectual ability is visible and felt; operating as it does, not through the comparatively cold and lifeless medium of books, but with all the vigor and effect of oratory, conscious of its power, and consecrated to the most exalted purposes. This may not, it is true, be the most eligible method of imparting profound instruction; but besides communicating extensive information to many, who would not otherwise acquire it, or whose attention would be devoted to nothing better than the ephemeral literature of the hour, it produces an elevated tone of public taste and sentiment, on which much of the character and advancement of society depend. The time, we hope, is not far distant, when courses of instruction, conducted upon similar principles, will become universal in this country, or at least in our larger towns and cities; where there is surely no deficiency in the eloquence and learning, which are essential for their success. It is much to be regretted, that the valuable lectures of professors in our literary institutions, are in general delivered before audiences, composed of students only; when, by a change of plan, they might be rendered very useful and instructive to the public at large. The evil may in some degree be remedied by institutions like the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; giving, however, what the circumstances of that society will not probably at present permit, better opportunity to the lecturers for the more complete investigation of their subjects, and rendering the privilege of admission to the lectures more general and free.

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The first article in this miscellany is an elegant and animated eulogy on Montaigne. After this follows a discourse upon the benefits and disadvantages of criticism; a subject which, in the emphatic language of the day, comes home to our own business and bosoms; and which is treated with eloquence and spirit, and with a more abundant measure of candor, than is commonly to be found in similar productions. The author is obviously not of the number of those deluded and misjudging persons, who are fond of representing critics as the inveterate and natural enemies of promising talent, in the same manner as the ministers of the law are sometimes held up as a brotherhood of rogues, and the professors of the healing art denounced as habitual violators of the sixth commandment. Still, in speaking of the origin of criticism, he is inclined to consider it as a decided and rather singular usurpation; although he admits, for the purposes of argument at least, that it has been rendered legitimate, if not equitable, by prescription. As to the manner in which this questionable power has been exercised, we think we can perceive a disposition on his part, which we should hardly have expected in a writer so judicious, to look upon the unfavorable side. We are not unfrequently told elsewhere, of the rancor with which contemporary criticism pursued Cervantes; of the thousand attempts made in his own time to destroy the reputation of Tasso; of the envy and malice which hurried Racine into seclusion at the very noontide of his powers; and of the bitterness which brought Keats immaturely to the grave. We are not without our doubts in regard to the authenticity of this last example. The potion, though sufficiently unpalatable, is rarely if ever mortal; though we are far from attempting to justify or palliate the heartless malignity, which some modern critics of no small distinction, actuated by personal or party motives, have deemed not unworthy of their profession and character. But it should not be forgotten, that much of what passes under the name of criticism, is only the jealousy and envy, which are sometimes tempted to assume the lion's skin, the better to accomplish an unworthy or degrading purpose. We might easily produce examples, on the other hand, in which coals of fire have been literally heaped upon the head of the unlucky critic; indeed, we are inclined to believe, that upon a fair settlement of the accounts between authors and reviewers, the former will be found to be by no means in ar-

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rear. The fate of Dennis is not yet forgotten; the two hundred volumes aimed by Fréron at the head of Voltaire, were answered by missiles less ponderous, but somewhat more effective; and the world has hardly yet ceased to applaud the vigor, with which Lord Byron flung back the sarcasms of the Edinburgh Review. The truth is, that by selecting particular examples, the office of the critic may be made at pleasure to resemble that of a fallen or protecting angel. The argument against it is drawn from its abuses; and this is at once the least philosophical and the least conclusive of all arguments.

It would hardly become us to enumerate the qualifications which the task of the critic requires. They consist, according to Mr. Villemain, in perfect impartiality, in earnest wishes to promote the success of others, in a union of correct principles with exalted sentiments, and in delicate and unperverted taste. But it is no more reasonable to expect angels in the form of critics, than in that of rulers; and acting as we do, with a full consciousness of our infirmities, that task is neither light nor easy. If we could for a moment suppose ourselves to be endued with all these attributes, we should still be haunted by apprehensions, that authors would continue to take it ill, when they are told, that their works are poor things, and that they are not themselves much better. Our author believes that the raillery which wounds self-love is what renders criticism so intolerable; and that if authors were only made acquainted with their faults in a grave and argumentative way, they would receive the information with unaffected pleasure. But it is not easy for reviewers, from the public nature of their occupation, to deal with an erring brother according to the injunctions of religion; and if this were practicable, it would not, in all probability, remove the difficulty. Rousseau tried the experiment with the curate of Mont-Chauvet, when he assured him, in a transport of benevolence, that nothing could be more worthless than his tragedy; and thus made his reverence an enemy for life. Our faculties, we flatter ourselves, will be borne too meekly to render us justly liable to railing accusations, by frequent acts of injustice; but if our hope shall be ill founded, we must console ourselves with the reflection, so balmy always to courts of limited jurisdiction, that the great appellate tribunal of the public will remedy the evil, by overthrowing our decisions. The discourse is concluded with the following remarks.

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'As for us, who are young writers, and whose early essays are too unimportant to excite attention, let us not be too forward to delude ourselves with the idea, that we shall deserve to become objects of envy. In violation of the ordinary rule, it is possible, that we may be indifferent writers, and yet severely criticised: but before we accuse others of injustice, let us learn to distrust our own vanity. The love of letters is like every other passion. It blinds, it misleads, it deludes us both with regard to ourselves and others: it mistakes the ardor of its aspirations for the measure of its strength: it is impatient of every obstacle, while it often requires to be arrested in its progress. Talent is rare, vanity credulous, and glory seductive.'

The discourse upon criticism is followed by a eulogy upon Montesquieu; for which, with the two discourses already mentioned, prizes of eloquence were awarded to the author by the University of France. It is impossible, in examining a work like the one before us, embracing a great variety of subjects, to give a particular account of each. We can offer only a short extract from a discourse delivered by Mr. Villemain before the Academy, upon his succeeding to the place left vacant by the death of Mr. de Fontanes; in which his eloquence appears to be animated by a deep sense of personal obligation, and the recollections of early and disinterested friendship.

'I call to mind involuntarily that Roman usage, which, at the death of some distinguished citizen, some generous patron of youth, allowed one of his clients, one of his pupils, to express from the tribune the public sorrow for the loss: with no other title to the honor than that which gratitude confers, and no other recommendation than the friendship of the departed. I cannot recollect the poor essays, which have acquired for me the honor of a place among you: I cannot look back upon the early stages of my short and humble career, without being at the same time reminded of the kind and liberal friendship of Mr. de Fontanes. It was that friendship which received me at my departure from the public schools, and devoted me at an early age to the occupations of a teacher: it was that which encouraged my earliest essays, and watched over them amidst the trials of that literary competition, which have sometimes attracted towards me your attention: it protected those essays; for a long time it protected me; it honored me always.'

We next turn to an essay upon the funeral oration, in which the French are generally admitted to have excelled all other modern nations. The object of this kind of eloquence is noble

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and elevated; for it is no other than that of bestowing just honors upon exalted virtue, and of holding it up as an example for the world to admire and imitate. Mr. Villemain discovers one of its earliest specimens in the lamentation of David for those who fell upon the mountain of Gilboa. He enters into an examination of the most remarkable funeral orations of antiquity; from that which Thucydides has ascribed to Pericles, to the discourse of Hyperides in memory of the Athenians who perished in the attempt to restore the liberties of Greece, a few years after the 'dishonest victory of Chæronea.' The inspiration of the Greek orators was derived from patriotism and freedom; but with all their sublimity and power, they were destitute of that superior dignity, which springs from the rewards and promises of the Christian faith. In the republic of Rome, the custom of thus honoring those who fell in battle, was altogether unknown. The funeral oration was stately and formal; for the patrician orators had scarcely any other task to perform, than that of the English king-at-arms upon the occasion of a royal funeral, when he proclaims the rank and titles of the dead. At a later period, the power of impassioned eloquence was occasionally exhibited in public eulogies on distinguished favorites of the people: a memorable example of which is presented in the funeral oration pronounced by Antony over the body of Cæsar. But it is easy to conceive, what the character of these discourses must have become, when the eulogy on each departed emperor was delivered by his successor, and the virtues of Claudius were celebrated by Nero. Mr. Villemain notices with high commendation the funeral discourses of some of the early Christian fathers; the merit of which appears the more remarkable, when we remember, that they were written at the period of the decline of letters, and the corruption of taste. It is sufficient evidence of their superior excellence, that they were imitated by Bossuet—the absolute and unrivalled monarch in this high department of eloquence—who is placed by the just admiration of our author, far above all his illustrious contemporaries. Since the Augustan age of French literature, this, its peculiar glory, has departed; and the academic eulogy affords but a very inadequate compensation for the loss.

No allusion is made in this essay to the funeral orations of any modern nation, but France; and we are rather surprised upon reflection, to find how few attempts have been

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made in England to attain superior excellence in this department. One of the finest examples, which occur at present to our recollection, is the beautiful eulogy delivered by Fox in the House of Commons upon his friend, the Duke of Bedford; which presents us also with a striking illustration of the peculiar character of English eloquence in general, as compared with that of France. We find in it no flights of energy or passion, no enthusiastic appeal to our sympathies. Its tone throughout is subdued and calm; and the feelings of private friendship and personal gratitude are pleaded as an apology for an exhibition of sorrow, which, in the view of a Frenchman, would constitute the principal charm, and should be the most prominent characteristic of the eulogy. In fact, the difference to which we have alluded, appears to be the result of a very marked diversity of temperament and taste. An Englishman is rather apt to regard any public display of excited feeling as unbecoming and unmanly; and he will generally labor to conceal it where it exists, instead of attempting to awaken the sympathy of others by the exhibition of his own grief. One of the most obvious traits in his character is the opposite to that, which Sallust has attributed to Catiline; his wisdom is superior to his eloquence. A Frenchman, on the other hand, can perceive no reason why any emotions should be hidden from the public view; if a man may reasonably feel, he may with the same propriety express them; and in conformity with the rule of Horace, if he wishes to make others weep, he begins the process by shedding tears himself. In this respect, our countrymen, perhaps, bear less resemblance to the French, than to their English brethren. There is among us as much regret and veneration for departed worth, as much affectionate remembrance of lost excellence and virtue, as in any other country; and there is no less of what Adam Smith calls sympathy with the dead. It is only differently exhibited: with little of the public show and parade of sorrow.

The tastes of nations, like those of individuals, do not admit of controversy. If those of England and our own country have been fairly represented, it is plain, that the usual style of the French funeral oration would not be altogether pleasing to English or American audiences. Some desperate attempts have at times been made to copy the most remarkable passages of Bossuet; but all direct imitation has proved wholly unsuccessful, for the reasons we have already mentioned. Our

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associations with our last change are grave, chastened, and severe. We have little disposition to throw the illusions of poetical imagination over its awful realities; we have few of those offerings of flowers and other tributes, which are consecrated by affection elsewhere to the memory of the dead; so that we are apt to fall into exaggeration, when we overstep the limits prescribed to us, by our ordinary habits of thought and feeling upon this subject. Cotton Mather, a man of talent as well as of great and various attainments, has given us several specimens of the funeral eulogy, which are probably among the most extraordinary monuments of perverted taste that were ever erected by the ingenuity of man. His laudatory notice of the pious Mr. Partridge, is composed of an unbroken succession of puns; and is concluded with this appropriate epitaph, 'He has flown!' We learn from the elaborate *Pentade* of President Alden, who has decyphered tomb-stones and investigated our sepulchral literature with all the zeal and industry of Champollion and Old Mortality, how common this exaggeration was, at an early period. Sometimes, as in the case of a worthy clergyman who delivered a public eulogy upon his wife, plain prose was altogether inadequate to the expression of sorrow, and grief broke out into a paroxysm of poetry. And the same extravagance appears occasionally in obituary notices at the present time. All this is neither a result, nor an evidence of our ordinary taste; and its absurdity arises from the attempt to express what we do not feel, or, at least, what our habitual mode of feeling forbids us to express in such a manner. To be adapted to our prevailing taste, all such notices should be modest and unobtrusive. When, however, some great calamity, the loss of some eminent public servant, or of a private person of distinguished worth, excites the public feeling in a very unusual degree, the funeral oration will be found to assume a corresponding character of dignity and power. It is praise sufficient, and at the same time well-merited, to say, that many of the discourses delivered upon the occasion of the death of Washington, were in all respects worthy of their venerated subject; and who has forgotten the affecting eulogy in which Fisher Ames poured out his heart in sorrow for the loss of an illustrious and kindred spirit? When two of our most eminent civil fathers were, a few years since, together called from their earthly labors, the deep and universal feeling of regret and admiration was expressed in many beautiful and impressive

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eulogies, which would not have dishonored the literature or the eloquence of any age or country. The funeral orations of France, as we have already remarked, might not be perfectly adapted to our ordinary taste; but the effect of some of the discourses to which we have alluded, was produced by the judicious union of their impassioned eloquence, with the gravity and calmness of our own; and a very beautiful example of this union is afforded by a discourse of the late Mr. Buckminster upon the death of Mr. Bowdoin, a part of which only has yet been published, and which was probably considered as too occasional in its character, to be inserted in the collection of his works.

We pass over the introductory discourse of Mr. Villemain's course of lectures upon French eloquence, in order to come to an essay, which contains a short biographical notice of Milton, together with a critical examination of his works. The criticism is not, in general, uncandid nor unjust; but there are some points, in which we are far from according in opinion with our author. In one particular, we feel compelled to make, what was denominated by one of his countrymen, a reply to his silence. We do not find, that he has honored Milton's sonnets with even the cold tribute of a passing glance; and yet, notwithstanding the contemptuous intimations of Johnson, some of them are certainly of the very first order of excellence in a species of composition, better suited, perhaps, to the taste of Italy, from which it was borrowed, than to ours, but in which Shakspeare and Sydney did not disdain to labor, and of which Drummond has left us some examples of uncommon elegance and beauty. He is also wholly at a loss to discover the contrast between the Allegro and the Penseroso, which the names seem naturally to imply. The former appears to him, as Master Hudson's pleasure-party appeared to Rip Van Winkle on the Catskill mountains, a rather melancholy affair; but the difficulty vanishes, when it is considered simply as expressive of a state of mind denominated cheerfulness; with which Johnson, who had previously expressed a similar apprehension, was not particularly conversant, and which certainly bears little resemblance to what a Frenchman would call gaiety. The Comus also, in the opinion of our author, displays less gaiety than sadness; and considered as an imitation, it may perhaps be liable to censure: but it is a little singular, that one who is capable of appreciating Milton's genius, should be insensible to that deep harmony, which enforces attention like the tongues

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of dying men, to the grace and richness of the language, and the elevated dignity of the sentiments of that unrivalled production; where genius breaks from the cloud, in which the imitation of inferior models seems at first to shroud it, and stands forth like Æneas, in all the pride of manly and almost celestial beauty. We have no room to follow Mr. Villemain at length in his remarks upon the Paradise Lost; but we are glad to see that he is willing to do justice to the language of that immortal song: which, if occasionally disfigured by foreign idioms, is still the inimitable, and we had almost said, the native dialect of surpassing genius; and that he treats with deserved contempt the idea, that the merit of the poet is diminished by his having borrowed the first suggestion of his great work, as Voltaire will have it, from some Italian drama upon the subject of Adam's fall. In common with many other high authorities, however, he seems to consider only a few of the first books of the Paradise Lost, as remarkable for their sublimity. It may be so; but who would choose to part with the delightful images of the innocence and purity of paradise, the magnificent description of the rising world, or the vision of the future revealed by the archangel to the father of our race? To us, the poet appears like the spirit in his progress through the realms of chaos; who, though he may occasionally approach some inferior orbs, is still pursuing his majestic flight towards the garden of God.

It is not without regret, that we see our author giving the sanction of his authority in confirmation of the justice of that censure, which has often been bestowed upon the controversial works of Milton. Mr. Villemain is understood to be the friend and advocate of liberal principles; and he has experienced something of the severity by which arbitrary power would subdue the firm hearts and eloquent tongues that refuse to do homage to its idol: and might be expected to pardon something to the great defender of liberty, fallen on evil days and evil tongues. It should not be forgotten, that Milton was ready to devote all that he possessed or hoped for, to this high and holy cause; that he went forth to battle against principalities and powers, armed with that irresistible enthusiasm which shrinks from no peril, despises every obstacle, and cheerfully encounters all sacrifices; that, like the apostle of the Gentiles, he finished his course, he kept the faith, even in the midst of the sorrow and darkness and privation of his later years. For ourselves, we

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look with reverence upon such an intellect, engaged in such a cause, and supported only by a prophetic anticipation of the glories which were about to be revealed. It is painful to see liberal and accomplished minds visiting with relentless severity of censure those occasional violations of propriety and correct taste, which are found in the controversial writings of Milton; as if the stern old warrior, in the hurry and tumult of the conflict, had been bound to wield his battle-axe with all the graces of a courtier. Is the tone of religious or political controversy at this day so elevated, that we are entitled thus to condemn its spirit in former times? Has much been gained to the cause of morals or religion, when refined calumny and well-mannered rancor are substituted for the old-fashioned blunt, and undisguised expression of enmity or hatred, or when the war-club of Beauvais is laid aside for the treacherous kiss of Joab? However this may be, it is plainly impossible to form a fair judgment in regard to the spirit of these writings, without taking into consideration at the same time the spirit of the age in which they were written. It was in the century immediately preceding, that the rage of controversy appeared to reach the highest possible degree of intensity and bitterness; when the mildest terms of reproach which Luther could find it in his heart to apply to the royal vindicator of the seven sacraments, were those of liar and blasphemer. Nor was it greatly mitigated, at the period of the civil wars of England. Cavaliers, round-heads, fifth-monarchy men, agitators, and a host of others, were mingled together in one vast limbo-paradise of controversy; and all the resources of ridicule and libel that memory or learning could supply, or ingenuity devise, were lavished with boundless prodigality by each upon all the rest. Such, in truth, was the fashion of the day. An instance occurs to us, which shows that the same spirit was then exhibited in a quarter, in which we should not commonly, perhaps, expect to witness it. The General Court of Massachusetts, in reply to certain unlucky petitioners, published a formal manifesto; in which short, but very distinct and far from flattering sketches were given of the characters of the prominent applicants: and which was concluded with the remark, that a head so unsavory was not to be seasoned with a world of salt. In short, we believe that the faults of Milton, like those of Shakspeare, were the faults of his age; while his inimitable beauties were peculiarly his own.

In the story of Lascaris, our author has attempted to combine

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the deep interest of fiction with real characters and incidents; and it is principally remarkable for its rich poetical coloring, and the flowing beauty of the style. It refers to that memorable period, when Constantinople—the asylum of all that was valuable in philosophy and science, or beautiful in art—became the prey of those wild barbarians, whose iron despotism is at length hastening to its merited doom. Some young and noble Italians, among whom was a son of Cosmo de Medici, are supposed to be travelling in Sicily; which they find, not as it is at present, almost a barren waste, but still opulent and flourishing, though far inferior to their own delightful land. One day, while the travellers are watching the reflection of the fires of Ætna from the bosom of the tranquil sea, a boat is seen to approach the shore. They knew that Constantinople was invested by Mahomet II. with a formidable army; but the tidings of its fate had not yet reached them, and, indeed, they felt little interest in the fortunes of those who refused to acknowledge the authority of the Latin church. A stranger, of dignified mien and majestic stature, stepping forth from the boat, announces the destruction of that noble city, and informs them that a wretched remnant of the Greeks were wandering with him to find an asylum in that Christian Europe, which had refused to avert their ruin. The stranger was Lascaris; who relates to the travellers the story of his country's desolation; and tells them, that, as the Trojans carried with them in their flight the sacred fire of Vesta, so he and his companions were bearing to Italy the noble relics of the arts and genius of their unhappy country. They are hospitably received by the Sicilians, who forget their heresy in compassion for their misfortunes. Italy had already begun to admire and imitate the arts of Greece; and the travellers are anxious to converse with Lascaris upon the subject.

'Our great poet, Petrarch,' said Medici, 'having received from the East a copy of Homer, lamented that so rich a treasure should remain useless in his hands. His friend *Boccaccio* instructed him in the language of Greece, and gladly became for him the interpreter of that immortal song.' 'Oh, that its sublime strains might resound throughout the world!' exclaimed Lascaris: 'it is the imagination and philosophy of Greece, her poets and orators, that shall enchant and reanimate Italy at some future day, and shall pass thence into those other parts of Europe, which you now regard as obscure and barbarous. Beneath the skies of Greece there dwelt a race, blest with the most delightful climate,

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and the most exalted freedom. Patriotism was the parent of their inspiration; and glory elevated the soul to those noble deeds, which are the secret type of all the beautiful arts. Homer invented the beautiful in poetry; Plato introduced it into ethics; and reason became sublimer than enthusiasm. Under auspices like these, arose a long succession of orators and poets, whose writings we, miserable fugitives as we are, bear with us into Italy. Never did the vanquished take with them in their flight a richer treasure; never will hospitality receive a return more noble. Among us, these models of the grand and beautiful might be faithfully preserved, but they would no longer find imitators; they might enrich our archives, but they could never more impart inspiration. Our minds would rest inactive in a narrow sphere, as our empire was limited at last to the walls of Byzantium. But when these models shall have found a home in Italy, and the barbarous nations of the West, a new and glorious age shall dawn upon Europe. You, Italians, with your liberal ideas, your pacific sovereignties, and your republican cities, will be the first to witness the revival of the spirit of ancient Greece; and the arts, in their progress from land to land, will at length resemble those fiery signals of which Æschylus has told us, blazing in quick succession from the summit of Ida to the mountain-tops of Mycenæ, to announce the victories of Agamemnon."

The conversation is interrupted by intelligence, that another company of Greeks have landed near Messina, and are anxious to rejoin their countrymen. The most distinguished of this new party is Gemistus Pletho: who has abandoned a brilliant and successful political career, to dwell in obscurity at Athens, amidst the ruins of ancient Greece. He was the friend of Cardinal Bessarion, who, anticipating his country's fate, had for many years adhered to the Latin Church; but upon whom, notwithstanding his apostacy, much of the hope of his countrymen still rested. The haughty air of Gemistus, and his majestic stature, impress the Italian travellers with respect and awe. Unlike Lascaris, in whom all hope appears to be extinguished, he looks forward with unwavering confidence to the restoration of Greece. He declines the urgent invitation of Mēdici to accompany Lascaris to Italy, and resolves to await the result of an application which he had already made to Cardinal Bessarion. This result is soon made known by letters from the Cardinal, who urges Gemistus and his companions to come to him at Rome, informing them at the same time, that the Pope had prepared an armament for the

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relief of the Greeks; and to shew the anxiety of Nicholas V. for the welfare of those Christians in the East who still adhered to the Roman Church, the letters are accompanied with a bull, in favor of the King of Cyprus. This paper was among the earliest examples of the art of printing, then recently discovered; and the admiration of Lascaris, who is now for the first time made acquainted with the discovery, is thus expressed:

'Happy effort of human invention, source of new truths, immortal safeguard of truths already known! All the treasures of intellect which we have rescued from the flames are henceforward in security, even from the ravages of time. They shall be multiplied without number, they shall penetrate into every quarter of the globe; and they shall carry into all the name and the genius of my country. Here, in the midst of my accumulated sufferings, I hail the dawning of a new epoch in the history of man.'

Letters are received at the same time from Cosmo de Medici; who declares, that no confidence can be placed in the exertions of Christian Princes for the relief of Greece, and directs his son to invite all the wanderers of that unhappy nation to repair to Florence. The anxiety of Lascaris to depart is increased by the hostility which the Sicilians begin to show to the ceremonies of the Greek Church. At this period the bishop of Ephesus arrives; whose zeal for his faith is in no degree diminished by the severest trials, and who determines publicly to perform its sacred rites. The description of this ceremony, which takes place by torch-light, beneath the 'chestnut of a hundred knights,' is highly animated and beautiful.

'Arrayed in the long white robe of the Greek pontiffs, his head encircled with a crown, the bishop commenced the sacred rites with the same religious dignity and care, with which he could have celebrated them in Ephesus or Byzantium. The Greeks standing around him, with their heads covered, sung with the most delightful accents of the human voice, the hymn of the oriental church: 'Holy, Mighty, Immortal God, have mercy upon us!'

'At the moment when, according to the ritual of his church, the bishop addresses himself to the assembled people, he exclaimed: 'Almighty God! Christian Greece is not yet destroyed, since in this desert place, beneath this wild shelter, we adore Thee still. Mahomet has indeed profaned Thy temple, he has broken the images of Thy saints: but our pure and spiritual worship depends not upon these perishable symbols. Condescend, O Most High, to sustain the faith of my brethren amidst the trials of captivity, and the

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temptations of misfortune! Preserve our holy religion from the cruelty and the protection of Mahomet; forgive those prelates who bow to the authority of an impious master, and deprive them not, unworthy as they are, of power to consecrate the people by Thy divine word!'

The tree under which these rites are performed, had been consecrated to St. Agatha; and a furious tumult arises among the Sicilians, upon witnessing what they deem its profanation. The Greeks are protected from the effects of their rage by the intervention of Medici and his friends, and the Spanish governor of Catanea; and are lodged in the fortress of that city during the remainder of the night. The next morning they proceed under an escort of Spanish soldiery, still accompanied by the Italian travellers, to the court of Alphonso of Arragon, King of the Two Sicilies. An opportunity is afforded by the narrative of their journey, for a vivid description of the country through which they pass. Amidst the ruins of Selinonte, they perceive a venerable figure kneeling before the image of our Savior, near which a taper is burning, according to the rites of the Greek church. This person proves to be Nicephorus, bishop of Heraclea, the most distinguished Greek prelate who adhered to the Church of Rome; and between whom, and his brother in misfortune, the bishop of Ephesus, a reconciliation is easily effected. The company at length arrive at Palermo, where they are hospitably received by King Alphonso. This monarch, who is represented as combining a taste for letters with military talent, is anxious to retain them in his dominions; but in compliance with their earnest wishes, reluctantly permits them to depart for Italy. Then bursts forth the full light of that memorable epoch, the dawn of which, a very few years earlier, began to 'purple the east.' Then was accomplished that great revolution, to which most of the social improvements of succeeding years point backward, as their acknowledged source. But the affections of the Greeks still clung to their own oppressed and suffering land; and the residue of the story, the whole of which is written with unusual grace and beauty, is occupied with the relation of their efforts to excite the sovereigns of Christendom in its behalf, of the repeated disappointment of all their hopes, and finally, of the later years and death of some of the most eminent of their number.

'The old man (Lascaris) did not long survive. His death was deeply lamented in Sicily, to which he had imparted the idea of

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superior civilisation and of a better life. But his disciples were spread abroad throughout Europe, carrying with them the memory of his dying words, and those delightful traditions of his own land, which he had so long and fondly cherished. A monument of white marble was for a long time preserved in Messina, which had been erected in memory of Lascaris by the first inhabitants of that city; but the neglect of succeeding generations has suffered every trace of the memorial to perish. Indifference is a destroyer more fatal than time; and no vestige remains of him to whom Europe is still so much indebted, of the savior of the arts of Greece, but a few scattered traditions of his disciples, which we have here attempted to collect and to preserve.'

Mr. Villemain, in common with most of the distinguished scholars of Europe, felt a deep interest in the fortunes of the Greeks, during their late eventful struggle. This sentiment appears to have induced him to write the story of Lascaris, which relates, as we have seen, to the period, when they first became subject to the dominion of the Turks; and which is followed by a historical sketch of the condition of Greece from the time of its subjugation to the year 1814. This sketch, though very short, is yet valuable and interesting; for it describes that condition during a period, which has not before been made the subject of a connected history; and it shews also, that the sternest oppression, though it may subdue, has no power entirely to destroy the spirit of a gallant people. We find in it some traces of that energy and valor, which have been within a few years so signally displayed; and the persevering courage of the Suliotes in defending their native mountains against the force and treachery of Ali Pacha, is not surpassed in self-devotion by any other ancient or modern example.

In a short essay upon the life and writings of Pope, our author displays his usual discernment, not wholly free, however, from national partiality. He places the Essay on Criticism far below the *Art Poétique* of Boileau: considers the *Lutrin* as in every respect superior to the Rape of the Lock; and the satire *A mon Esprit* as worth the whole Dunciad. But he has no sympathy with those modern censors, who, not content with assailing the poet's private character, have labored to cast down his statue from the elevated place, which the world has been contented to assign to it for near a century. There is indeed something strange and almost peculiar, in the fate of

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his poetical reputation. He was invested by the fond admiration of his contemporaries, and the succeeding age, with almost despotic authority in the literary world; but within a few years, a new definition of poetry has been set up, with as much ceremony as a certain statue was anciently erected on the plain of Dura—a definition, which limits the domain of poetry to the world of nature, to the entire exclusion of the world of art, as if art were not itself one of the forms of nature. It is true, that Pope may be in some respects regarded as the poet of social life; but it is far from being true, that his poetry is wholly the result of it, or that he never 'opened the windows of his saloon to behold the green fields;' and even if it had been so, we should still hesitate to adopt a definition, which would cashier nearly all poets, past, present, and to come. The controversy with respect to Pope's title to the name has been carried on as fiercely as the battle raged of old over the dead body of Patroclus. From the warmth and vigor of the combatants, one would have thought, that instead of relating to the merits of a writer of the early part of the last century, it must have involved at the very least, some vexed problem of political economy, or some novel measure of taxation. We have neither room nor inclination to engage in this controversy at present; more particularly, as the approbation of our own age appears to be confirming the judgment of the last; and as we have no disposition to doubt the correctness of the decision.

In one particular, however, the world at large appears to be in some degree forgetful of its real obligations. We admit, that the poetry of Pope displays little of the infinite variety of Shakspeare, or the sublimity of Milton; that it is inferior in power to that of Dryden; but it must still be his unquestioned praise, that he carried the sustained harmony and sweetness of English versification to a degree of excellence unknown before. It is difficult, indeed, to detect much of the dulcet and harmonious in the earlier English poets. The rhymes of Chaucer form no exception to this remark; those of Sydney would be very unlikely to ravish the ears of modern beauty; the music as well as the dialect of Dr. Donne, might well enough have been pillaged from his 'bricklayers of Babel;' and even the good genius of Shakspeare, although it be as bright and beautiful as the Ariel of his own enchanter, appears partially to desert him, when he submits, as he occasionally does, to the shackles of rhyme; while Pope, on the contrary, wears the

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chain with perfect grace and ease. We do not deny, that specimens of versification, equal if not superior to his, are to be found in the writings of some of the poets of the seventeenth century; but we know no other example of uniform and unbroken perfection in this department of the art, before the time of Pope. Dryden's translation of the Æneid is superior in certain parts to any portion of Pope's version of the Iliad; but we think we hazard little in saying, that it is decidedly inferior in point of versification, considered as a whole. Now unless poetry should resemble the sort of music which the clown in Shakspeare declared to be most agreeable to his master—namely, that which cannot be heard—it is really of some slight consequence, that it should not be too chromatic; that it should not grate too harshly on the ear; and we are far from relishing the innovations of some of our contemporary poets, who have attempted to render their versification more attractive, by making it resemble the pirates' song in the Corsair, which seemed a song only to ears as rugged as the rocks that sent back its echo. With whatever other defects the 'little nightingale,' as Pope was called in his youth, may be justly chargeable, we are inclined on the whole to consider it as by no means the smallest of his merits, that his claim to the poetical character is not founded on discordant harshness of versification.

We take our leave of Mr. Villemain's work, regretting that it is not in our power to give our readers a more adequate idea of its merits, and more numerous specimens of his pure and beautiful style. We can assure those who may be inclined to examine it, that it will abundantly reward the labor of perusal.

Art. VI.—1. *Manifiesto del General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana à sus conciudadanos.* Vera Cruz. Mayo, 16 de, 1829.

2. *Manifiesto del Gobernador del Estado de Mexico, ciudadano Lorenzo de Zavala.* Tlalpam. 1829.

3. *Acta del pronunciamiento de la gran Mexico, por el restablecimiento de la constitucion y las leyes.* Mexico. 1829.

We have for a long time intended to present to our readers, a view of the actual condition and prospects of our immediate neighbor, the Republic of Mexico. Recent occurrences have

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combined with the essential peculiarities of her history and institutions, to command on the part of the citizens of this country, the most anxious attention; and whether the result of internal dissension or foreign invasion has been the object of solicitude, in regard to Mexico, the public mind has of late been singularly agitated. Recent events were not, however, requisite to give to New-Spain, a paramount importance in the eye of the American politician. Her comparative and absolute influence in the cisatlantic family from extent of territory and density of population, her great physical resources both in a mineral and agricultural point of view, the uniformity in most respects of her political institutions and our own, her complicated diplomatic relations, modified by an onerous foreign debt, and by the encouragement of foreign corporations, and the investment of foreign capital for the improvement of the mines, are independent circumstances, which render her condition a worthy object of interest. We should not so long have postponed the performance of this part of our duty, had it not been for the uncertainty of the prospect and the impenetrable cloud in which an almost ludicrous series of revolutions has involved Mexican affairs. In three years there have been no less than three violent changes of administration, and more local and unsuccessful rebellions than we shall be able to record. To calculate the chances of permanent government in such a political atmosphere, or at any time within the last year, to venture to foretell what might be at the end of a given period, would have been idle. We shall not pretend to predict even now. The elemental war seems in a measure to have subsided, but we have had too much experience in observing Mexican signs of times and seasons, to trust without reserve to cloudless skies and smooth seas. Hoping sincerely that Mr. Jefferson's theory of the salutary influence of frequent rebellions and political commotions may be sound, we will endeavor to give to our readers an intelligible narrative of what has occurred, and a candid expression of opinions of the conduct of the various statesmen who have regulated the policy of Mexico, derived from an attentive, and we believe, impartial consideration of the whole subject. There are several collateral points, to which we may give an incidental notice.

It is fair to premise that our admiration of the Spanish American character is not excessive, and that the result of our observation of the conduct of the new republics since the ter-

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mination of actual contest with the mother country, has been severe disappointment. It is but just to ourselves to add, that, great as has been our disappointment, we never have doubted their capacity for self-government. We do not doubt it now. In common with the great body of our fellow-citizens, the progress of the revolution was watched by us with the most intense anxiety. It was a spectacle comparable in point of moral grandeur only with our own struggle for freedom. The patriots of the South were judged worthy of as lofty pedestals as those on which the venerable figures of our own classic worthies stood; and the names of Bolivar, San Martin, Hidalgo, Allende, and Morelos, were as completely consecrated by the fervor of our admiration, as those of any of our revolutionary heroes. There was a vague, we had almost said, irrational enthusiasm on this subject, in which we all equally partook. This kind feeling has gradually given place to a comparative indifference, which, we fear, is, in the minds of many who have had more frequent opportunities of immediate intercourse, but one shade removed from positive aversion. The change of feeling to which we have referred, has been regularly progressive since the period when, by the annihilation of the Spanish power, the new republics no longer needed our sympathy. They had fought the battle bravely, and in its alternate successes and reverses, they had had the cordial wishes of every man in our country. When the triumphant result was achieved, the world looked with equal interest, if not with equal confidence, to their conduct of civil government, and to the event of the most trying period of national existence, the interval between the termination of successful rebellion and the establishment of definite political institutions. That period also ended happily, and constitutions of a perfectly intelligible and well-settled character, though of varied forms, were adopted by all the infant communities. Columbia fixed her constitution in 1821, during the turmoil and confusion of a most bloody civil war, and the Federal government of Mexico went into operation in 1824, while the enemy, an enemy too of most faithful vigilance and determination, was still within her borders. In all these national charters, there were details little consonant with the legitimate provisions of free institutions, and practical inconsistencies at which their sanguine admirers were startled. That nations who had been so long and conscientiously contending for equality of privileges and perfect freedom of thought and action, should, by express

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constitutional provision, decree religious intolerance and punish the profession of religious tenets at variance from the national standard of doctrine, could not easily be conceived. This is mentioned as one of the sources of the change of sentiment to which allusion has been made. It was, however, in itself unimportant. The actual state of society, and the influence of ancient habit, in a great measure excused it. Had there been nothing else at variance from our wishes and hopes, such incongruities would have been forgotten. The fruitful causes of discontent have, however, developed themselves since, and may be found in the terrible intestine commotions that have agitated the new republics, of which the impulse has been individual ambition or military licentiousness, and the result too often the virtual prostration of civil liberty at the foot of some successful factionist—in the total want of that sympathy which we anticipated from the uniformity of our political institutions—in the comparative indifference, if not absolute ill will towards us, which has generally been manifested in the course of our diplomatic intercourse, signally so in the instances of the failure of all attempts to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico, and the perverse disappointment of the enlightened and beneficent views of our government by the annihilation of the Panama project. These are some of the many causes of the alienation of our affection from our republican neighbors. There are beside peculiarities of Spanish American character, known only by actual and constant intercourse, which have had some share in contributing to the same result. We have referred to the effect of these circumstances as matter of sincere regret. It is, however, a fact beyond dispute, that the inhabitants of the Spanish American countries stand, if not positively, at least relatively, low in our estimation, intellectually, morally, and politically. We question very much whether even 'forty-five' of our national representatives could now be found to participate in the enthusiasm so eloquently expressed on this subject on the floor of Congress not fifteen years ago. We have entered on these prefatory remarks reluctantly, but with a firm persuasion that they embody the real, if not the avowed sentiments of a great portion of our fellow-citizens. We must not be understood to say that we have no sympathetic feeling with our fellow-republicans. We have a sensitive and rational sympathy, too sensitive not to perceive defects of character and conduct, too

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rational to allow us to pass them without censure, or at least without the expression of regret.

The character of the revolutionary contest in Mexico was essentially distinct from that of the struggle in the other colonies of Spain. The sufferings of the inhabitants of the Viceroyalty of New-Spain, from the consequences of civil war, were far less severe. The conflict, though as enduring in its continuance, had but a local violence; and while scenes were acted of the most bloody and ferocious nature in parts of its territory, the great portion of the population, though not insensible to the excitement, were not immediately exposed to the dangers and sufferings of the conflict. It may be said of the revolutionary war throughout Spanish America, that its characteristic was irregularity. To New-Spain, this distinction particularly belongs. When the difficulty of cooperation with the juntas in the mother country was strongly felt in Mexico in 1809, and dissension occurred between the Viceroy and the Audiencia, the discord was scarcely perceived beyond the limits of the capital. Hidalgo's overt act of rebellion was also limited in its influence, and the effect of the first active revolutionary movement was as partial as its success was temporary. The line of his march from the small village of Dolores, where he raised his standard, to the hill of Las Cruces, within view of Mexico, whence he commenced his fatal and mysterious retreat, and thence to the wilds of Chihuahua, where he was captured and executed, may be traced by the violent combats which attended his career; but except on this line, the country seemed to be tranquil and resigned to any result. Of the unsuccessful attempts of Mina and Morelos, particularly the former, the same remark may be made; and until the close of the war immediately anterior to the adoption of the plan of Iguala and the defection of Iturbide, it may be described as a succession of brilliant, but incoherent struggles, partaking more of the character of a series of accidental insurrections, than of a continuous civil war. The duration of the contest, conducted, as it was on the part of the Spaniards, with scattered forces and inefficient leaders, and the fact, that, with the single exception of Calleja, the conqueror of Hidalgo, and, as he has been called, not inappropriately, the Spanish Claverhouse, no single general officer of distinguished military ability is to be found among the Spanish leaders, strongly illustrate this. Had it been otherwise, and had the same persevering effort been made

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by the mother country in Mexico as in Columbia, though the ultimate result would unquestionably have been the same, the contest must have continued much longer, or with the increased necessity of common action, and the imminence of common danger, a more complete and effective organization of the patriotic forces would have been secured. As it was, the revolutionary spirit prevailed by its own essential strength, and from the beginning to the end of the war, the brave men who were acting in opposition to the Viceroys, acted without responsibility or control. If a more thorough excitement had prevailed in the Provinces, this independence of the revolutionary leaders must have ceased, and either a civil or military supervising power would have been called into existence. In May, 1811, Rayon, a chieftain of great capacity, and the first who realized the necessity of producing, by means of a General Congress or Junta, more harmonious cooperation among the enemies of the old dynasty, attempted to convoke a convention at Ziticuazo. In this project, representation of the people seems to have been less an object than the creation, no matter whether by regular or irregular means, of a controlling tribunal of some kind. It met, published a manifesto expressive of the feelings by which the members were actuated, and their views as to the most politic course to be pursued, and, after having continued its sessions for a few months, dissolved by its own weakness, or rather merged in the more general Congress convoked in the following year by Morelos. This distinguished man had, it would seem, from the commencement of the war, cherished with the deepest interest the project of a General Congress, and appears to have been prevented from sooner putting it in execution only by the continuance of the personal danger to which he was exposed. With the most chivalrous spirit, he combined a mind of singular capacity and penetration; and whether he directed military movements, or advised plans of civil policy, he was beyond all question the ablest and most efficient enemy of the Spanish cause that acted a part in the drama of the times. On the 13th of September, 1813, his Congress, composed of the surviving members of Rayon's Junta, of deputies from the province of Oaxaca, the only one wholly in the possession of the insurgents, and of the representatives chosen by them of the provinces in the hands of the royalist troops, met in the town of Chilpanzingo. Its history is soon told. The only acts of the Congress worthy of note, were the declaration of Mexican Independence,

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published immediately after its convention, and a sketch of a Constitution for the new Republic, prepared a few months before the termination of its session. At the moment of the convocation of the Congress, the bright star of Morelos had begun to decline, and in the month of November, 1815, after an uninterrupted series of disastrous reverses, he was taken and executed by the Spaniards. On his fall, the Congress seemed to have lost its active principle, and, after maintaining an uncertain existence for a few months, was forcibly dissolved by General Teran. Thus terminated the only two attempts at regular government made in the whole course of the revolution of New-Spain, and with them ended even the appearance of cooperation among the insurgent forces. Mina's invasion followed, and on its disastrous result the energies of the revolutionists seemed paralyzed; their leaders without troops, without money, without means of communication or counsel, were scattered over the face of the country, wandering among the recesses of the mountains; and so perfect was the tranquillity, and so complete the submission, that the Viceroy wrote to his government that the revolution had ended, and that without the aid of an additional regiment, he would ensure the quiet possession of Mexico to the Spanish crown.

The military occurrences of the Mexican revolution are familiar to our readers, and we have incidentally referred to them merely as illustrative of our views of the domestic politics of the Republic. The peculiarities of the contest exercised a decided influence in producing the singular and unfortunate state of feeling to which the origin of parties may be traced. Beside the absence of any organized government, there is another circumstance connected with the concluding years of the revolution, which we will here mention. In 1819, the military contest ended, and during the two years which intervened between that time and the coronation of Iturbide, the succession of events may be more distinctly traced by the various pacific compromises and negotiations which occurred, than by acts of violence and bloodshed. Between 1820 and 1821, there were no military movements of any moment. The restoration of the Spanish Constitution had embarrassed the Royalist leaders extremely, and occasioned a dissension in the ranks of those who before had looked with undivided attention to a single object, and had never deviated from the most perfect unanimity. Royalist hitherto had been a specific term of

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precise meaning. A distinction was now drawn between constitutional Royalists and absolute Royalists. The temporary liberty of the press and the institution of a comparatively fair mode of judicial inquiry, gave a license to all parties, by which all were strengthened but the Absolutists, and the Viceroy and his counsellors found their power gradually diminishing by the injudicious liberality of the government they represented, and for whose rights and possessions they were so strenuously contending. The first appearance of Iturbide as a leader, was in the execution of a project of the Viceroy Apodaca, to proclaim the absolute authority of the King in New-Spain, in opposition to the Cortes. In such a project, Iturbide's intelligence and knowledge of the real state of feeling throughout the country prevented him from earnestly involving himself; and his first act, when invested with authority, was by a politic and really beneficial compromise between the Independents and Constitutional Monarchists to give the death-blow to European dominion in Mexico. The *grito* which announced the treaty of Iguala was the knell of the authority of the Spanish monarchy. The provisions of that plan and of the treaty of Cordova, concluded on the arrival of the new Viceroy, were conceived in a spirit of judicious and necessary liberality. The latter was a virtual abdication and disavowal of the rights of the crown of Spain, and its date is that of the termination of the revolution.

The effect of this pacific termination of the conventions of Iguala and Cordova, was the security of the great body of Europeans resident in the country. This result has been pregnant with injury to the happiness and tranquillity of the new Republic. Had the same bloody scenes been acted at the close as at the commencement of the war, and the same exasperation existed generally during the years immediately anterior to the formation of the new government as did locally on the first explosion of the patriotic feeling, the Spanish residents could not have survived, and their expatriation would inevitably have been the consequence of the triumph of the American arms. A plausible pretext for party violence and political profligacy would by such a result have been withheld, and the most fruitful source of animosity would have been cut off. Hostility to the Spanish citizens has been the distinction, for want of a better, of one of the Mexican political sects, and their removal has been the theme of the most acrimonious controversy. Had they been expelled during the excitement of a civil war, and exile been

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made the penalty of hostility unequivocally manifested towards republican principles, there would have been no cause of complaint. But to expatriate inoffensive men and good citizens, solely on account of their origin and parentage in spite of *guarantees* and contracts voluntarily made, and more than once solemnly ratified, is an act of political iniquity, which we should be ashamed to excuse. We regard the recognition of the rights of the Spanish residents as a subject of regret, as the necessary effect of circumstances. We consider the violation of those rights as a measure as impolitic as it was unjust. We shall have occasion to refer again to the persecution of the Spaniards in pursuing the narrative of recent events; and in delineating, as we propose to do, the parties which under one name or another have ruled the destinies and distracted the peace of Mexico.

We approach this history of parties with diffidence and reluctance. We know too well the obscurity which shrouds political history in our own country and times, to hope accurately to discriminate between contending parties abroad, or to attempt to give more than a general outline of the distinctive principles of the classes of individuals into whose hands the administration of Mexican affairs has fallen. Since the institution of the new government, there has been a political conflict of unexampled violence and exasperation between parties of nearly equal strength, the first consequence of which was to paralyse the energy of government, even in times of tranquillity, and the ultimate effect a series of revolutions destructive of every thing but the forms of the constitution. It is in the history of these recent commotions that political distinctions may be accurately learned, and to a faithful narrative of these events we invite the attention of our readers.

In the legislature or convention, which assembled after the dethronement of Iturbide, the germs of political discord became animated. The first question agitated in that body was, whether the consolidated or the federal form should be adopted as the basis of their Constitution, and on this point the most intelligent and patriotic Mexicans differed. The example of Columbia was urged on one side; that of the Federal Union of the North American States on the other. The superior energy of a national government legislating for all its citizens, particularly in time of war, was suggested by the Centralists. The danger of the want of a safe local legislation, and of tyran-

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nical usurpation of power by an uncontrolled political head, was vehemently insisted on by the Federalists. The principles of the latter, as is well known, triumphed, and the present Constitution, when once recommended by the Legislature, went into operation without opposition elsewhere.

The adoption of a federal form of government by the constituent Congress of Mexico, has been regarded as a conclusive proof of the enlightened intelligence and salutary policy of her first legislators. We are not prepared to say that this approbation is entirely undeserved; but we do say emphatically, that, by identifying the supporters of a central government with the friends of despotism, or even with the blinded advocates of pernicious or impracticable systems, great injustice has been done. The advocates of centralism were amongst the most liberal and enlightened of the patriots of Mexico. They thought they saw in a Federation of Independent States difficulties of real and insurmountable magnitude, and the experience of the last few years shows that these apprehensions were not wholly groundless. We in our own happy country are very apt to give more weight to the analogy of our political experience, and of our institutions, than they deserve; and that process of reasoning is most unsound, by means of which we conclude, that because our form of government works well, it is therefore the most eligible for other nations. In Mexico, for instance, where the argument was most strongly, but we think inappropriately used, the points of difference between its situation and ours, at the time of forming the Constitution, are most striking. Before the organization of the Federal Union in 1787, we had our Confederation, and before that, the various colonial legislatures acted in their different spheres with harmony and security. Canada and New-York are not more distinct than were New-York and Pennsylvania before the confederation of 1778. In Mexico, before the revolution, there was a perfect political consolidation. The Viceroy and Audiencia ruled the whole kingdom of New-Spain; and the Intendencies, which were subdivisions made for the convenience of the government, and not in consequence of any physical or territorial limits, bore no such resemblance to the well-defined and distinct communities among the British colonies. Not only, therefore, was it necessary to organize the Federal Government, but to create the states of which the Federation was to be formed; and not only was it necessary to supply the Legislature of the Union with

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members competent to perform their duty, but to find intellectual supplies to sustain each state legislature.

It had been the policy of the Spanish rulers to keep the inhabitants of the colonies in profound and utter ignorance of political science, and to disqualify them by circumscribing the limits of their observation, and giving an unpropitious turn to their studies and pursuits, from conducting the business of government, or executing its most trifling trusts. This policy had been in great measure successful; and it was in the practical ignorance of the great mass of the population, and in their admitted inability to perform public duties, that the friends of a central, and therefore a simple, government, found a strong argument. In a community of men competent from actual experience to assume political responsibility, a complicated system, requiring the support of many, may be practicable; in a community of separate existing states, jealous of their privileges, and proud of their essential separation, it may be necessary; but to undertake the delicate and laborious process of first dividing, and then joining together; of first making the States, and then the Federation; of first making a political scheme, and then finding men capable of putting it into operation, was more than careful politicians could advise, and what none but the most sanguine could hope to see succeed. All these difficulties might, it was urged, be obviated by the organization of a central government, which would in time of war secure the concentration of the national energies, and in peace preserve to every citizen his rights. It is difficult to deny the strength of such reasoning, and we freely confess that suggestions such as these, which were forgotten in the singular glow of pleasure we felt on learning that our fellow-republicans had followed our example in organizing their infant institutions, have recently revived in our minds. In a former number of our journal,* our readers will find a view of the superiority of a central government as applied to Columbia. We refer to the sentiments there expressed, as in unison with the opinions which an attentive consideration of the subject has led us to form in regard to Mexico. In Columbia, where the question of the relative advantages of Federalism and Centralism was first agitated, there were many inducements to the adoption of a Federal Government, which did not exist in Mexico. At dif-

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ferent periods, during the revolutions, the various departments of the country had declared themselves substantive communities, and had, in the course of the war, by their separate acts, acquired at least the jealousy of independence. For some time anterior to the meeting of the convention which assembled at Angostura in 1819, the four great divisions of Popayan, Venezuela, Carthagena, and Cundimamarca, had been acting separately. These were not merely political creations, but divisions distinctly marked by physical peculiarities, and by difference of population and climate. The inhabitants of the different provinces were in a great measure strangers to each other, having been debarred from frequent and harmonious intercourse, as well by the physical barriers of rivers and ridges of almost impassable mountains, as by the secluding policy of the Spanish Government. To join these distinct bodies into one community, to be governed by one council and common laws, was, therefore, it would seem, far less easy than to organize a confederation, by means of which the delicate duty of local legislation should be left to the States, and which would not wound the feeling of State pride, which, as we have said, antecedent independence had created. Strong, however, as these inducements were, the difficulties of producing an harmonious confederate action, with a population so ignorant and inexperienced, or even of organizing a safe confederacy, were too manifest, and a large majority of the convention of Cucutà wisely approved the project of a consolidated government. In Mexico, it is impossible to find any inducements corresponding to those which so naturally operated on the Federalists of Columbia. There had been no previous cooperation of independent States; there had been, in fact, no independent States to cooperate, no particular State or Province having assumed a separate character and government. There were no strongly marked lines to divide one portion of the country from another, and the population was equally ignorant and inexperienced. There were in reality as perfect consolidation and natural unity as could be devised. In the estimate of the merits of the two systems, we are aware that the opponents of central governments for the Spanish Americans will appeal to the experiment of Columbia, and to the melancholy spectacle her politics present, as affording a complete refutation of all our praise of her Constitution. It would be a sufficient answer to such a suggestion, to say, that the federal experiment in Mexico has

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been quite as unsuccessful, and that, if we are to determine the question of the comparative merits of the forms of government by a comparison of the condition and prospects of the nations, the actual condition of the latter country is conclusive. How well the central system of Columbia would have worked, had the nation not been cursed by the presence of an individual of paramount abilities and uncontrolled ambition, it is impossible for us even to conjecture. But that it has failed, and that the nation has been convulsed by intestine feuds, are no more to be ascribed to a defect in the system, than the destruction of a town by an earthquake is to be attributed to a want of skill in the architect who raised it. It seems wholly unreasonable to conclude that the Columbian Constitution was radically defective because General Bolivar has overthrown it. If the Mexican legislators, instead of involving themselves in the intricacy of National and State governments, had organized a simple and efficient machine, for the management of which they were perfectly competent, we are inclined to believe, particularly in the absence of any individual whose talents and influence were formidable, that the administration of their affairs would have been far more easy and prosperous. They would have been more exempt from factious influence and party animosity. The pernicious consequences of the unauthorized and deplorable interference of the State and Federal authorities with each other, would have been avoided. The difficulties of an indirect mode of collecting revenue by quotas, to be raised by State taxation, would have been unfelt. We confess we are not a little influenced in arriving at this conclusion by the observation of recent events, and by the absence of any visible cause of political commotions, such as have lately agitated Mexico. It is but ordinary justice to a set of individuals who have been so much reviled as the friends of a central form of government, to state fairly even the possible advantages of their favorite system, and to give them the benefit of the inference to be drawn from the actual failure of the Federal Constitution.

After all, the Constitution, which was adopted in 1824, and which has continued in operation ever since, is in many particulars but nominally federal. The essence of a federal government is the harmonious and distinct action of the National and State councils in their respective spheres, and an exact specification, as far as is practicable, of the powers delegated to the Government of the Union. Whatever is not

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expressly given or necessarily implied is reserved. These distinctions the Mexican legislators have failed to realize, and an awkward interference of the two powers, wholly inconsistent with our ideas of a Federal Union, has ensued. We have not time to do more than cursorily refer to them now. In 1827 and, for aught we know, at this day, several if not a majority of the Governors of the States were military officers of the Federation holding their commissions, and receiving their pay from the Government of the Union. The troops of the Union are under their command whilst on duty in the States, and a military staff of a duplicate character is constantly in attendance to execute the various duties of the ill-defined office.—The Governors of the States, even when having no official connexion with the general Government, are liable to impeachment at the suggestion of either House of Congress for almost every official misdemeanor, and particularly for infractions of the Constitution by the publication of laws contrary to the general laws of the Union and to the constitutional orders of the President; and if an impeachment be determined on by the requisite majority of the Chamber where the accusation is made, the person charged is *ipso facto* suspended from his employment and placed at the disposal of the competent tribunal. That tribunal is the Federal Judiciary, organized under the name of the High Court of Justice, by whose decision a State Governor may be punished in any manner and to any extent. The power of deciding upon the constitutionality of a State law is vested in Congress, and no right to control that body in the course of legislation exists in any branch of the Government. The States are encouraged to interfere in the National legislation by an express provision in the Constitution authorizing them to suggest to Congress such enactments as they may think worthy of adoption. This privilege has not been thrown away, and to one accustomed, as every citizen of this country is, to regard an interference of the State Legislatures as an impertinence, and any the least assumption on the part of the National Government as a usurpation, the legislative records of Mexico will present much that is novel and surprising. The separate jurisdiction and powers of the two great branches of the Federation seem to have been beyond the comprehension of those who framed the Constitution in the first instance, or those who have administered it since. Two instances of this confusion of legislation are recorded, and may be referred to as strikingly

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illustrative of the new character of the Government of Mexico. In the spring of 1827, at the time of the commencement of the excitement against the Spanish residents, and soon after Mr. Esteva who had been recently appointed by the President to the Commissariat at Vera Cruz was ordered by the Legislature of that State to return to the capital at twenty-four hours' notice, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs addressed a letter to the Congress of Vera Cruz making inquiries with regard to some supposed disturbances within that State. He was answered that perfect tranquillity existed. In the course of a few weeks, the Governor of Vera Cruz for the attainment of an object of local interest, or in consequence of some apprehended disturbances, called the Legislature together in extraordinary session. No sooner had they met, than the Cabinet at Mexico took the alarm, and the Secretary again wrote to the Congress at Jalapa, indignantly remonstrating at what he called the disingenuousness of their conduct, and inquiring why an extraordinary session was requisite at a time, when, as they said, the public tranquillity was undisturbed. Accidentally the Legislature found spirit enough to resent the tone in which this inquiry was made, and after having the subject under discussion for several days, determined on a proper and laconic reply. The Governor was instructed to remind the Secretary that the convocation of the Legislature at an unusual season might be a measure as well of precaution as of necessity, that it might be neither, but merely expedient for the promotion of local interests, and that when in the opinion of the Legislature it was proper to communicate information to the General Government, it should not be withheld. Another equally characteristic incident recently occurred. In the spring of 1829, on the downfal of Pedraza and forcible elevation of General Guerrero to the Presidency, Mr. Lorenzo de Zavala, then Governor of the State of Mexico, and a warm personal and political friend of the new President, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. Unwilling to resign the political influence he was enabled to exercise as Governor, he and his friends procured the passage of a law, by which he was permitted to hold both offices, though he was to perform only the active duties of the Treasury department. In the course of a few months, in consequence of one of the sudden and inexplicable changes to which the political atmosphere of Mexico is liable, this permission was unexpectedly revoked, and Mr. Zavala's opponents discovered

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that the offices were incompatible. Rejoiced most probably at an opportunity of extricating himself from the responsibilities and embarrassments to which the incurable disorder of the finances of the Union exposed him, he without hesitation resigned his Secretaryship, and announced his intention to resume his State duties. Unluckily, however, in his absence the political party to which he was attached had dwindled into a minority, and his enemies, anxious to preserve the ascendency which his absence had enabled them to secure, were driven to the necessity of devising some plan by which he could be prevented from resuming the authority of Governor. The Legislature then in session at Tlalpam, the capital of the State of Mexico, by a considerable majority passed a resolution declaring, that though the absolute right of Mr. Zavala to resume his office was unquestioned, yet that his acts whilst Secretary of the Treasury had been of such a nature as to work for the present a moral incapacity for the performance of his duty as Governor,—that he was clearly entitled to the honor and emolument of the station, and was only debarred from the actual administration. To this decision Mr. Zavala found it expedient to submit, and in this equivocal situation he was obliged to continue, until a new revolution might give him an opportunity of again entering on public life.

Such are a few of the most notable instances of the confusion and inconsistency to which we have referred. Many others might be found, and all illustrate the truth of the opinion, that to denominate the Government of Mexico Federal Republican, in the sense we give to those epithets, is an error of language; and that whatever may be its name and form, and however great the merit of its founders, it possesses many of the characteristics of centralism or real consolidation.

We have entered on these detailed observations on the true character of the Mexican Constitution, with a wish to enable our fellow-citizens accurately to understand the analogy which really exists between our institutions and theirs, and properly to estimate the conduct and opinions of the two political parties which originally were formed. Before the year 1824, these theoretical opinions were their distinctive attributes, and in fact as in name they were Centralists and Federalists. By the adoption of the present Constitution, and the consequent triumph of the Federalists, the Central party lost in a great measure its importance, and such of its leaders as were still anxious to

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maintain its existence, were compelled to look out for new principles, by which it was to be sustained. These the course of political events soon enabled them to find.

The parties of Mexico have been compared to the Federalists and Democrats of the United States. This comparison is in most respects as unfair as the others to which we have had occasion to refer. In some particulars only there may be detected a slight shade of resemblance. Federalist and Democrat, even with us, are words which convey no adequate idea of the opinions, which those who invented the names severally professed. Each party was in fact composed of individuals differing on many points, and often directly agreeing upon none. Mr. Madison was a Federalist in 1787, and without changing any one of his political opinions became a Democrat in 1798. Fragments of sects coalesced, and by means of such combinations, the many-colored being, called a party, came into existence. In its formation we can trace the action of no peculiar and important principle, and in the result we see nothing but the effect of the strong necessity of union in order to secure influence, and of the sacrifice of unimportant subjects of difference of opinion. In the want of any well-settled principle in their origin, and in this combination of heterogeneous materials, there was a resemblance between the parties of the two Republics. In one material point, however, there was a total dissimilarity. At the end of our revolutionary war we had but few if any native citizens of Great Britain resident amongst us, and claiming an equality of privilege in all respects with Americans. In Mexico the old Spaniards formed an integral and most important portion of the population. They were important from their numbers, their intelligence and their wealth. They had resided in the colonies for a long period of time, and had formed connexions which firmly bound them to the soil. By the pacific termination of the revolution, and the stipulations made between the contending parties, the rights of the Spanish residents had been definitively secured, and at the time the new Government went into operation, they were in the full enjoyment of every right and privilege belonging to native citizens. They were eligible to almost every office under the Constitution, and no distinction was recognized by the laws which affected them injuriously. Thus situated and protected, it might be supposed their station in the community could have been highly enviable. But notwithstanding appearances, and all the legislative barriers

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by which they were protected, there was an abundant source of anxiety and apprehension open to them in the known jealousy and aversion of the great mass of the people. They were too well aware of the existence and of the causes of animosity not to be anxious to devise means for their own protection, and with this object they were naturally led to mingle in the incipient political strife, and to look for the safest and most natural associates. That they had ulterior and less pure objects in view originally, we do not think it reasonable, without stronger evidence than has as yet been produced, to believe. However that may be, the Spanish interest formed an important material in the organization of parties. To this body of men, were naturally joined the clergy, both regular and secular, among the latter of whom particularly were many individuals of pure, and what is more rare in Mexico, of unsuspected patriotism; the landholders and other men of wealth and property, who saw the principle of danger in the superiority of their pecuniary resources, and in the insatiable rapacity of those by whom they were surrounded; the friends of a Central system; and we may add, a great body of disinterested citizens, who were actuated by the most honorable motives, and who conscientiously believed the safety of the infant Republic to depend on the participation of some of their enlightened political associates, and on the adoption of a moderate and conciliating policy.—The composition of the rival party, unjustly compared to the Democracy of the United States, was of a very varied character. There were in it, we can easily believe, some individuals of honorable and consistent patriotism, men who had been severely tried in the school of the revolution, and who were ardently attached to republican institutions; amongst these were most of those who in the Constituent Congress had warmly and successfully advocated the adoption of the Federal Constitution. These were honest politicians practically and in theory. The remaining components of this ultra-liberal party were less free from the suspicion of impure motives. The remnant of the faction which had persisted in its devotion to the late Emperor Iturbide, and who, when their idol was in prosperity had always regarded those who now appeared among the leaders of the Spanish party, (we use the name for want of a better,) as his most determined foes, joined the new sect, and seemed anxious to atone for their former sins by the profession of the most exalted patriotism. The great body of the officers of the army, and

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that still more numerous class of necessitous political adventurers, which is the natural offspring of a revolution, which is scarcely perceptible whilst the waters are in agitation, but which rises in scum to the surface as soon as they become tranquil, also attached themselves to it. Little penetration is requisite to foresee which of parties so organized would be numerically most powerful, and which in the natural course of events would triumph. Independently, however, of the inherent sources of power, which the latter of these political castes enjoyed, they had the inestimable advantage which deep-rooted popular prejudice gave them, and the auxiliary of a popular watchword, by means of which subsiding passion might at any moment be renewed. 'Exile to the *Gachupines*' was written in bright letters on their standard, and under a banner so inscribed there was no difficulty in always rallying an efficient force. So early as 1824, the expatriation of the European residents was made the pretext of rebellion by General Lobato, whose insurrectionary talents we shall hereafter again have occasion to commemorate, and from that time to the present it has been the prolific theme of all the radical politicians of the Republic.

At the first election of the chief magistrate, after the adoption of the Constitution, the contest was between two distinguished revolutionary patriots, each representing, in a measure, one of the parties we have mentioned, Generals Nicolas Bravo and Guadalupe Victoria. The latter was duly elected President, and the former Vice-President. Though in the decision of this first election, the political distinctions were not perfectly defined, and other interests were involved, there was enough party feeling mingled in the contest, to give to it a high degree of importance. On entering on his official career, General Victoria, it is believed, found himself placed in a situation of great embarrassment and perplexity. His responsibilities were very great. With little or no political experience, he found himself at the head of an untried government, the success of which depended wholly on the vigor and prudence of his administration. An enemy of the most determined character was without, anxiously waiting for an opportunity to attempt reconquest. Relations with foreign nations were not definitively settled. Within, political animosity and party exasperation were working actively. Every thing seemed to obstruct the easy and successful progress of the Cabinet. Two courses of policy were presented to the new President, between which it was necessary for him to decide.

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The one was, to act decidedly with one of the contending parties, and by giving to the object of his preference all the influence of the Government, to secure to it a permanent ascendency. The other, to attempt the difficult task of conciliation, and by means of his great personal popularity, and an impartial distribution of official favors, to assuage existing animosity and reconcile political opponents. Which of them, in a community constituted like Mexico, would have been the most politic and ultimately beneficial course, it is useless even to conjecture. Victoria seems not to have hesitated to adopt the policy of conciliation, and by doing so he evinced the goodness of his heart and the purity of his motives. He formed his first and subsequent cabinets of individuals of both parties, and, generally, in the distribution of office, seemed to be directed by no wish, other than to avoid committing himself with either. He resolutely abstained from all participation in political consultations, and so determined was he in his impartiality, as to give an almost ludicrous air to his caution and reserve.* Unhappily, this anxiety to be uncommitted, in the mind of an inexperienced politician, is too apt to degenerate into indecision, if not absolute imbecility; and while he was resolutely determined to grant no more favors to one than to the other class of individuals, Victoria seemed to want sufficient energy of character to check the excesses of either. This indecision and want of moral efficiency on the part of the executive, though resulting from a good motive, was destined to be the cause of a series of misfortunes to the Republic.

In 1825, the two political Mexican sects acquired consistency and a specific character, by their connexion with masonic associations. Of the distinction between the two sects of masons, we are wholly ignorant, and can therefore account for their adoption by the two political factions in no other way than by the natural supposition, that they were resorted to as affording a convenient mode of secret consultation and efficient cooperation. Be the distinctive masonic principles what they may, the members of the Scotch and York lodges have become in Mexico identified with zealots of the two orders, and *Escoces* and *Yorkino* are terms of political distinction, which are

* The political wags of Mexico used to say of President Victoria, that, in his anxiety to avoid the appearance of partiality to either party, when he rode in the Alameda, he made it a point always to sit in the middle of his coach.

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perfectly well understood, and, on that account, terms of great convenience. The Scotch lodge appears to have been instituted in Mexico at a much earlier date than its rival. The first York lodge was organized in Mexico in 1825. We wish it to be understood, that we are neither masons nor anti-masons. We neither believe masonry to be coeval with the world nor coincident with all the good that has been done in it, nor do we believe masonry to be of satanic origin, and wholly inconsistent with the spirit of our free institutions; but, perverted, as we believe it to have been in Mexico, from its proper objects and genuine principles, and converted into an engine of political warfare, we most sincerely deplore its encouragement in any country. In a community oppressed by despotism, and struggling for liberty, secret associations may be convenient as affording secure means of harmonious action; but in a country swayed by no tyranny, and liable to no oppression, except what party animosity affords, they may be viewed as so many nurseries of political rancor and factious malignity. In Mexico these affiliated juntas soon organized an effectual correspondence, and in the midnight conclaves of the masonic societies, if rumor is to be credited, the various plans and modes of policy were devised, which were to be ultimately suggested and discussed in the councils of the nation. All the active politicians were not, however, actually attached by regular initiation to the lodges; but so general was the adoption of one or the other of the societies by those who were prominent in the career of domestic politics, that the appellation became sufficiently distinctive, and though all the *Liberal* party (to use their own language) were not technically Yorkinos, nor all the Spanish party Escoceses, yet every politician, so far as the political distinction went, was either Yorkino or Escoces. In point of talent and moral vigor, the Escoces party has always had a decided advantage. In its ranks were found, without exception, all the Spanish residents, among whom were many individuals distinguished for their high intellectual culture and accomplished education. To these may be added a number of Mexicans, who, in the course of the revolution, and particularly during the existence of the Cortes, had travelled abroad, and visited not only the mother country, but England and France. To most of these individuals, many of whom have filled the most elevated offices of the republic, we most readily pay the just tribute of unqualified respect. We believe them to be the true

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patriots of Mexico, actuated by pure motives, and aided by more experience and practical information than many of their fellow-citizens can pretend to. Numerically, as we have before observed, the Yorkino party has been, and so long as its unity is preserved, will continue to be, the stronger, and it is to be peculiarly regretted that among those into whose hands the Government is most likely to fall, there should be less enlightened intelligence, and, as we think has been made apparent in the persecution of the Spaniards, less moral rectitude than among those who form the minority.

From the time of the presidential election to the end of the year 1826, there was profound tranquillity in the Republic. The conciliatory policy of the executive seemed to answer all its ends, the foreign relations of the country were most favorable, the national credit was high, and the payments of interest on the loans were regularly made; a vast amount of capital had been invested by foreigners in the mines, and by means of the permanent interest thus created in the preservation of tranquillity, the most sanguine anticipations of national prosperity were not unreasonably entertained. In the Cabinet at Mexico, it was known that decided differences of opinion had existed. The interests and principles of the Escoces party were sustained by a decided majority in the Senate, and a small but equally effective one in the House of Representatives; whilst their opponents by indefatigable exertions, the aid of the press, and a dexterous use of circumstances, showed every disposition to contest their ascendency in the administration of affairs. Still, strong as the symptoms of approaching disorder were, there was so much confidence reposed in the President, and so decided a disposition to yield to his personal influence, that but for a series of unforeseen accidents, the tranquillity of the nation, though from a want of essential elements it could not have been permanent, might have been much longer continued. In the early part of January, 1827, a Dieguino monk, of the name of Arenas, was arrested in the capital on a charge of being implicated in a treasonable conspiracy to overthrow the Government and restore the dynasty of the Bourbons. What evidence was produced against this man, in relation to whom there was a division of opinion as to his sanity, we do not know, having never seen any specific statement of the charges against him, or even a general report of his trial. The narrative of the plot, as given by the Yorkino party on his arrest, carried

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absurdity on its face, and was conclusive of one of two things, either that the whole matter had been got up to promote a political end, or that Arenas had been selected as weak enough to allow himself by artful suggestions to be involved in a palpably impracticable and senseless plot against the Government. Numerous arrests were made of various insignificant priests and subordinate military officers, and Arenas, after lingering through all the forms and delays of Mexican criminal judicature, was, on the second day of June, 1827, shot by order of a military commission at the palace of Chapoltepec. A few months previous, additional cause of alarm and distrust had been given by the sudden arrest of two distinguished Mexican officers, Generals Negrete and Echávarri, on a charge of a similar kind. These two individuals, both of whom had been officers in the revolutionary service, in addition to the specific offence for which they were arrested, had the indelible stain of European nativity, which rendered them at once ready objects of suspicion, and most acceptable offerings to public prejudice. They were arrested at midnight in their houses, and taken from the capital to prison, one in the castle of Perote, the other at Acapulco. After a long judicial investigation, of the details of which the public learned but little, one, if not both, was sentenced to permanent exile, and is now residing in this country. In relation to the merits of this alleged conspiracy, we speak with great diffidence, for the simple reason that we are noticing subjects of which we are in great measure necessarily ignorant, but from what we do know, we have no hesitation in saying, that the extent and importance of the plot of the Padre Arenas and his followers were greatly exaggerated. Had it been as serious as was at first supposed, others beside a half-witted priest would have been detected and punished, and a detailed history of so foul a conspiracy, involving, as it would have done, a large and detested portion of the community, must have been given to the world.

The consequences of these arrests, and of the dark suspicions to which they gave rise, may easily be conceived. A new impulse was given to the popular hostility towards the European residents, and a great accession of strength resulted to the Anti-Spanish party. Exile and confiscation were talked of without reserve; placards of the most inflammatory character were circulated; memorials from the Yorkino Legislatures were daily sent to Congress, urging that body to act; the elec-

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tions had been generally strongly influenced, and it was soon apparent that it would be almost impossible to stem the torrent of prejudice and persecution. The President himself at last yielded, and a succession of legislative measures were adopted by Congress, the result of which has been the entire expatriation of the Spanish residents. It commenced in 1827, by the publication of a law declaring all natives ineligible to office, and ended in the passage of a law by considerable majorities in both houses, directing the President immediately to give passports to all the Spaniards remaining in the Republic.

We have already had occasion to mention the conduct of Mexico towards the European residents, and now recur to it merely to state the precise contract which the legislators of the new community have found it expedient to violate, and the prejudicial consequences which have ensued. When Iturbide first raised the flag of opposition to the Viceroy, he found it necessary to pursue in the outset, the policy of conciliation and compromise. He had been deputed as well against the Constitutionalists as against the Republican Insurgents, and it became necessary for him in order to sustain himself, to devise some plan by which these two classes should be united and their interests identified. The fruit of his reflection was the plan of Iguala. Its provisions, as far as they affect the privileges of the Spaniards, are perfectly distinct. It provides for the maintenance of the religion of the Church of Rome, for the union of the Creoles and Spaniards, for the independence of Mexico, for the privileges and immunities of the clergy, and for the protection of the persons and property of the citizens. It declares, finally, all the inhabitants of New-Spain, without distinction of persons, Europeans, Africans and Indians, and their descendants, to be citizens, and to be eligible to all offices according to their merits and virtues. This plan, objectionable as it was in some of its features in the eyes of the Republicans, was acceded to by all, and must be considered as a solemn national compact, vesting certain rights in all who were parties to it. The treaty of Cordova between Iturbide and O'Donoju followed. In all the provisional governments, which were formed in the interval between the treaty of Iguala and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, there was the same indiscriminate recognition of the rights of all the residents. Under the Constitution of 1824, the privileges of the Spanish citizens were more positively ascertained. They were declared

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citizens; they were made eligible to every office except to the high executive stations and to the cabinet Secretaryships; and so certain did the framers of the Constitution wish to make their security, that among those excepted from the disabilities of aliens, natives of Spain resident in Mexico are expressly mentioned. In 1826 and 1827, there was more than one member of Congress who was a Spaniard by birth. In addition to these protections expressly provided for them, their property and persons were secured by the sections of the Constitution, prohibiting the confiscation of goods, or ex post facto laws, (*leyes retroactivas*. Art. 147, 148.)

In violation of all these solemn contracts, the majority in Mexico have determined, and apparently without compunction, to sacrifice the unfortunate, and we cannot but think, unoffending Spaniards. We have said that it is matter of regret, that the Spanish residents had not left the country during the revolution, or as soon as its result was ascertained. Had they then been forcibly exiled, a sufficient excuse would have been found in the necessary excitement of the times, and in the sense of severe oppression to which the Creoles were immediately liable. But it is to the iniquity of the sacrifice of rights deliberately and unequivocally guaranteed, that our censure relates. State necessity, we have been often told, is the tyrant's plea; but even the tyrant, before he resorts to this, his worst and weakest apology, usually so far yields to public opinion as to show a case of strong necessity. In Mexico, it is true, there is an attempt to show the necessity of an act of injustice and confessed infraction of law. It has been a feeble and ineffectual attempt. We are, say the advocates of proscription, at war with Spain, and it is unsafe to allow a participation of the privileges to the children of our enemy, who must still have some affection to their parent. Why then, it may be asked, were they ever allowed the privilege, of which you seek to deprive them, and why, if it is said there was a necessity of conciliation at Iguala, was an express recognition inserted in the Constitution? But it is said, they are plotting against the Government, and engaged in treasonable correspondence with the mother country. The answer to such suggestions is obvious; let the guilty be punished, and let the punishment be boldly vouched as the just retribution of an offended public. Let the severest penalties of the law fall on the heads of the offenders, but let the law which recognizes privileges, have as fair a chance as that which prescribes punishment.

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The impolicy of obliging the Spaniards to leave the country of their adoption, has, we believe, been severely felt. In consequence of their enterprise and wealth, the greater portion of the commercial business of the country had fallen into their hands. Their credit was high, and so great was the available capital which they controlled, that it was matter of great convenience, as well to the foreign as to the native merchants, to transact business with them. Their perfect integrity, contrasted as it was with the characteristic dishonesty of the Creole traders, gave a degree of confidence to all who were connected with them, which is essential to mercantile enterprise and success. The wealth and character of the Spanish capitalists contributed in no small degree to the credit of the Government abroad; for so long as the Spaniards remained in the country, and were interested in the preservation of tranquillity, and in the successful result of the political experiment, the national creditors abroad felt that they had a permanent security; and it is perhaps not venturing too far to say, that, had not this source of confidence been cut off, even though there had been irregularity in the payment of the interest, new loans might have been negotiated. As it was, the first failure of Mexico to pay the interest on her foreign debt, was contemporaneous with the first invasion of the rights of the Spanish merchants, and the natural result of this unfortunate coincidence was the immediate suspension of all confidence abroad, and the fall of the stock even below the low level of the other American securities. Since the departure of the only capitalists in Mexico, the necessities of the Government have increased as their sources of supply have diminished; no foreign loans can be negotiated, commerce has declined, and the only mode of borrowing money at home they have themselves cut off. The principal source of revenue has always been the Custom-House, and since the decline of the public credit, this dependence has also in great measure been withdrawn. The large mercantile establishments of the Spanish merchants, extending over the whole country, and able by their wealth to establish branches both on the coast and at the chief towns in the interior, afforded facilities to the commercial communities, which were most sensibly felt. All these advantages, by this act of injustice, and, as we believe is now admitted, of impolicy, have been lost.

The number of *desterrados* was very great. Neither age nor poverty afforded an exemption, the law being enforced with

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great rigor, and the shores of every neighboring country were strewed with the broken remnants of the once majestic vessel of the Spanish power in America. Many of the emigrants, on their arrival in the United States, whither a large majority repaired, as to the nearest place of refuge, were totally destitute of means of support. In New-Orleans, scenes of most agonizing distress were exhibited, and to such an extent was it carried, that but for the benevolent exertions of the inhabitants of that city, many of these unfortunate exiles would have perished from want and exposure. In Mexico, the individual suffering was intense; wives were separated from their husbands for want of the pecuniary ability to accompany them; fathers were torn from children whom they were obliged to leave with the most uncertain means of support; the humblest *arriero* in the country, dependent for actual sustenance on his peculiar labor, had to yield obedience to the stern mandate of the Government; and the poor ballet-master, who had been so instrumental in affording amusement to the ungrateful legislators of the metropolis, was equally affected by the penalty of the law, with the most active Escoces, who had the misfortune to have been born in Spain. It might be considered as a comparison almost ludicrous, to point out the analogy of the exile of the Spaniards, to the standing instances of impolicy, the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; but in no respect, neither in folly, importance, nor consequences, as respects Mexico, are they very dissimilar. In the origin of all three there is a strong resemblance. Prejudice and fanaticism of one kind or another were the impulses in all.

It is to the excitement occasioned by the conduct of the Government towards the Spaniards, that we may immediately ascribe an event which ensued, and which, as being the first of a series of rebellions and revolutions, and as thence becoming authority for what followed, every friend of Mexico, and republican institutions, must cordially regret and condemn. We refer to the abortive plot, which was developed in January, 1828, and is generally denominated the rebellion of Otumba. At the head of it, unhappily for himself, his party and his country, was the then Vice-President of the Republic, Nicolas Bravo. No one, who has made the revolutionary history of Mexico a subject of study, can fail to recollect the agency of this distinguished individual in promoting the successful result of the contest. As a patriot, General Bravo was unsuspected,

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having proved his unwavering fidelity by sufferings and sacrifices of more than ordinary severity; as a soldier, he was distinguished by his untiring determination and romantic courage, and as a man, he had acquired a distinction the brightest and proudest a military man can secure, of never, in the course of a long and ferocious war, in which the courtesies and moderation of civilized conflict were by common consent disregarded, having been betrayed into a violent or vindictive act, or having unnecessarily stained his sword with blood. His father and brothers had at different times been butchered, by order of the Viceroy; yet with all these inducements to the indulgence of revenge, it is recorded to his honor, that no prisoner of war who happened to fall into his hands, ever had reason to complain. To this gentleness of disposition, he added a most faithful attachment to the country of his birth, and a rooted aversion from the control of the mother country. He was one of the earliest opponents of Iturbide, and was an active member of the temporary government, which was organized on his fall. On his election to the Vice-Presidency, he experienced the usual fate of the second officer of a federal government, and ceased to act a prominent part in public affairs. As the leader of the Escoces party, however, he continued to sustain his importance, and to him, as one of the candidates for the Presidency, public attention was more or less directed. His political sentiments, in most respects, were ascertained, and it was perfectly well known, that to the proscriptive and harsh policy of the Yorkino party he was decidedly opposed. However unequivocally his sentiments on this subject were expressed, there was too much confidence reposed in his patriotism and characteristic moderation, to allow any one to anticipate so mad an act of opposition to the constituted authority, as the revolt of Otumba. The history of that attempt may be told in a few words. The first alarm given in the capital, was in the last week in December, 1827, when it was ascertained that a colonel in the army, of the name of Montaño, had raised the standard of rebellion, and published an inflammatory manifesto at Otumba, a small village near Mexico. At first, this movement was carelessly regarded by the Government; and it was not until it was ascertained that several leaders of the opposition party, among others General Bravo, had secretly and mysteriously left the capital, that the probable danger was realised. The President immediately issued his proclamation, calling on

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all good citizens to support him in the performance of his constitutional duties, and despatched a large force under the command of General Guerrero, to suppress the revolt. Bravo, after leaving Mexico, wandered about almost unattended, and unable to form a junction with the other conspirators, which he at last, and with difficulty, effected. Guerrero marched immediately on Tulancingo, a small town not far distant, whither the rebels had removed their head-quarters, and compelled them to surrender without a blow. To the decision and promptitude of the Secretary of War, Gomez Pedraza, aid of the leader of the government troops, may be entirely referred the sudden and easy suppression of this ill-concerted revolutionary movement; for had enough time been allowed to the conspirators to rally their friends and political adherents around their standard, in the excited state of the public mind, a different result might have occurred. As it was, numerous individuals of rank and personal as well as official distinction, were on their way to join the Vice-President, and it is impossible to say how far the conspiracy may have extended. Among these was General Barragan, the Governor of the State of Vera Cruz, who was arrested and sent with General Bravo to Mexico for trial. The result of that trial, conducted as such procedures in Mexico usually were, without publicity, was the conviction of Bravo and his associates, and their permanent exile from the Republic.

We have not time to inquire what were the real objects which General Bravo and his followers proposed to attain, nor what degree of credit to give either to his assertions of perfect purity of motive, or to the dark accusations of his political opponents. The plan of Montaño contained a specification of various supposed grievances, accompanied with an imperative demand on the executive for redress; it required the suppression of secret societies, a change of ministers, the delivery of passports to Mr. Poinsett, our minister at Mexico, who had become obnoxious to the party, and concluded with a general requisition that the provisions of the Constitution and laws should be religiously enforced. Whether there were ulterior objects of a more improper character, as the Yorkino party have vehemently declared, is a question which, for all the purposes of condemnation, it is wholly unnecessary to examine. It is little consistent with General Bravo's known sentiments and previous conduct, to suppose, that he acted for a moment

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in concert with any who meditated a restoration of the authority of the Bourbons, and we freely acquit him of so much of the charge which his enemies have preferred; but no terms of censure are too strong for the man who, to gratify the impulse of passion or to redress imaginary or real injuries, can expose his country to the risk of civil war, and endanger the existence of republicanism itself, by giving a precedent to future malcontents, and some shade of authority to the gloomy prophecies of monarchical calculators. There were in Mexico, doubtless, injuries, personal and political, which needed redress; there had been, in the case of the old Spaniards, a flagrant violation of the fundamental laws of the land, which it is reasonable to suppose, had been severely felt by those who, from principle and feeling, were strongly attached to that portion of their fellow-citizens; but the course the patriot, however indignant, would have pursued, is widely different from that which the rebels of Otumba chose to follow. General Bravo's personal influence was great, and by his example all his adherents would have been guided. Had he used that influence to assuage, not exasperate the animosity which existed, and to induce his dependents to await the certain and just operation of public opinion, he might before this time have enjoyed the consolation of saving the country, for whose liberties he had shed his blood, from the agony and convulsion it has since experienced. In thus strongly condemning the conduct of these misguided men, we must be understood as grounding our censure on general principles, and not on the vague and intemperate accusations of political zealots of any side. The righteous indignation of the Yorkino leaders at General Bravo's conduct, presents, as we shall have occasion to see, a strong contrast with their revolutionary movements in the following year.

How far the Escoces party generally were involved in the insurrection of Otumba, can be of course only matter of speculation. It is, however, a fair inference, that, approving as they unquestionably did, of the various objects specified in Montaño's manifesto, they would not have complained of the mode adopted, had it been successful. Its defeat was a serious, if not a fatal blow to their interest. It not only gave a color to the accusations of their adversaries, and in that way a support to their cause, but by withdrawing so strong a competitor for the chief magistracy at the ensuing election, ensured the elevation of the popular aspirant. General Vicente Guerrero had long

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been before the people as a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, and had been chosen as the leader of the Yorkino party. For the two years immediately antecedent to the election, the probability of his success had been gradually becoming stronger; and when, by the exile of Bravo, his only formidable competitor was withdrawn, the probability was matured into certainty. The primary elections, which took place in the summer of 1828, for the members of the Legislatures, which were to choose the President, were all, with few exceptions, as was supposed, favorable to the Yorkino interests. In the interval, however, between the suppression of Montaño's revolt and the election, a political coalition had been formed, which, but for a resort to arms, would have utterly disappointed the wishes and expectations of the ultra-democratic leaders. The Escoces party had united with the seceders from the Yorkino party, who, under the name of moderate or middle men, had acquired considerable influence. The candidate selected by this combination was Gomez Pedraza, then Secretary of War. He had originally been an active member of the Yorkino party, and had acquired, in the administration of his office, great credit and influence by his energy and ability. On the occasion of the late rebellion, he had been mainly instrumental in producing the result which ensued, and was on that account supposed to be the last man to whom the Escoces party were likely to adhere. It is certain, that the support which they gave him was wholly unexpected. The election took place in September, 1828, when, to the utter mortification and discomfiture of the Yorkino leaders, it appeared that their candidate, on whose elevation they calculated with so much confidence, as the only means of sustaining their favorite policy, was in a minority. Ten States had voted for Pedraza, and eight for Guerrero. It may be easily conceived, that such a result produced the utmost consternation in the ranks of the ultra party, and that violent, we wish we could believe honest indignation, usurped the place of confidence and exultation. To them it was immaterial whether a decided opponent or a moderate or doubtful friend were elected, since their hopes and calculations depended wholly on the elevation of one on whose sympathies they could securely rely. From Pedraza, elected as he had been by their enemies, and tainted, as they supposed him to be, with moderate principles, they could hope for little. The alternatives were left to them of submitting quietly to the new dominion,

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as good citizens and patriots, and of trusting to the result of a constitutional inquiry into the alleged illegality of the election by the State Legislatures, or of having recourse to a forcible redress in an appeal to arms.

At this period of popular excitement, a new character appeared on the stage. This was General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, then Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Vera Cruz. This young soldier, after the fall of Iturbide, to which he had greatly contributed, had been living in retirement on his *hacienda*, near Jalapa, and by remaining for several years in perfect seclusion, had ceased to be an object of public interest. By all who knew his signal military abilities and talent for political intrigue, he was regarded as one of the most dangerous of the citizens of the Republic. He was a Centralist in 1824, and had always been charged, how justly we do not pretend to say, with hostility to the administration of the first President. The storm which now seemed on the eve of bursting on the Mexicans, afforded to this discontented chieftain a strong inducement to appear anew, and a fair opportunity at once to conciliate his political enemies, and to place himself in an imposing and popular attitude before the nation. Scarcely had the news of Pedraza's election circulated through the country, when it was ascertained that Santa Ana had raised his flag in Vera Cruz, and before the government could realise that a new civil war had broken out, with characteristic activity he had invested and seized the castle of Perote. On his banner were inscribed the fascinating mottos of redress of popular grievances, and the utter extirpation of the *Gachupines*. President Victoria immediately issued his proclamation, denouncing the attempt of Santa Ana as treasonable, and imploring the assistance of the country in support of the lawful authority of the Republic. The energetic and decisive language of Victoria in his proclamation deserves to be quoted, especially as we shall have occasion to contrast it with the temporizing and submissive tone he was obliged to use in the course of a few months to the armed rebels of the capital. After referring to the pretended patriotic objects of Santa Ana, he says—

'It is no new artifice to allege specious motives to excuse ambitious designs, and although the Mexicans have been taught by experience to close their ears against such suggestions, it is my duty to repeat to them unceasingly, that he profanes the name of

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the country, who invokes it in order to substitute his private will for the legitimate power of the Constitution and the laws. No more execrable offence can be committed by a citizen. It is a crime which degrades freemen, who, when by association they constitute a Republic, disclaim any other mode of expressing their opinions but through the medium of the constituted authorities. It is an abuse, which unless repelled with vigor and energy, must lead to the total dissolution of society.

'For these reasons, the Government in conjunction with the august Congress of the Union, is taking the most decisive measures to cut short at once, the evils with which the Republic is threatened, to re-establish confidence and restore peace.

'And since the indignation evinced by the people on witnessing the revolutionary movements that occurred at the beginning of the year, was sufficient to dissipate them like smoke, I once more call on you, my fellow-citizens, to lend your assistance to a Government, which has no other object but the national prosperity, and which throws itself with confidence upon the Constitution of the Republic,—the holy principles which we have proclaimed—the firmness and wisdom of the General Congress and of the Legislatures of the States and the inextinguishable attachment professed by the Mexicans to their liberties and laws. If anarchy again menace us, let us baffle its impotent efforts. Woe to the wretch who dares profane with impious hand the pages of that Constitution, which is the idol of our hearts!!'

To this animated appeal of the executive, the nation responded with apparent cordiality, and the new insurrection seemed on the point of sharing the fate of its predecessor, the Otumba plot. Santa Ana, after defending the fortress of Perote against the government troops, was obliged to abandon it and to seek refuge in the Province of Oaxaca, where in the inaccessible recesses of the mountains, and amid a population devoted to his interests, he hoped to escape until the outlawry, which had been declared, should be revoked. The denunciations of this abortive attempt at revolution were not confined to the Federal executive; the press reviled its abettors as parricides and incendiaries, the State Legislatures sent addresses to the President, promising their aid in suppressing the rising spirit of anarchy, and could we form any opinion of the actual state of public feeling from these manifestations, we should say, that by all parties, revolutionary attempts of any kind were regarded with equal aversion. Yet amid this loud expression of patriotic fervor, seditious and violent measures were secretly

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planning, and the seeds of a fatal and terrible revolution were actually vegetating.

On the 6th of October, 1828, about a month after Santa Ana first took the field, Don Lorenzo de Zavala, Governor of the State of Mexico, and the most active among the Yorkino leaders, was arrested at his house in San Augustin, on a charge of being implicated with the insurgents, and actually in correspondence with them. This charge was specifically made in the Senate, and after an animated debate of several days, it was determined that there was ground of accusation and reasonable suspicion. It was entirely within the constitutional capacity of Congress, or either branch of it, to order the arrest, which was made by a warrant from the Senate. Whether or not Zavala was guilty of the charge thus solemnly preferred against him, it is difficult with our inadequate information to conjecture. In a manifesto since published by him he has vehemently asserted his innocence, and complained most feelingly of the proscriptive measures of which he was the victim. Beyond this assertion and these complaints, he has offered no exculpation, and against them his accusers have produced evidence, which if uncontradicted, is conclusive of his guilt, or at least a justification of the proceedings instituted against him. To the world one circumstance will suffice to justify suspicion, if not conviction. Unwilling to stand the judicial inquiry, with which he was threatened, a short time after his arrest, Zavala found means to escape from the city of Mexico, and, accompanied by but a single friend, concealed himself from pursuit. Had he been innocent, he would have sought, not shunned inquiry, and would have appealed with honest confidence to the bar of public opinion for complete absolution. It is idle to pretend that he was afraid to trust himself in the hands of vindictive enemies, and that on that account, flight affords no fair presumption of guilt. The government party was not strong enough (and no one knew their weakness better than Zavala,) to sacrifice an innocent and popular man, to gratify personal and political hostility. His friends were too numerous and influential to submit to such an outrage. With this damnatory circumstance in the case, the friends of Zavala must produce less questionable evidence than they have offered, to relieve him from reasonable suspicion, or to fix on his accusers the imputations which have been made against them.

In the interval between Zavala's flight and the end of the

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following month, (November) the public mind, particularly in the capital, was agitated by vague and undefined apprehension of danger; but whence it was to proceed, and in what form to come, no one could tell. The government party, and the friends of the President-elect, were conscious that they were unprepared to control any formidable movement among the people, and could not calculate what time would be allowed to gain the strength they needed. The populace of the city composed, as it is, of the most heterogeneous ingredients, was agitated by various feelings; the desire of rapine in civil tumult operating on the licentious and necessitous, and the fear of personal danger and pecuniary loss agitating the orderly and wealthy. Among the foreign merchants, a strong feeling of apprehension existed, and they could not view the lowering elements of war and confusion but with genuine alarm. The events of the 30th day of November proved that these hopes and fears were not wholly groundless. On the night of that day, a detachment of the national militia, headed by an officer named Cadena, violently took possession of the artillery barracks on the outskirts of the city, known by the name of the Acordada, and announced their determination to annul the election of Pedraza, and compel the Government to enforce rigidly the laws against the Spaniards. The flag of rebellion was soon surrounded by all the discontented caballers of the capital, at the head of whom were Generals Guerrero and Lobato, and the fugitive Zavala, the last of whom had been for several days secreted in the neighborhood. A strong force, composed of several regiments of regulars, a portion of the organized militia, and the great body of the lower people, assembled around these leaders, and an imperious requisition to the effect stated, was sent to the executive. The President and his counsellors had but a small force to oppose to the rebels. The regiment of Toluca, amounting to about six hundred men, and a small detachment of troops which had just arrived, under the command of General Filisola, were all that could be depended on. Yet with this inadequate support, the Cabinet determined on resistance. To whom the first aggression is to be attributed, is not ascertained. Each party accuses the other of being the assailant. It is not difficult, however, to point out the individuals on whom the odium of the frightful scenes which ensued ought to fall. It belongs to those desperate partisans who raised their hands against the laws and Constitution of their

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country, the first occupiers of the Acordada. In the course of a few hours after it was ascertained that the constituted authorities were determined to sustain their legitimate rights, and were not disposed to submit to the pretensions of armed rebels, the city of Mexico was converted into a field of battle and a theatre of carnage. It has been the boast of the Mexican eulogists, that never, during the revolution, were the large cities of the Republic profaned, nor the noble institutions which they contained endangered by the immediate presence of hostilities and violence. It was reserved for republican Mexico to exhibit the revolting spectacle of civil war in its capital, and before the face of its first magistrate. For three days a violent and sanguinary combat continued in the principal streets of the city, the palace and the Acordada being the respective head-quarters of the Government forces and the rebels. Several officers of distinction on both sides were killed. The success of these combats was various, and with so much spirit and ability was the defence of the palace conducted, that but for the irresolution and singular unwillingness to rely on his military counsellor, displayed by the President, it is more than probable that this outrage would have met with just retribution. On the 4th day of December, the first compromise was suggested, but failed in consequence of the reluctance of the rebels to accede to any thing but unconditional compliance with their demands. General Guerrero, who, during the siege, had remained in a very unequivocal attitude at a neighboring village, arrived at this time in the city with a reinforcement for his friends, and it soon became evident that the crisis was at hand. On the same day, Pedraza left the city with a small company of friends, the Congress dissolved itself, and the President, forgetting the dignity of his station, and his personal and official elevation, repaired to the quarters of the enemy, and agreed to a capitulation. The measure of Mexican dishonor was not yet full. Had the scenes of violence and turmoil closed with the virtual extirpation of the Government, and the civil war been limited in its pernicious influence to the overthrow of Constitutional authority, deep as would have been the disgrace, there might not have been found wanting those who would have excused what had occurred. But what succeeded the capitulation of the 4th day of December, 1828, no one, however bigoted and determined in Yorkino propensities, will, we hope, excuse. A portion of those who had so readily clustered around Mr. Zavala and his patriotic junta,

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had other than political ends to attain. Their appetites were far too craving to be content with such gratification. The *leperos*, amounting in number to several thousand, and many of the militia, immediately on the cessation of hostilities, demanded, as their reward, the pillage of the capital; and their leaders, it would seem, could devise no pretext for denial. The active men in the revolt, must, on this occasion, have found an excuse for their conduct in the complying disposition which had been manifested toward them. For two days, Mexico was the victim of uncontrolled and licentious pillage. The *parian*, or large bazaar, where the principal retail stock of the city was deposited, and where there was at that time property to the amount of many millions of dollars, was the principal object of attack. There, the Spanish merchants had generally resided, and there the Mexican populace could find at once the richest and most welcome plunder. Where the stores could not be opened by less violent means, fire-arms were applied, and the most wanton destruction of property ensued. Valuable goods of all kinds, cloths, plate, jewelry, were scattered about the city, and sold by the plunderers of the parian for almost nothing. The depredation was not directed entirely against the warehouses of the Spanish merchants; the property of Mexicans and foreigners alike was sacrificed. It was not until the third day after the pillage commenced, that the victorious party found courage to check the tumult, and even then order seemed rather to be the result of satiety than constraint.

The political change which followed this disgraceful scene was complete. Pedraza, unable to resist the torrent which was setting against him, had left the city during the affray, and soon after, probably finding but little hope of ultimate success in a contest with his triumphant adversaries, demanded his passports, and has since resided in England in voluntary exile. Victoria, thrown by circumstances into the hands of the dominant faction, was compelled to appoint new Cabinet ministers. The election which had recently been made, was declared null and void; and Congress, which had reassembled, pronounced Guerrero to be duly chosen President, and General Anastasio Bustamente, a distinguished officer and active Yorkino leader, Vice-President. On the installation of the new officers further changes were made, Zavala was fully acquitted of all the charges which had been preferred against him, and as a reward for his important

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services was made Secretary of the Treasury, and Santa Ana, the execrated outlaw, in consideration of his merits, was promoted to the War Department.

The revolution which was thus effected, has not wanted apologists even in this country. In the violation of popular rights, which is supposed to have attended the election of Pedraza, it has been said there was a justification of all the outrages that were committed; and it has been specified as one of those extreme cases in which the people were at liberty to take redress into their own hands. We cannot view it in this light. By every man who is not tainted with the worst and most dangerous radicalism, it cannot but be regarded as a pernicious violation of well settled law, and an unjustifiable attempt to overthrow a government, which had nothing to excuse it but success. In forming this estimate of the conduct of the leaders of the Acordada insurrection, we have been guided solely by the statements of Mr. Zavala, in the publication, whose title we have prefixed to this article; and in the emphatic condemnation of it which, as friends of republican institutions, we feel it our duty to pronounce, we have adopted, perhaps erroneously, the narrative made by this Coryphæus of the plan. It cannot, at least, be said, that we have resorted to improper sources of information. In the manifesto, to which we have referred, we have no hesitation in saying there is the avowal of the most shameless political profligacy, and the expression of sentiments which, we hope, it would be injustice to his friends to suppose they entertained. Were such opinions to be acted on with us, we might, on the occurrence of the first strong political excitement, be called on in our own tranquil times, to witness scenes of civil war and bloodshed, and to behold our own republic sunk to the low level to which our neighbors have been unhappily brought. We earnestly deprecate all approval of such sentiments, and all apology for such conduct. Let us, in the true spirit of justice, view all attempts at the subversion of constituted authority with equal detestation, and not fall into the irrational inconsistency of Mexican politicians, and in one moment stamp with reprobation Bravo's abortive treason, and celebrate with praise or extenuate with sophistry the triumphant rebellion we have just described. The same principle regulates both, and it is to that principle our condemnation refers.

By the complete triumph of the Yorkino party, and the

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organization of a popular executive administration, it was believed, the permanent happiness and tranquillity of the Republic were secured. On the vigor of General Guerrero, there was secure reliance, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the community, once relieved from the incubus of a monarchical faction, would soon be restored to political health. But the seeds of disease were deeply planted, and the specific of Yorkino ascendency was found to be ineffectual. The finances, which, it was supposed, were to be restored to order by the magic influence of the new minister, were inextricably entangled. Commerce was rapidly declining, and with it the revenue diminished. The army, strengthened in influence by its agency in the late revolution, had too long indulged in license to be subordinate now; and had not circumstances occurred from abroad to occupy the attention and require the energies of the military, it is more than probable that the fatal weakness of the new administration would sooner have been developed.

The arrival, however, of the Spanish invading army under Barradas at Tampico, in the summer of 1829, opened a new channel for public feeling. Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the merits and details of this convulsive effort of the Spanish Government, to effect the reconquest of Mexico. We think too highly of the Spanish nation, to say that the determined obstinacy its rulers have manifested in relation to the former colonies is characteristic; we cannot but believe that the idea of the possibility of reconquest, exists only in the distempered brain of the monarch and his immediate counsellors, and that no one, who has paid any attention to the condition of the new republics, can suppose that any plan, however artfully and powerfully framed, can have more than temporary success. The attempt of the invading army on the coast of Mexico during the last summer, was a disgrace to the age. Those who advised, and those who actually assisted, are equally worthy of contempt and abhorrence. To land on the shores of Mexico at a season of the year when pestilence taints every breeze, with a feeble force, amounting in all to little more than four thousand men; to attempt the conquest of a country, through which, on account of physical impediments, it is difficult to march a body of troops even when unopposed; to take possession of an unfortified town which it was impossible to defend, and from which, no intercourse could be maintained with the shipping; to alienate the feelings of the people by acts of cruel and unnecessary oppres-

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sion; to surrender without a struggle, and to abandon fellow soldiers to captivity and death, were acts alike worthy the commander of the expedition against Mexico, and those by whose orders he acted. On Mexican politics the Spanish invasion had a decided, though temporary influence, by diverting the attention of the nation from subjects of domestic grievance, and by giving the new administration the distinction of a military triumph. The proclamations of Guerrero, on the arrival of the Spaniards, contained the expression of the most fervent patriotism, and the success of his minister and favorite Santa Ana was hailed by the people generally with the utmost enthusiasm. But, with all the outward appearance of concord and unanimity, there was still a mortal rottenness in the political body, which was soon to produce its decay and ruin. The reaction of feeling, particularly among the military, was strong on the ultimate defeat and expulsion of the invaders, and we have to record another revolution less violent than any of its precursors, and far more unaccountable.

If the elevation of Guerrero to the Chief Magistracy, was, as has been asserted, a popular measure, his fall, after continuing in office not quite a year, evinces the slight confidence to be reposed in Mexican popularity. On the arrival of the Spanish invasion, Congress, in the exercise of their unlimited prerogative, had invested the President with extraordinary powers, to be retained until the danger should be at an end.

This dictatorship, the new President evinced a strange and decided unwillingness to resign, and his reluctance was quickly seized by his political opponents as a pretext for resorting to violence and compulsion. Various insurrectionary movements of slight importance occurred in several of the States, but no serious apprehensions were felt by those in power, until the fourth of December, 1829, the anniversary of the Yorkino revolution, when Bustamente, the Vice-President of the Republic, placed himself at the head of the army of reserve, stationed in the State of Vera Cruz, issued a proclamation denouncing the abuses and usurpations of the Executive, and commenced his march on the capital to enforce the threatened reform. Immediately on receiving the news of this alarming defection, Guerrero resigned his extraordinary powers, convoked the Congress, and appealed to that body for support. But the symptoms of increasing weakness had begun to manifest themselves, and the victors of the Acordada soon had reason to doubt the

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continuance of their ill-acquired power. No sooner had the President left the capital with a small body of troops to meet the approaching enemy, than the *grito* of revolt was raised, and by the agency of several active politicians, a complete and bloodless revolution was effected. The troops in the city of Mexico, announced their adherence to Bustamente, and demanded the organization of a provisional government. Guerrero thus placed between two enemies, and suspicious of the fidelity of the few troops who still adhered to him, pursued the only safe cause which was left, by abdicating the Presidency, and retiring to his estate. His example was immediately followed by Santa Ana, and the other Acordada leaders, and the new government composed of a temporary Executive of two distinguished civilians, Velez and Alaman, and General Quentanar, assumed the administration of affairs until the arrival of the Vice-President, who was chosen by the troops as the temporary successor of Guerrero. In the hands of Bustamente and his party the government has remained ever since.

The process by which this last revolution has been effected, is, we confess, to us wholly inexplicable. The party by which it has been accomplished seems to be composed of individuals of the most contradictory political tenets, and of characters the least fitted for coalition. Federalist and Centralist, Yorkino and Escoces, seem to have forgotten all their differences, and we can discern in the composition of the triumphant party, no distinctive principle, by means of which we can explain the incongruities to which we have referred. To the influence and direct agency of the army can alone be ascribed this anomalous result, and to this source we are compelled to attribute the fall of that party which claimed to be exclusively popular, and of the individuals who had been chosen as their favorites. How long the government of the new rulers is to continue, is a question that no one can pretend to answer. If, as we have suggested, the last revolution is to be ascribed to the discontents of the military, the term foı which the new administration is to enjoy their trust must necessarily be short, as the source of military discontent, the difficulty of making regular payments to the troops, has not been removed. Whilst the army exists in its present organization, and its influence continues to be so great, no safe political calculation can be made, as the result of any commotion must be regulated by its participation, and that leader must succeed who can control it. In a country so

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unsettled there is of course little prospect of a diminution of this military influence. Had the first Executive of the Republic sooner realised the necessity of a retrenchment of the national expenses, the military force would most naturally have been the first object of economical reform, and even a rapid reduction of the army might have been effected before civil disorder occurred. Unfortunately, however, the community was infected with a military mania; military distinction was the object of universal ambition; and so powerful was the opposition thus generated to any attempt to curtail the army, that the administration found it expedient, and thought it necessary to remain satisfied with disbanding so much of the local militia as had been called into service. If the reduction of the army were one of the conditions, on which Pedraza secured the support of the moderate party in 1828, and if there be reason to believe that this pledge would have been redeemed, the true friends of Mexico will have additional reason to deplore the violence of which he was the victim. In Mexico, the character of the army is very peculiar. Its composition strongly resembles that of the whole community, being formed of various classes, castes and colors. They are as savage in appearance as in disposition. Long experience in predatory and irregular warfare during the revolution precluded the existence of any portion of the chivalrous spirit, which forms the distinction of military men in modern times. In the short interval of tranquillity which occurred after the surrender of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, in 1825, the troops, both regulars and active militia, were quartered in the different garrisons and large cities, and indulged in every species of license and disorder. The most dignified occupation of the soldiery was police duty. Notwithstanding the ease of such employment, desertions were frequent, and so late as 1827 impressments to fill the vacancies thus created were constantly resorted to in the capital. On the first breaking out of the civil disorders, a new sphere of licentious action was opened to the soldiery, and each revolution has witnessed their active interference. In 1828 the regular army alone amounted to thirty thousand men, and it is not probable that any diminution has taken place since. Whenever the time arrives when no proper military occupation can be devised for this host, they will be turned loose to prey upon the community, and to defy the control of all authority. The hope of effecting a disbandment of the army, or of any considerable portion of

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it, is now, we fear, almost desperate, and while it exists, and is able, as it must be, to exercise an influence in public affairs, we confess we can discern little chance of the restoration of permanent tranquillity, and the renewal of public confidence.

Such is the melancholy narrative of recent events in Mexico, and such the gloomy prospect of the future. To the enthusiasts in the cause of Spanish America, and to the rational friend of republican systems, the history of Mexican affairs during the two last years must occasion equal pain. If such enthusiasm imply approbation of any excess, which is called popular and democratic, or if it involve any sympathy with radical and dangerous politicians, we do not pretend to be among the former. To the latter class we are proud to assert our adherence. But while we cordially lament the degradation of our fellow-republic, we are not without a source of consolation even in the severity of our disappointment, and while we contemplate with regret the national humiliation of all the Spanish American States, the question will obtrude itself, what reason was there to anticipate a different result? Ages of unmitigated despotism had rolled over the colonies of Spain, in the course of which no means of education and no facilities for intellectual culture had been afforded. The prisoner, who from infancy has been shut up in a dungeon, is not more effectually secluded from the light of day, than was the great mass of the colonial population from the moral and intellectual light, which the rest of mankind enjoyed. They held no communication with European nations, they were visited by no travellers, they were debarred from all participation in foreign commerce, political experience they had not, and abstract political knowledge it was impossible for them to obtain. Suddenly the gloomy fabric of Spanish despotism was shaken to its foundation, and the enthralled population was in a moment freed from the shackles, which had bound it to the soil. To expect that in the short space of twenty years, beyond which time the actual revolutionary contest continued in no part of Spanish America, practical knowledge should be acquired, and a capacity for self-government created is more than the most sanguine would pretend. Bigotry, slavery, ignorance, and seclusion, require allowances, and now that we have fully realised their influence, we are ready to make them, and are most willing to ascribe to the appropriate causes all the melancholy results which we have recorded. A long period must elapse

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before the benefits of untrammelled intelligence can be felt; and the severe discipline of national misfortune and individual suffering must be endured, before we can venture to pronounce the inaptitude of our fellow-republicans for the noble institutions they have endeavored to establish. Prejudice must be eradicated, ancient habit neutralised, public opinion purified by rational religious restraint, and delicate moral sensibility must be made to operate. The great truth must be acknowledged, that public and private integrity are identical, and the fatal error must be corrected into which the apologists of Mexican revolutions always fall, that the man, whose private life is stained by crime, or disfigured by licentious practices, can be a safe public agent, or a worthy executor of public trusts.

The truth cannot be disguised that in Mexico this salutary public opinion is not felt, and a high tone of moral feeling is not discernible. Our remark is, of course, a general one, liable to all the exceptions which each grateful traveller may make in favor of the instances of virtue and domestic and social worth that have fallen within his notice. As a general observation we deem it perfectly and easily sustainable; and until we can be made to believe that a moral improvement has been wrought, we must be excused from indulging in flattering anticipations of political tranquillity and happiness. In the recent commotions little trace of such a change is discernible, and in the school of civil discord there is but slight inducement to the practice of public or domestic virtue.

We have thus endeavored freely and candidly to state the opinions which a deliberate examination of the whole subject of Mexican politics has induced us to form. We believe that there is a radical defect in the constitution of society in that distracted country, to which may be attributed all that has occurred; and we apprehend the repetition of such disasters so long as the want of sound public opinion, acting directly on the community, exists. To supply that deficiency, we rely on the influence of time and general education, on the gradual eradication of prejudice, and free intercourse with the rest of the world. When the legislators and statesmen of the new Republic become qualified so to administer the trust confided to them, we may look to the permanent establishment of political institutions, and to a harmonious co-operation with the other nations of the world, for the promotion of the social happiness of mankind. Lord Bacon has said, that the four pillars of

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government are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure; and that when any of them are shaken, 'men need to pray for fair weather.' In the same warning spirit, in which the English philosopher uttered this sentiment, we may say, that if the individuals now at the head of the government have strength to maintain themselves in the administration of affairs, the policy of conciliation and compromise in regard to political opponents, of vigorous retrenchment of the national expenditure, and of economical disbursement of the finances, is the only course they can pursue with safety. If, on the contrary, they fall into the error of their predecessors, and adopt a vindictive and proscriptive system, their early downfal, and a revival of civil war in its most hideous form, may be expected. Should such be the result, so great will be the exasperation on all sides, that it is impossible to realise the horrors which will ensue. Revenge on one side, and despair on the other, will induce the most fearful sacrifices. Rumors of the immediate approach of such confusion have already reached this country, and unhappily there is little reason to withhold credit from them. We regard the situation of Mexico with deep solicitude, and shall hail with sincere delight the hour when, emerging from the gloomy cloud, in which she now is, and has long been enveloped, she can assume that station in the family of nations, to which her real importance entitles her. Prejudice and error will, we trust, in time be dissipated. The steady light of refined intelligence will be shed over this portion of mankind, and the free institutions of our neighbor, like the bright summits of her own snowy mountains shining through a pure atmosphere, must be objects of genuine interest and admiration. When that day arrives, we may repose some confidence in republican sympathies.

ART. VII.—*Report of the Committee of the House of Representatives of the United States on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, to whom were referred the Memorials for and against prohibiting the Transportation of the Mails and the Distribution of Letters on Sunday.*

Counter Report of the Minority of the same Committee.

The laws of the United States which regulate the operations of the Post-Office Department, although they contain no specific

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provision on the subject, have been supposed by the executive officers of the Government to authorise the transportation of the mail, and the distribution of letters on Sunday. Whether this construction be conformable to the intentions of the Legislature, or to the spirit, which has prevailed in the construction of the laws, which regulate the operations of all the other departments of the Government, may well be doubted. The practice of the Post-Office certainly forms an exception to that of all the other branches of the administration, whether of the General or State Governments, in all their ramifications, as well to that of the citizens at large, both in their individual and corporate capacities. The sittings of Congress and of all the State Legislatures are regularly suspended on Sunday. The courts of justice, the custom-houses, the banks, the land-offices, the compting-rooms, offices, warehouses, and shops of private individuals, are all closed on that day. The Post-Office alone continues its usual labors with unremitted activity, and with but little variation in its modes of proceeding. As the laws which regulate the operations of all the other departments, although equally silent on the subject, have been all construed to intend a discontinuance of the transaction of business on Sunday, it would perhaps have been more natural to put a similar construction on the Post-Office laws. For some reason or other—probably by the effect of mere accident—a different system has prevailed, and the practice of this branch of the public service has hitherto formed, as we have just remarked, an exception to the rule observed in all the rest.

The singularity of this circumstance, to whatever cause it may have been owing, has for some time past attracted the attention of many of the citizens in all parts of the country, and numerous memorials have been annually transmitted to Congress, setting forth the supposed inconveniences of the present state of things, and requesting such a modification of the existing laws, as would effect a change. Other memorials have in turn been transmitted in favor of perseverance in the existing system. There is no appearance of any improper or dangerous motive for these proceedings on either side; nor have those who have taken part in them been arrayed on one side or the other according to any sectarian divisions. The several religious sects, which, from their agreement in certain fundamental points of belief, are popularly denominated *orthodox*, are among those, which are apparently most desirous of a change in the existing practice;

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while some other sects of considerable influence in particular parts of the country, and which hold a different opinion upon the points alluded to, have appeared to agree with their orthodox brethren upon this. It is understood that one of the petitions for a change in the existing practice was drawn up and headed by a justly respected Unitarian clergyman of this city, and extensively signed by individuals of the same persuasion. As the memorials in favor of a change proceed from citizens of all the different religious sects, it is probable, although we have not so direct a knowledge of the fact, that the same is the case with those who pray for the maintenance of the existing system. Both parties are, no doubt, equally honest in their belief of the expediency of the courses which they respectively recommend. The memorials on the subject, transmitted to the last and present Congress, were referred to committees which reported in both houses against a change. The petitioners are, however, apparently not discouraged, and will probably continue their efforts at the future sessions of Congress. The question, like every other connected with religious belief and practice, naturally excites a strong interest throughout the community; and we have thought that a few remarks upon it might not be uninteresting to some of our readers. The report, which forms the immediate subject of this article, is attributed to Colonel Johnson of Kentucky, who acted as chairman of the committee, and who had previously, when acting in the same capacity in the Senate, made a report on the same subject to that body, corresponding very nearly in substance with this. The counter-report, or protest, of the minority is attributed to Mr. Macreary.

Whenever any change is proposed in the existing laws, or the practice under them, it rests, as a general rule, with the party or person recommending it, to prove its necessity or expediency; and on this principle it would belong to the petitioners against the present system to show that it ought to be abolished. In this particular case, however, it strikes us that the general presumption against innovation, and in favor of existing laws and practices, considered as such, is rebutted by the fact to which we have already adverted—that the practice in the Post-Office Department is different from that which prevails in all the others. If the people, acting in their corporate capacity through their different agents, consider it a religious duty to suspend all the other operations of Government on Sunday, a presumption arises, that those of the Post-Office should also be suspended

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for the same reason. The presumption being then in favor of a change, the burden of proof rests with those who support the existing system; and it belongs to them to show why the practice in the Post-Office Department ought to form an exception to that which prevails in all the others, and why the same religious considerations, which induce the people to suspend all their other political and private labors on Sunday, should not induce them to discontinue the transportation of the mail and the distribution of letters.

The committee, though apparently actuated by good intentions, and a laudable anxiety to maintain the political and civil rights of the citizens, have, we think, been led into error by not adverting sufficiently to the considerations detailed above. So far, indeed, are they from appearing to be aware, that the practice of the Post-Office Department is an exception from the rule observed in all the others, that they evidently consider the petitioners for a change in this practice as endeavoring to make it such. Thus they inquire, in the course of their report, 'Why the petitioners have confined their prayer to the mails—why they have not requested, that the Government be required to suspend all its executive functions on that day—why they have not required that our ships shall not sail—that our armies shall not march—that officers of justice shall not seize the suspected or guard the convicted?' The committee, when they put these questions, had obviously lost sight of the fact, that all the other functions of Government—executive, legislative, and judicial—are in fact suspended on Sunday, excepting in a few particular cases, like those which they enumerate, and which are made exceptions to the general rule on account of the great inconvenience which would result from its observation. If the jailer, for instance, were to suspend the exercise of his duty on Sunday, his prisoners would all escape; so that there is an absolute necessity for his continuing it. If the commander of an army were to suspend the exercise of his functions every seventh day, his adversary might, under certain critical circumstances, obtain such an advantage over him, as would decide the fate of a campaign—perhaps the political situation of the country. Here the inconvenience of observing the rule is so great as to produce a moral necessity of violating it, and so of all the other cases mentioned. The practice of the Post-Office can only be justified, if at all, in the same way, as a case of exception. The report, by not adverting to this circumstance, and by em-

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ploying in support of the present system only certain general considerations, which might be applied with equal force in any other branch of the public service, proves either too much or nothing at all. The inconveniences apprehended by the committee from a discontinuance of the existing system, are of a remote and prospective kind, such as the tendency to a union of Church and State, and the inconvenience of diminishing in any way the activity of the business of private life. Now it is quite obvious, that these inconveniences, if there be any danger at all of their occurrence, would be as likely to result from a discontinuance on Sunday of the business of any other department as of that of the Post-Office. If the suspension of the transportation of the mail on that day have a tendency to bring about a union of Church and State—an apprehension which we believe to be wholly groundless—it is clear to us, that a suspension of the sessions of Congress, of the State Legislatures, or of the courts of justice, must have the same tendency in a still greater degree, in proportion to the superior importance of the business which would thus be kept in abeyance. Hence the reasoning of the committee, as we have just remarked, tends, as far as it has any weight, to show that the whole business of the administration ought to proceed with the same activity on Sunday as on any other day of the week. The argument, if it prove any thing, proves a great deal too much; and of course in reality proves nothing.

This defect in the reasoning of the committee is obviously a fatal one, and we are of course authorised, without seeking for any other, to reject their conclusion. It may not, however, be improper, considering the interesting character of the question, to examine a little more particularly the real importance of the objections alleged by them, to the application in the Post-Office Department of the same rule which is observed in all the others. These objections, as we have already seen, by proving too much, prove nothing—but independently of this defect, and supposing that we were willing to admit their validity to the full extent to which they can be applied, it will appear, we think, on examination, that they have in fact little or no real weight for any purpose. They are, if we rightly understand the reasoning of the report, the two following;

1. The tendency of the suspension of the transportation of the mail, and the distribution of letters on Sunday, to effect a union of Church and State.

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2. The practical inconvenience which would result from such a measure, in the diminished activity of the ordinary business of life.

The second of these objections is the only one which appears to us to possess much plausibility, but as the former is that on which the committee insist most strongly, and which they evidently regard as the more important of the two, it may be proper to give it a moment's consideration.

On this head it is argued by the committee, that there are various opinions in the community, as to the proper manner of observing the Sabbath; that each individual has hitherto been left to pursue his own course; but that the effect of suspending the transportation of the mail on that day, would be to decide the question in favor of those who prefer a particular system, and would therefore come within the spirit of the clause of the constitution, which prohibits any legislative preference of one religious sect over another. It does not appear to have occurred to the committee, when they employed this argument, that the act of Congress regulating the transportation of the mail must necessarily provide either for carrying it or not carrying it on Sunday; and that if a provision for not carrying it be decisive of the question at issue between the sects in favor of one, a provision for carrying it is of course as decisive in favor of another. This being the case, it is obvious that the existing system involves precisely the same violation of the spirit of the constitution, which, if any, would result from the other.

It is plain to us, however, that there is not in either case, any violation of the spirit of the constitution, as there is confessedly none of the letter. The enactment of a law regulating the transportation of the mail is admitted to be within the power of Congress, and this law must, as we have just remarked, provide either for carrying or not carrying it on Sunday. In adopting one or the other part of the alternative, each member of Congress will naturally be governed by his own views of expediency and duty, excepting so far as he may have the instructions of his constituents. If he would hesitate as a private individual to travel or order his agents to travel on Sunday upon his own business, he will probably in like manner decline, as a representative of the people, to order their agents so to do. If on the other hand, he would feel no scruple on the subject in his private capacity, he would probably feel none in his public one. In either case, it does

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not appear to us, that he imposes any trammels upon the consciences or acts of others. Each member of the community retains the same right that he possessed before of travelling or not travelling on Sunday, according to his own peculiar views, and, if these views have not been carried into effect by his political representative, he retains in full force his former right of giving his vote for another at the next election. In all this we can discern no appearance of any thing unconstitutional, either in letter or spirit, or of any thing at variance with the regular routine of ordinary legislation.

It is intimated, indeed, by the committee, that a political representative ought not in any case to be guided in the discharge of his official duty by religious considerations, and the same opinion is still more decidedly expressed in certain newspaper essays on the subject, that have happened to fall under our observation; the writer of which considers the 'being influenced in the exercise of temporal power by religious belief,' as neither more nor less than the union of Church and State, and afterwards declares, that 'it is the sacred duty of a representative, before he gives his vote upon a point any wise connected with religious considerations, to search the inmost recesses of his conscience, and to ascertain that religious belief is not operating in his mind as a motive to that vote.' But, independently of the objection already stated to this argument, as applied to the present case, namely, that a vote in favor of carrying the mail on Sunday is as much given from religious considerations, though of a different kind, as one against it, it is clear to us, that there is some very singular perversion of language, or obliquity of judgment, implied in these remarks, which if taken in their natural and obvious sense, are directly at variance with the plainest suggestions of reason, and the letter and spirit of Scripture. Instead of being bound, as the writer of them supposes, to exclude all religious considerations in giving his vote upon a subject connected with religion, the representative is undoubtedly bound on that, and on every other occasion, whether of a public or private character, to act under the influence of religious considerations. 'Whether we eat or drink, or *whatever we do*,' we are directed in Scripture to '*do all* to the praise and glory of God.' It is expressly enjoined on rulers in particular, to govern *in the fear of the Lord*. It is in fact the peculiar virtue of religion, as a motive of action, that it is applicable on every occasion, and to every part of

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conduct. It is one branch of our religious duty to obey the constitution and laws of the land; and if the constitution prohibit the establishment of a national church, it is the religious duty of a representative, even though he individually prefer an establishment, to vote against any project of the kind, until the prohibition in the constitution be repealed; but even in voting against an establishment, he is or ought to be as much influenced by religious considerations, as if he voted in favor of it. It is impossible, in short, to conceive a case, either in public or private life, in which it is not the duty of every member of the community to act under the influence of religious motives; and in proportion as an individual is more completely influenced by such motives to the exclusion of any others, which have their origin in mere expediency, so much the more probable is it that he will avoid error, and render himself acceptable to the Great Judge, to whom he is ultimately to give an account of the deeds done in the body.

The assertion that the union of Church and State consists in being influenced in the exercise of temporal power by religious belief, seems to argue a great looseness of ideas upon the whole subject. The being influenced in the exercise of temporal power by religious belief is a particular state of mind, or, if habitual, a particular trait of character in individuals;—the union of Church and State is a form of political institutions. To say that one of them is the other is about as correct as it would be to say that courage is a military despotism—temperance a constitutional monarchy—or the love of liberty a republic. If the remark alluded to be merely—as is probable enough—an incorrect mode of expressing the idea that a disposition in individuals to act from religious motives has a tendency to bring about a union of Church and State, the objection is rather more intelligible, though not much better founded than on the other construction. Religious motives are, as we have shewn, the best under which we can possibly act, and tend of course to produce the best possible results. If one of these results be the union of Church and State, it could only be because this union is the best of all possible modes of regulating the relations between religion and government. Hence the committee, in affirming that a disposition in individuals to act from religious motives tends to bring about a union of Church and State, affirm by implication that this union is an excellent institution—which is probably not their intention, and is, at all

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events not the opinion of the people of the United States. If a union of Church and State be, as is generally supposed, and as the committee appear to think, a dangerous institution, it is certain that the surest way of steering clear of it, is for the public agents to act in all cases to the best of their ability on the best and purest motives, which are, undoubtedly, the fear of God and the honest intention to do His will. The moment you allow any weight to considerations of mere expediency in opposition to these, you open a door to corruptions of every kind, which are the more likely to gain admittance in proportion as the names they bear are more respectable and plausible.

For ourselves, so far are we from apprehending any practical inconvenience from the influence of religious motives in legislation, that we should consider an extension of this influence as one of the most fortunate things that could possibly happen to the country. The great evil in practical legislation is the influence of corrupt, or low and narrow views. How often does the passage or rejection of an important law depend entirely upon the relative strength of political parties, divided perhaps by considerations wholly foreign to the subject of it! During the last session of Congress we have seen the newspapers of a political party declaring, with great satisfaction, that the question of the right of a member elect to take his seat was decided by a *party vote*. When the motive is not absolutely corrupt, how often is it of a low and narrow cast! A legislator votes in favor of a rail-road because it passes through his own town, or against it because it does not. If he happen to live in a cotton-growing state, he opposes the protecting policy; if in a manufacturing one, he supports it; if he remove from the latter to the former, he leaves his former creed behind him and takes up that of his new residence. The only sure way of rising above the influence of improper motives, whether absolutely vicious, or only narrow, is to give no weight to any considerations but those of duty, or in other words, religious principle. The individual, whether in public or private life, who pursues this course, is sure of doing right as far as he knows what right is; and we are all but too well aware, that our practical errors are much less frequently the result of not knowing what is right than of a disinclination to do it.

We have enlarged rather more upon this objection than its real importance perhaps rendered necessary, which, as we have remarked above, and have since endeavored to show, is

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very little. The other, which is founded on the practical inconvenience that would result from suspending the transportation of the mail and the delivery of letters on Sunday, is the only one which appears to us to have any considerable weight. But even this is not, in our opinion, of a very decisive character.

It is, no doubt, true, that the rapidity of the progress of all private business would, to a certain extent, be diminished by the change in question; but it will hardly be pretended that the inconvenience resulting from this diminution, is of such a kind as to make out a case of necessity, which would authorise the community in waiving the observation of the moral and religious rules, of which they acknowledge the obligation in all others. The committee, certainly, have not proved or attempted to prove the reality of any such necessity. They say that if you stop the mail one day in seven, you retard by one seventh the advancement of the country. This reasoning supposes that the mail is the only instrument that is or can be employed for the advancement of civilisation—a supposition which is obviously incorrect. It is, no doubt, one and a very useful instrument for that purpose. The objection more correctly stated would be, that if you stop the mail one day in seven you diminish by one seventh the efficacy of the Post-Office in producing the advantages that naturally result from it. This is true; but it is only an application to a particular branch of labor of the general proposition, that if you suspend the labor of the community one day in seven, you make the labor of the community one seventh part less productive than it otherwise would be. This we know, or at least may admit for argument's sake; but notwithstanding this, there are certain religious and moral considerations, which induce the community as a general rule to suspend all their labors one day in seven. Why should not this rule be applied to the labor employed in carrying the mails as well as to all the rest? As the committee think that it ought not to be, it was their business to tell us why; but it is obviously not sufficient to tell us, that the labor of the Post-Office department would be immediately, in the case supposed, one seventh part less productive in a given time than it was before. This is a matter of course, and the principle is as true of all the other departments as of the Post-Office. But why deduce from it in regard to that department a conclusion, which you do not deduce from it in regard to any other? Why, in short, make the practice of the Post-Office department an

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exception to that of all the others? This, as we have repeatedly said, is the real question, and it is one to which the committee have not attempted to reply.

Although we have admitted, for the sake of the argument, in the above remarks, that the labor of the community, if suspended one day in seven, is for that reason one seventh part less productive, we are far from thinking that such is in fact the case. We believe, on the contrary, that this is one of the instances in which two and two do not make four. Whether we consider labor as intended to produce the immediate result, wealth, or the more remote one, well-being physical and moral, we have no hesitation in saying, that we believe it becomes more instead of less productive by an occasional suspension. We all know that our faculties cannot be kept forever on the stretch. Without the nightly intervention of that 'blessed thing, sleep,' as Coleridge calls it, to suspend our toils and labors, soothe our cares, and recruit our strength, we should all, in a very short time, go mad and die. But the preservation of a sound, healthy, active and cheerful condition of our nature requires, in addition to this, an occasional suspension of labor for longer periods; and it was, doubtless, in the kind view of accommodating his commands to the constitution which he had given us, that the Creator prescribed the observance of a weekly day of rest. The man, who constantly pursues his worldly objects without allowing himself a moment's leisure, gradually acquires, by a sort of moral gravitation, an accelerated and feverish intensity of action, which, if not checked in one way or another, ends in extravagance, bankruptcy and ruin. By wholly diverting his thoughts one day in seven from business, and turning them upon the high and glorious subject of his intellectual and moral relations to God, his fellow-men, and the universe, he cools the fever of his mind; and when he takes up his affairs again on Monday morning, he is surprised to find with how much clearer a judgment he considers the plans and purposes of which he took leave on Saturday. He now perceives errors, that before escaped his attention,—rejects imprudent projects that before presented themselves in tempting colors to his heated fancy—and if his gains at the end of the week be one seventh less, they will probably at the end of the year, be seventy fold more. Instead of being a miserable bankrupt, he will be a thriving, healthy, happy man. We have no hesitation in saying that the fault we have here indicated of a too urgent

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pursuit of worldly gain, is a common trait in the character of our countrymen, and that a more exclusive devotion of the Sabbath to repose and religious contemplation would be a most wholesome corrective of the evil. We strain every nerve to the utmost, employ every cent of capital that we own or can borrow, and not content with obtaining an honorable subsistence for ourselves and our families by the regular practice of our respective callings, grasp, with an agonising effort, at any project that holds out the least prospect of extraordinary gain. What follows? A few persons amass immense fortunes, the possession of which has no very favorable effect upon their own characters, or those of their children. The rest—at the first little convulsion in the world of business—are swept—like dead leaves before a November blast—into the gulf of bankruptcy. It would be vain to deny that the general habits of our active men of every class correspond in the main with this description; and it is, in our opinion, equally certain, that a real and *bona-fide* suspension of worldly cares one day in seven would greatly improve—were it only by its negative and sedative effects—the state of mind which leads to these extravagant efforts and their disastrous results. It is, in short, clear to us, that the labor of the community—by being suspended one day in seven—becomes, not less, but on the contrary a great deal more productive of mere wealth, than it otherwise would be.

But this view of the subject, however important, is by no means the most so of those which may be taken of it. The object of all this toil and trouble—these convulsive strainings and desperate enterprises—is after all the acquisition of the means of subsistence—'meat, clothes, and fire,'—nothing more. But this, though a legitimate object of pursuit in life, is far from being the only one. It belongs entirely to our lower and animal nature. The intellectual and moral principle—the God within the mind—that loftier and nobler portion of our being, by which we hold affinity with the Sublime Spirit that created and informs the universe—this too has its claims; and they are of a far more urgent and momentous character than those of the other. But how can we do them justice if our thoughts are forever absorbed, without the interruption of a day, an hour, a moment, in the routine of business? Our intellectual and moral nature is refined and exalted by study, solitary musing, or instructive conversation on elevated subjects—by the interchange of kind

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and charitable feelings—by the contemplation of the goodness of the Creator, as shewn forth in the majesty, harmony, and beauty of his works. If we mean to rise in the scale of being above the tools we work with, or the brute animals that we employ, we must allow ourselves time for these ennobling and delightful pursuits. The merchant must not nail himself forever to his counter like a bad shilling; and the lawyer should remember that there is one Supreme Court in which his precedents will lose their authority, and his special pleas their importance—that there is one case, and that his own, which he must finally argue upon its merits. Let it be enough, that the business of the world is pursued with unremitted activity and perseverance from Monday morning to Saturday night. When Sunday comes, let the weary be at rest—let the laborer of every kind cease from his toil, and go up to the house of God, not to ruminate upon the affairs of the preceding week, or to lay new plans for the coming one—but to yield up his whole soul to the current of lofty contemplations which the scene and the service are fitted to inspire—to feel the ravishing influence of sacred song—to indulge the devout aspirations that lift the humble spirit in holy trances to the footstool of the Almighty. Nor let him think it too hard, if in the mean time his letters remain unread in the Post-Office. They will not grow stale before tomorrow. His communion with God is of much more consequence than his correspondence with his agent or consignee. Whatever the mere man of business may think of it, this is, after all, a matter of high importance. Unless the deepest thinkers have erred in their conclusions from the most mature experience and reflection—unless the strongest feelings within us are all delusion—unless the word of revelation be a lie—it is certain that our mysterious nature is only one of the transitory forms of a permanent existence—that our lot hereafter will be determined forever by the use that we make of our faculties here. 'As the tree falleth, so it must lie.' If we voluntarily degrade our minds in this world to the level of the brutes, it is impossible that we can start in the race of eternity with so much advantage as others, who have done their best to strengthen, exalt and purify the intellectual and moral principle that survives the body. These are at once glorious and fearful truths. They are truths which the greatest sages and lawgivers of every age from Moses to Numa, and from Numa to Franklin, have kept in view in their political creations. No state of ancient or

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modern times ever obtained any real stability, of which the government did not rest, in one way or another, on the steadfast and immovable rock of Religion. Under our free and happy forms of political constitution, the only way in which this salutary principle can produce its beneficial effects, is by its influence on public opinion; and however much we may regret to differ from the very respectable committee, whose report we have been examining, and the writers who concur with them, we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the people of the United States have nothing better, in regard to their political concerns, to hope or wish, than that all their agents should be *influenced in the exercise of temporal power by religious belief.* This would not bring about, as the writer above alluded to supposes, without apparently attaching any very distinct meaning to the terms, a *union of Church and State;* but it would procure us the blessing of Providence—a wise, liberal, efficient, and above all, honest administration of the government in all its branches—a condition of general and constantly progressive prosperity—and to sum up all in one word—peace.

On reviewing the above, we perceive that we have omitted to notice the suggestion thrown out in the Report, that this subject comes properly within the jurisdiction of the State Governments; but we cannot think that the committee would themselves, on further reflection, maintain this doctrine. The regulation of Post-Offices and Post-Roads is plainly attributed by the letter of the constitution to the United States.

ART. VIII.—*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron. With Notices of his Life.* By THOMAS MOORE. Vol. I.

When Dr. Clarke, the traveller, was entering the waters of Egypt, he saw the corpse of one who had fallen in the battle of the Nile, rise from its grave in the ocean, and move slowly past the vessels of the fleet. It was with somewhat similar misgivings, that we saw the resurrection of Lord Byron from the waves of time, which soon close over the noblest wreck, and leave no trace of the spot where it went down. Unless there were something new to be said in his favor, it seemed needless to bring him again before the public eye. The world

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was as well acquainted with his frailties as with his transcendent powers; the sentence of the general voice, which is not often reversed, had been pronounced, though with much hesitation; he was declared entitled to a place among the great; but, though he had the elements of a noble nature, no one, so far as we know, claimed for him a place among the good. We regretted, therefore, to have his name and character brought up again for judgment, unless for the purpose of vindication. Such is not the effect, whatever may have been the design of the volume before us. Mr. Moore, though he loved and honored Byron, has, in thus gratifying the public curiosity, rendered no service to the memory of his friend.

We are disposed to rank high among the better feelings of our nature the one which leads us to spare and respect the dead, and makes us indignant at every attempt to draw their frailties to the light, which cannot plead necessity in its justification. We feel grateful to those who have delighted us, even when they have done so with their enchantments; we are beholden to them for whiling away some of the drearier hours of existence; and when they are gone, where our gratitude or censure can no longer reach them, we feel as if their memory were left in our charge, to be guarded from wanton condemnation. We could see their forms under the dissecting knife at Surgeons' Hall with more patience, than we can see their reputation made the sport and gain of mercenary writers. We know that the Life of Johnson is a standing excuse for authors of this description, though we see not why; for Boswell would sooner have cut off his hand, than have wilfully disparaged his 'illustrious friend;' and through all his defects of judgment and style his great subject towers, like Westminster Abbey, whose melancholy grandeur is not destroyed by the meanness of the objects round it. In his work, there is no violation of that sacred law of human feeling, which, like the gentle process of nature, seals up the grave, and covers it with verdure and flowers. But this law has been sadly broken in the case of Byron; a man, who, with all his faults—and we have no disposition to deny them—was never wanting in generosity to his friends. Some of them have preyed on his memory like vultures; from the religious Mr. Dallas, who was dissatisfied with the gift of several rich copy-rights, down to Leigh Hunt, who intimated his independence of the commonplace opinion, which insists on gratitude for golden favors. Others, also, of the

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strange companions among whom the chances of his life and the waywardness of his temper threw him, retailed his most unguarded words and actions, subjecting him to a scrutiny which few men's lives and language will bear. But the public feeling, which is not apt to be permanently misled, had settled down into the conviction, that Byron, with all his failings, was to be admired and pitied as well as censured; that he was an unfortunate man of genius, made up originally of strong powers and passions; obliged to pass through the double trial of prosperity and misfortune, both perhaps equally severe; and by these disturbing forces, drawn aside from the orbit, in which, with a happier destiny, he might still have been shining as brilliantly as any great light of the world.

We do not, of course, mean to rank the writer of this work among literary vampyres, nor to complain of this publication. In his case, something of this kind was necessary; it was understood that Lord Byron made him the residuary legatee of his infirmities and errors, leaving in his charge a manuscript journal, which, it was said, Mr. Moore thought proper to destroy. Such was the prevailing impression, whatever the facts may have been; and this act, dictated doubtless by the most honorable feelings, was justly thought to bear severely on the character of his noble friend. It gave indulgence and encouragement to the most unfavorable imaginations; it was declaring that the pages on which Byron poured out his thoughts and feelings, were only worthy of the flames. It was expected, that, if this registry was not so thoroughly disgraceful, Mr. Moore would come forward to declare it; he has accordingly done so, and given us parts of this same journal, recovered from its ashes, with various original letters; he has, so far as was possible, made Byron the historian of his own life, giving his own sentiments in his own words; he feels obliged, however, to caution us against being misled by the poet's statements, because, with a strange inverted ambition, he took pleasure in representing himself as worse than he really was. This is no doubt true; but one may doubt whether it will do much to exalt Byron above the level where he chose to stand; this self-misrepresentation would imply some want of reverence for truth, and it would seem as if the moral sentiment must be not a little corrupted when a man glories in his shame. Still, it would be wrong to lay much stress on these avowals, which, wherever they appear, are partly jesting and partly penitential; meant to

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bear either aspect, as the case may be: the language of confession is apt to be exaggerated; jests are not to be weighed like scripture; and as most men in their confessions meant for the public eye, with the contrition alluded to by Chesterfield, confess themselves guilty of what they consider the cardinal virtues, there are naturally no bounds to their humiliation.

Mr. Moore does not attempt to give any regular examination of Byron's character, aware, perhaps, that the thing was impossible; for, if by character be meant the decided leaning of the habits and feelings towards good or evil, it would be no more correct to speak of his character, than of the bearing of a vessel drifting on the sea; or if we mean by character, the general impression received by one who reads his history, it is evident that such an one could gather no single impression. Every change in Byron's life was a new experiment or adventure suggested by the moment's whims; each new deed contradicted the report of the one that went before it; like the mercury in the weather-glass, he varied with the changes of the air. Sometimes he rose to a noble height of virtue; then sunk low in degradation: sometimes he breathed out noble sentiment in inspired language; then profaned his lips with the dialect of hell: sometimes he practised a hermit's self-denial; then gave himself up to appetite and passion. The very climate of the country where he happened to be, seemed to spread its influence over him. All his manliness melted away into effeminacy under an Italian sun; all the strength of his mind and heart seemed to revive among the living shores and mountains of Greece; and this, while it shows that he had great and active energies within, proves also, that, like others who want principles of action, he needed something external to excite them. In him, these principles, and the unconquerable will, were entirely wanting; the rough hands of others struck out the fire from his soul. His inconsistencies arising from this cause, are equally perplexing to his enemies and admirers; each falter in making up their judgment; the former hesitate in the midst of their sternest condemnation, conscious that all was not evil, and doubtful, whether they are not more just to his vices than his virtues; while his admirers, in the moments of their warmest enthusiasm, find recollections stealing over their minds which fill them with indignant shame; they, too, doubt sometimes whether they are not misled by their reverence for Genius, and hardly know whether they feel most sorrow for its perversion or wonder at its power.

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His biographer was evidently perplexed with this difficulty, and has therefore left the private character of Byron to be inferred from facts and letters, with here and there some pages of comment and explanation. He does not bring the subject to any full discussion, but praises his friend wherever he can do so with justice, and defends him where his conduct seems to require defending. His remarks are written with more than his usual simplicity; in fact, with very little of the glowing ornament in which his other writings abound; but, notwithstanding this improvement, the work is not likely to be a favorite with either class of readers. The poet's admirers will think that more discretion should have been used in selecting private letters, and that the follies of his youth should, like those of others, be forgotten in the brilliant efforts of his later years; and will wonder why the biographer could not communicate to others the feelings with which, according to his own account, his friend's talents and virtues inspired him. On the other hand, a large class will accuse Mr. Moore, not only of suppressing, but of making rather too light of the poet's misdeeds; of treating as a trifling offence in him, what would have been severely visited upon any other; as in the case of his *brother*, for example (p. 118), they will charge him with making the flower-gardens of poetry a sanctuary for transgressors of moral and social law. Both these faults, inconsistent with each other, as they seem, will be alleged against him. On the whole, the effect of his book will be to lower the character of Byron in the public esteem. No one can charge him with a want of partiality to his subject, and yet, with every disposition to cover the poet's errors, he finds much that he cannot explain away. He readily acknowledges his friend's follies, with a candor for which none of Byron's admirers will thank him; for, in the common estimation, follies bring one into contempt much sooner than vices; men can find something great and commanding in the one, while it is impossible to respect the other.

The literary fate of Byron is a remarkable example of the indulgence shown to men of genius. The world is apt to be rigid enough in its exactions from others, but it offers them a perpetual absolution for all offences, even for their waste of those powers by which it wishes and hopes to be delighted; it receives these spendthrifts of talent with unwearied forgiveness, however far they may have wandered; it permits them, like conquerors,

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to trample on all rights and laws; it finds something beautiful in their very scorn; nations worship them in the blaze of their fame, and weep with mournful sensibility over their fall. We rejoice to see that the world can transfer its enthusiasm in any degree from military to intellectual greatness, and only desire that it may be careful in selecting its objects of adoration. In the unguarded moments of rapture it may place its honors on unworthy brows, and thus hold out an encouragement to all kinds of perversion. Intellectual men should read their duty as well as triumph in a nation's eyes; and whenever, in their writings, they pass the limits of decency and moral restraint, instead of doing it with the confidence that great errors will be pardoned to great genius, should feel themselves driven back by a lightning glance of indignation. When the power of the mind is growing so fast, it is of immense importance to make the feeling of literary obligation firm and strong, and to enforce it with an authority which will neither be defied nor resisted; and this can be done without difficulty, because men of taste, and poets more than others, have their intellectual being in the world's good opinion. The poet, more than all, needs this restraint of general opinion. The historian makes a slow and patient impression on others; the force of the orator, except in subjects of unusual interest, is felt in a space hardly broader than the thunder-cloud of the storm; but the works of Byron, like those of Scott, not confined to the bounds of their language, have been read, we have no doubt, by the northern light at Tornea, and by the pine-torch under the Rocky Mountains; and in all the various regions between made the wayfaring forget their weariness, and the lonely their solitude, bearing enjoyment to a million of hearts at once, as if by supernatural power. No human power can rival that of the great poet of the day, and, should it become wild and lawless, no despotism under which the earth suffers and mourns, is half so fatal to the interests of men.

Perhaps there never was one, to whom the right direction which the world thus has it in its power to give, was more important than to Byron; for as may appear in what we shall say of him, he was remarkably deficient in self-dependence, except when wrought up with passion; his irresolute judgment was strongly contrasted with his genius. Powerful, indeed, he was; he came not at a time when the field of success was open; perhaps there has not been a period, when a greater

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number of bright stars were met in the heavens. Campbell was shining in the pure brilliancy of his stainless fame; Southey was pouring out his wild and beautiful epics with a happy disregard of party censure; Wordsworth was pleading, as he believed, for neglected nature, with a gentle and unregarded voice; Moore was reposing, like an eastern sovereign in his sultry halls; at this moment, apparently most inauspicious for his rising, did this new and eccentric orb shoot from the horizon to the upper sky, and in every step of his ascension held men breathless with admiration, till his brightness 'was changed into blood.' But he seemed to take a perverse delight in trifling with his own power, and showing that he valued an imagination as splendid as ever was lighted in the soul, no more than a camera lucida or magic lantern; and the world still deafened him with applause, even when he poured out strains of sensuality in music worthy of an angel's tongue. Nothing would convince men of his dishonor; they still believed in his integrity, as they insisted on regarding Napoleon as a friend of freedom, long after he had worn the crown. Let it not be thought strange, that we associate these two names; for great as Napoleon was, Byron was absolute and undisputed sovereign of the heart—a region in which the other had no power. Byron could send to millions the highest enjoyment, with a few rapid touches of his celestial pen; and while the throne of the oppressor is broken, he still exerts a mastery which grows and widens as the brass and marble decay. They were not wholly unlike in their destinies; deluded by the reverence of men, each became a suicide of his own welfare; and, remembering that they are great examples to all future ambition, we regret the less that they perished as they did; though each might have left a glorious name, the one as the bravest warrior that ever fought the battles of freedom, the other as the greatest poet of his age.

Any observer of human nature may be interested in the fact, that men are always most zealous in their enthusiasm for characters, which are somewhat doubtful, as well as great. The admirers of a man like Washington criticise him with freedom, knowing that he can only gain by discussion; but the partisans of eminent characters like those I have mentioned, as if conscious that any opening for inquiry would overthrow their favorite passion, meet every suggestion of the kind, with an outcry precisely resembling that with which the worm-eaten govern-

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ments of Europe welcome every proposal of reform. This fervor is not so flattering to such men as is generally imagined; it implies that their admirers are far from being persuaded of their real excellence, though they are resolute in maintaining their own opinion. This is illustrated by the passion for Byron. When he first became generally known, which was not till after his first cantos of Childe Harold appeared, his name was surrounded with a colored cloud of romantic associations; and perceiving the charm to be derived from the slight mystery then resting on his condition and character, he kept up the allusion by all the means in his power; new portraits of himself in striking attitudes and drapery, were perpetually held before the public eye; and by these means he inspired a deep feeling, not precisely of respect or regard, but of something more tenacious than either; so that now his admirers hold fast their early opinions of him, as a lover clings to his first impressions; determined to maintain them right or wrong, and resenting as a personal affront every attempt to exhibit his character in its true light. This book will give an unpleasant shock to their imaginations; but at the same time, they have seen his character in a glass so darkly—there is so little distinctness in their conceptions of him, that like the spirits in Milton's battle, his existence cannot be endangered by any mortal blow—he is a vision of fancy in their minds—too unsubstantial to be measured; their opinion of him is not a judgment, but a feeling, which neither argument nor evidence can overthrow.

But there are others, who never have thought it necessary to give up their hearts to the great poet of the day—who have neither taken part with Byron nor against him; to them, this book will wear a very different aspect; they will receive it as the deliberate testimony of a friend, of course as partial as truth and justice will allow, and will see with some surprise, that the strongest feelings awakened by it are those of sorrow and shame. It is painful to see this disproportion between the moral and intellectual characters of distinguished men; and though history might prepare them for such disappointment, they are always dismayed to find those, to whom heaven has been most liberal of its gifts, unfaithful in the use of them. Their kind feeling will be severely tried by this Life of Byron; they will say of his mind, as he did of Greece, that it is strange that when Nature has formed it as if for the residence of the gods, man should take a mad delight in making a wilderness and a ruin.

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For without overstating his defects, it is true, that they will look in vain through this work for any traces of a sense of duty, either in the use of his social privileges or his intellectual powers; they will see too much levity and profaneness, without wit or humor to cover its grossness; they will see something offensive at times in the style of the biographer's apologies for him, when they are made, not as if necessary, but in deference to common opinion; they will find, that he went through the world at the wind's pleasure, and that his path, though occasionally lighted up with flashes of good feeling, was not such as his friends love to remember. In the natural regret for this waste of life and talent, they may chance to visit his memory with even more severity than it deserves; and therefore we take the opportunity of referring them to one or two circumstances, without which his merits cannot be understood, and which will show, that with all his apparent felicity of birth and fortune, he was more to be pitied than condemned.

The chief misfortune of Byron was his want of early kindness and instruction. The mind resembles a garden, in which flowers and fruit must be cultivated, or weeds will grow; and few could be found, even among vagrants and outcasts, more unfortunate than Byron in the guardians of his tender years. His father was a worthless libertine, who, after the death of his first victim, married Miss Gordon, the poet's mother, with a view to her property, which was large, but soon wasted. His great uncle, from whom he inherited his title, was a man of savage and unsocial character, who was believed to have murdered a gentleman in a quarrel. With him, however, he had no intercourse, nor even with his father, who was soon separated from his wife; so that he was wholly abandoned to his mother's care; and a more injudicious guide of a youth so wild and passionate, could not have been any where found. It has been generally thought that she was fondly indulgent; but the present work effectually clears her memory from any such imputation: she was a woman of violent temper, and rendered still more irritable by her husband's treatment, though she seems to have loved him affectionately after all her wrongs. If to leave her child ungoverned was indulgence, she was guilty; but it could not be expected, that, having no rule over her own spirit, she should be equal to the harder duty of governing her son. Neglect, however, was not the worst offence for which she is answerable; she was the author of that bitterness of spirit, which

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made him, though at some times mild and affectionate, at others so sullen and ferocious; for it seems that she forgot herself so far as to taunt him with that slight lameness, which caused him so much misery in his after years. Little do they know of human nature who wonder at his feeling; the truth is, that in almost any young person, such vulgar allusions to a personal defect, however trifling, will awaken an excessive sensibility amounting to horror: all the self-torturing energy of the soul will be concentrated on that single point; and if the wound ever heals in the coldness of manhood or age, it leaves a quick and burning scar. This disease of the affections extended throughout his mind and heart; and to this we are bound to attribute that jealousy which occasionally seemed like madness: and that unsparing resentment of injury which sometimes raged like a flame of fire. Knowing this, we cannot wonder that he regarded his mother without affection, alone as they were in the world. At the same time he discovers in his letters a respect and attention, which clear him from all reproach on this subject: she could expect nothing more of him; for love is the price of love. Neither were the defects of his domestic education repaired by schools. His mother's poverty prevented her doing him justice in this respect, and he was passed from hand to hand with a view to save expense rather than give instruction. None of his various masters had time to become acquainted with his mind; and without such an acquaintance with the tastes and powers of the young, teachers are often like unskilful gardeners, who destroy by watering in the sunshine, those blossoms whose habit is to close in preparation for a shower. None of them retained their charge long enough to gain an influence over him. Altogether he had none to lean upon, and no worthy object for his affections to cling to, which is one of the greatest wants of the young and tender heart. This sufficiently accounts for many of his faults; it explains where his careless desolation began: it shows why he placed so little confidence in the merit and affection of others, why he was so unbelieving in their virtue, and afterwards so indifferent to his own. It accounts for that misanthropy which some suppose was affected, but which there is every reason to suppose was sincere: for, much as he depended on others, ardently as he thirsted for their applause, still, like all others who have no faith in human virtue, he held them in light esteem. Those who cannot live without the world's flattery, sometimes despise the incense-bearers;

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and the person who depends least upon others, is not the misanthrope, but he who takes a manly and generous interest in all around him. Thus melancholy and disheartening was his childhood. Instead of being the gallant bark that Gray describes, standing bravely out to the summer sea, it was the one 'built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,' whose destiny was foreseen by the thoughtful before it left the shore.

It may be said, that he might have done like many others whose parents have been unfaithful, and who, by this misfortune, have been driven to that self-education, which Gibbon considers more important than any other. But Lord Byron was most unfavorably situated: this self-discipline is seldom enforced with vigor or success without the pressure of circumstances, or the strong leaning of ambition combining with a sense of duty. But Byron was above the reach of that necessity, which drives so many to great and fortunate exertions. Though poor in childhood, when his wants were few, he had before him what seemed a prospect of unbounded wealth; and the same expectation of rank and honor made him insensible to the call of intellectual glory. He knew that his title would secure him respect, and in this confidence was unambitious of any thing higher; it seemed to be the brightest point in all his visions of future greatness. Those, who, born in humble life, feel the stirrings of ambition, and have no path to eminence open but such as they clear with their own hands, enter upon the work with a vigor which at once gives and strengthens character, and ensures success. Byron, on the contrary, believed from his childhood that he should be respected for his rank alone: it was not till he had reached this great object of desire, and found how barren it was, that he seemed to wish or hope for any other distinction.

The effect of this want of education in mind and character, may be seen in almost every part of his life; even in those illuminated pages which display the triumphs of his genius. He never seems to have had the least confidence in his own taste or judgment with respect to his own productions or those of others. We find him on his return from his first voyage, talking with delight of an imitation of Horace, which his biographer is too conscientious to praise, and at the same time, hardly prevailed upon by the most earnest intreaty, to publish Childe Harold, the work on which his fame is built. A taste of this kind is as much formed by society, as by reading and medita-

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tion; but he had acquired a bashful reserve in his childhood, which prevented his reading the eyes or minds of others; and yet, as the public opinion is the tribunal to which all must bow, he never felt confidence in his opinions till they were confirmed by the general voice. In his judgment of others, he seemed governed by the partiality of the moment. We find him speaking with delight of Coleridge's Christabel, or praising Leigh Hunt's affectations, which he was the first to ridicule shortly after. The same wavering appears in his judgment of the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers—a work which he afterwards recanted for no other reason than that his humor had altered. The entire history of this work of wholesale vengeance illustrates the indecision of his mind. In his first indignation at an attack which was certainly enough to irritate a meeker spirit, he forthwith drew his sword and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of all about him; but as soon as the moment's madness had passed away, he began to bind up their wounds, at the same time exulting that he had made them feel his power. But the want of every thing like discipline was more plainly manifested in his character; it was left to itself; so far as he ever had a character it was formed by the natural and wild growth of his feelings and passions. These feelings and passions were suffered to grow and take their own direction, without the least care or control from any hand. What affectionate instruction might have done, we do not know;—the experiment was never tried; he was left to his own guidance, and by feeding on extravagant hopes, he prepared himself to be hurt and disappointed by the ordinary changes of life. Never having been taught what to expect and what he might reasonably demand from others, he received every slight neglect as an injury, put the worst construction on every word and deed, and required of the world what it never gave to any mortal man. In Scotland, his fancy was excited with tales and examples of high ancestral pride;—rank became, in his eyes, something sacred and commanding; and there was enough in the history of the Byrons to encourage his loftiness of feeling; but he was mortified as he came forward into life, to find that the respect paid to it was hollow and unmeaning; he was received into the House of Lords with as little ceremony as at Eton or Harrow; and this, though probably a thing of course, was resented by him as an unexampled wrong, for which he insulted the Lord Chancellor at the time, and afterwards impaled Lord Carlisle in various

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satirical lines; though the only crime of the former was, that he did not dispense with legal forms in his favor, and Lord Carlisle's transgression, that he did not come at a call. He was still more painfully taught how little could be claimed on the score of rank, by the attack of the Edinburgh Review. He could not plead privilege before that bar; a republican from the United States could not have been treated with less ceremony than the English Baron; and it appeared in evidence, that with a regard for principle, of which that work has given more than one example, it abused the poetry for the sake of the man, though his rank was all the provocation. He was also constantly wounded in another tender point—his friendship. With him friendship was a passion, cherished for reasons which he would have found it hard to assign; in its objects, there was no particular merit, save what was generously given them by his active imagination; his little foot-page and his Athenian protégé were of this description; yet he expected of these and others, selected with even less discretion, all the delicacy and ardor of attachment, which might belong to superior natures. He was of course disappointed; and by a process of abstraction found sufficient reasons to libel and detest mankind. Thus in almost every year some favorite charm was broken—some vision dispelled; he came forward into life, like one seeing from afar the family mansion of his race, with its windows kindled by the setting sun—and who, as he approached it, looking for life and hospitality within—found with dismay, as he entered the gate, that all was dark, cold, and deserted.

Byron's melancholy seems to have been owing to these peculiar circumstances of his life. Bright hopes and painful disappointments followed each other in rapid succession; the disappointment being that which attends the gratified desire—of all others, the most difficult to bear. He was his own master, and had all that men commonly wish for; he was thus in a condition where, so far as resources of happiness were concerned, he had nothing more to hope from the world, and that state in which any change must be for the worse, is found by experience to be more intolerable than that in which any change must be for the better. How far his depression was owing to any thing constitutional, we cannot attempt to say, being less acquainted with the nerves of poets than with those of reviewers; but we believe that there are few cases in which

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the evil spirit may not be successfully resisted by a resolute will. Unfortunately, those unused to trouble, real or imaginary, become desperate at once, and are ready to make trial of any remedy, to drive the moment's uneasiness away; by dissipation and violent excitement they remove its pressure for a time—but as often as it is lifted, it returns with heavier weight; and at last, like the cottager who burns the thatch and rafters of his cabin to relieve the cold of a winter day, they are left without the least chance of shelter; to supply the vacancy of hope, they consume the materials of happiness at once, and then travel from desolation to desolation, having no resource left, but to become miserable self-destroyers of their own peace, character, and not unfrequently lives.

We regret to find the vulgar impression that this melancholy was owing to his poetical talent, countenanced by such authority as Mr. Moore's; though he does not openly declare that such is his opinion, he intimates that faults and sorrows both were owing to 'the restless fire of genius.' This we believe to be one of the worst heresies in public opinion; beside being dangerous and misleading, it is unjust to the noblest of all arts. Were there no other young men of rank and fortune, equally dissipated with Lord Byron, or did all the companions of his vice and folly share his exalted power? Why need we assign more refined causes for his corruption than for theirs? And more than all, why offer this immunity to those who waste the *talent, which was given to bless the world, which we deny to* the inferior prodigals of wealth and time? It is unquestionably true, that a quick imagination gives a sharper edge to sorrow, by multiplying, changing, and coloring its images, but it has equal power over images of joy, if the poet can be made to look upon the bright side; and as this depends on his own choice, we cannot sympathise with him very deeply if he insist on being unhappy; we will not throw the blame, which belongs to himself, either on poetry or nature. It is time that justice in this respect were done to poetry; it is a full fountain of consolation; so far from being a Marah in the wilderness of life, there is healing in its waters. The greatest masters of the lyre have found delight in the calm and majestic exertion of all their powers; and while poetry doubles their happiness by its inspirations, it has been found effectual, from the days of Saul till the present, to drive dark thoughts from the soul. No man was ever more indebted to poetry than Lord Byron; we say

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nothing of his reputation, though without poetry, he would have left no more name than a thousand other lords; but we consider him indebted to poetry for all the bright hours that silvered his path of life. That he was a miserable man, no one can doubt, who knows any thing of the effect of distempered fancy and ungovernable passions; but while he was wildly sacrificing one after another the resources for happiness which surrounded him, and seemed to take an insane pleasure in seeing those treasures melted down in the fires of passion—while he was surrounded by associates, who were enough to put to flight all those better feelings, which could not quite forsake him, even when he seemed most resolute to let them go—while in self-inflicted banishment, his face was always turned toward his country, although he spoke of it with hatred and scorn—while his wild, fierce, and riotous mirth, only manifested the self-condemnation and torture within—he was indebted to poetry, for fanning the embers of his better nature—for kindling up those flashes of manly and generous emotion, which, transient and wavering though they were, have been enough to secure for him the admiring compassion of the world. Nothing can extinguish this sacred light of the soul; it is an immortal element, which floods cannot drown; it often revealed to him the true character of his companions, and his own conduct, making him heart-sick of the scenes in which his life was wasted, and the associates among whom he was thrown; it led him to all the excellence which he ever knew; and when weary of degradation, he made one last effort with his foot on the native soil of inspiration, to rise to his proper place among the sons of light, it was evidently owing to poetry, that any thing worthy to redeem, was yet existing in his soul.

Equal injustice is done to poetry, by saying, as is often said, in the case of Byron, that misery is the parent of its inspirations. Poetry is the work, not of circumstances, but of mind; of disciplined and powerful mind; which so far from being the sport of circumstances, makes them bend to its power. There is neither romance, nor elegance in real distress; it is too real, oppressive, and disheartening; the mind, so far from dwelling upon it, turns away with disgust and aversion. The person in suffering of body or mind, no more thinks of the fine emotions his situation awakens, than the soldier bleeding on the plain, who would exchange the fame of Cæsar for a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. It is true, that such a person often ex-

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presses himself in poetical, that is, in strong language; but this is not poetry, which expresses a vivid imagination of the sorrow, rather than the reality, and implies a steady scrutiny of feelings, and a measuring of the depth and power of language, to which real suffering is a stranger. The whole advantage which a poet derives from acquaintance with grief, is the same he might borrow from being present in a storm at sea; he could no more describe his emotions, at the moment when every nerve is strained and wrung with grief, than he could sit down to paint the sublimity of the tempest, when the vessel lets in water at every seam. Afterwards, he may remember the circumstances, and recall the feelings; and if he do it with judgment and selection, may affect the minds of his readers with impressions similar to his own. But he cannot do this, till the fear and anguish are gone; or at least, till he finds a consolation in the exercise of his mind, which makes him forget his sorrows. No stronger confirmation of this can be given than the lines addressed to Thyrza, which exceed all lyrical poetry in the language for the deep feeling which they express. They were addressed to an imaginary person, and the emotions, if he ever had felt them, were at the moment of writing, dictated by the fancy rather than the heart. While therefore we believe that Byron was melancholy in his temperament, we do not believe that poetry was either the cause or the effect of his depression; his sadness was owing to the circumstances of his life; but whether natural or accidental, it must be admitted in extenuation of his faults, because even if accidental, it was formed at an early period by events, over which he had but little control.

We make these remarks, not by any means because we consider these circumstances as a full justification of Byron's character; but because this book will give a very unfavorable impression; and as title and fortune are generally thought to be names for happiness, it may chance to be forgotten, that there was any thing in his condition to be pleaded in excuse for his transgressions. His reputation needs the apology, and he has a right to the benefit of it, as far it will go. Some may wonder to hear the name 'unfortunate' applied to this great favorite of the world; and yet, whoever reads his life with any attention, will feel that there are few so little to be envied as he. There is something inexpressibly dreary in his history. He never knew any thing of a father's kindness, nor in truth of

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a mother's love; there was no hand to point out to him the right way, and no strong arm on which his own might lean: his was no school to prepare him for a virtuous life; and perhaps such a life would not have been expected of him, if his mind, undisciplined as his character, had not displayed such remarkable vigor. Expected or not, such a life is not here recorded; and all we ask is, that whoever is painfully struck with this account of his conduct, would take all its palliations, such as they are, into view.

The outline of Byron's history was well known before this work; and as this volume must have been in the hands of nearly all our readers, we shall not give the particulars of his life, though many are curious and interesting; particularly such as show how comfortless a splendid life may be. Much light is thrown upon the promise of his youth; the strong testimonials of affection given by some of his companions, show that he had warm and generous feelings to those whom he loved, but that he was sufficiently haughty and sour to others, with or without provocation. He was in no wise ambitious of improvement in the schools; but rather made it a point of honor to rebel against their discipline, which he ever afterwards held in contempt, as men hate that which they have injured. His biographer considers this impatience of restraint an evidence of genius, which, in his opinion, needs no such aids nor laws, and is therefore at liberty to defy them. If the remarks made on this subject were intended to bear upon the English universities only, we should not notice them; but they seem meant as a reflection upon all classical studies pursued in schools. The writer quotes Lord Byron's saying of Virgil and Horace—that his school acquaintance with those classics gave him a distaste for them ever after. The whole truth probably was, that he never troubled himself to ascertain the strength and fidelity of his early associations. Had he read them in maturer years, it is impossible that such boyish recollections should have made him insensible to their beauties; and he would at least have felt, that such a defect of taste and judgment is what one should sooner confess than avow. He could have meant nothing more than to express in a decided manner his aversion to schools; and in this his biographer goes with him, bringing forward great examples of those who felt the same aversion. But it happens, unfortunately for the argument, that these were, most of them, such as had been censured and disgraced at such institutions. It

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is not probable that it was a deliberate conviction of the badness of the system, which induced them to violate its laws; the irregularities of youth are more easily accounted for; but those who know how long resentment for such disgrace endures, will not wonder that it influenced their judgment in manhood and age. But this, their partial evidence, is carried further than it was meant to go. We cannot say that Milton was in favor of anarchy, because he wrote against oppression; nor that he was opposed to religion, because he rejected certain doctrines. There may have been many defects in the education of his day, which revealed themselves to his prophetic eye before they were seen by others; but this is an argument not for destruction but reform.

We regret to see such intimations in this work; deliberate opinions we cannot suppose them to be. We do not believe that the writer, though he thinks that the Greeks wrote their language in such purity because they abstained from every other, would recommend a similar abstinence to his readers; when it was owing in them to the want of treasures in any other language which would repay the labor of acquiring it. Nor do we suppose that he would seriously advise us to break up such institutions, and leave the young to forage in the fields of learning and science for a precarious subsistence. To resist the authorities of the schools was not a sure way to make a Milton, nor is every one likely to become a Franklin who runs away from home. But he should have guarded against perversion of his opinions; that they might not countenance the irregularities of genius; that idle impression, which has kept so many fine minds from feeling the necessity of improvement, and inspired so many dunces with a sweet confidence in their own talents, founded on their defiance of all control. Byron and many others became great, not by their transgressions, but in spite of them; had he submitted to the usual discipline of youth, or, more properly speaking, had he enjoyed it, he might have led a better and happier life, and left no cause for his admirers to blush for the cloud upon his fame; though he would have astonished the world less, he might have secured a more enviable immortality.

In speaking of Byron's infidelity, Mr. Moore indulges in a fanciful speculation on unbelief in general, regarding it as a fortunate circumstance, that such skepticism does not begin till the character is already formed. We cannot easily persuade

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ourselves that the character is ever formed without some decision of the mind and heart either for or against religion. The character may begin to lean in one or another direction; but religion, if it have any power, must exert it in fixing that direction, and its mere absence from the heart may have the same effect with infidelity. But we cannot conceive of any one growing up to the age of thoughtfulness, to the time when tastes are decided and habits fully formed, without asking himself whether he believes in his own immortality. If he grow up under religious influences, and afterwards become persuaded that religion is not sustained by evidence, his infidelity may be less injurious, because his judgment must approve the course of life recommended by Christianity, whatever he may think of its divine origin. But with respect to Byron, as his biographer testifies, and we believe with respect to others, the case is different; infidelity begins at an earlier age—the age when the mind first discovers its own powers, and exults in its conscious freedom—the age when it has not yet learned that the trodden path is not to be despised, and takes pride in defying common opinion—at such an age, the mind is much more likely to shape its religion to its wishes, than to submit its wishes to religion; and it is easier for us to believe, that Lord Byron, and others like him, fashioned their faith after the taste of the moment, than that they reasoned on the subject after the manner of Herbert and Hume.

Byron had become associated at such an age as this with a number of young men, who, taking his own description, were not likely to exert a happy influence over a lawless and wayward mind. Among others, there was Matthews, to whom he has paid so beautiful a tribute in Childe Harold—a man of remarkable promise, if we may judge from the eulogies of his friends, but a professed atheist, and fond of employing his wit on subjects which any man of principle, whether atheist or Christian, would have kept apart from profanation. Byron held him in great respect, and was doubtless injured by his influence; the more so from his having previously thought, or at least expressed himself with some interest on religious subjects; having at no period of his life any great confidence in himself, he was easily laughed out of his religion, and, to show the sincerity of his contempt for it, may have made a show of indifference to it which he did not really feel; at any rate, it was driven from his thoughts; and he seldom speaks of it at

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all, except when he paints the desolation of his feeling; and the very dreariness which he ascribes to him, who cannot look beyond the tomb, shows that he knew the value of the hope of immortality, though he felt that the wilderness about him would not be complete, if any shoot from the tree of life were seen to grow. But there was nothing in his habits of life, which could make this a welcome subject, except for the poetical interest which it afforded; and therefore he dismissed it, as one parts from a stranger, not as he tears from his heart the friend whom he is compelled to believe untrue. It is in this way, that young infidels are generally formed. Unbelief is too strong a word for their state of mind, if it mean that they have rejected Christianity from want of evidence to satisfy their minds; for there is so little to make this a pleasing subject of contemplation to them—so little in it that flatters, and so much that condemns—they have learned so little of the importance of its hopes, having never yet found the springs of common enjoyment dry, that they do not suffer it to come near enough to their minds to have its claims and evidence weighed; they rest in that state of unbelief which amounts to indifference, and, though they sometimes startle others by a parade of infidelity, do not differ from thousands who call themselves believers; and they are not worse than they would be, if they bore the name of Christians.

Mr. Moore has given a very liberal account of the attack of the Edinburgh Review; which, however painful to Byron at the time, was a fortunate humiliation for him, as it taught him the secret of his own powers. Mr. Moore thinks that we judge these poems more favorably from our impressions received from his later writings; but we suspect that the association of the splendid efforts of later years with his imperfect beginnings would not tend to raise the latter in our estimation. The effect would be that of contrast, and would make us think of the first attempts more meanly than they deserve. The question, however, is not, whether the poems were good or bad; we think that many of them are good; but whether the offence was such as to call for such a severe infliction, which, to Byron, who had high ideas of the majesty of reviews, was a tremendous blow. Whether the attack was justifiable or not—the manner no one will defend—the review had no reason to boast its success. For, though Byron retorted in a poem, which, with all its excellence and vigor, is wanting in consistency and

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justice—which, in many parts was unpardonably insulting to those, who, like Scott, had never offended him—though he goes far beyond the review in the very transgression of which he complained—still, so heartily did the public feeling go with him in his resentment, that his work was received with unbounded applause. The whole history of this affair deserves attention, as showing how little there was fixed and decided in Byron's character. When the review took the only ground that was left it after his Childe Harold appeared, and with amiable unconsciousness professed its surprise that he should have suspected it of unkind intentions, he was melted at once; such a concession seemed but too great, and he hastened to repair the injury he had done by suppressing the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. All this was well; for he did it on his own account more than theirs; what we would remark, is the confidence in his own powers which sprang from his success on this occasion, when the fires of genius were kindled by those of passion. It was a limited confidence; though he knew himself mighty, he did not judge with more confidence than before, of the respective merits of his different productions. As far as it went, it was sustained by the general feeling; and when that foundation gave way, or rather, when in their dislike for his person, his countrymen began to underrate his mind, abusing him with zeal proportioned to their former idolatry, he, with his usual recklessness, set the general feeling at defiance: not because he had laid any deep plans of revenge, or approved at heart of profaneness and sensuality, but because he felt for the time like Richard III., and resolved, that, since he could no longer entertain, he would defy the world. We do not believe that he could have given a reason why he attacked so many unoffending poets in his satire; we do not believe that he could have drawn the poisoned element of Don Juan from any deep fountains in his own heart; we do not believe that he could have explained much of the conduct of his life, except by saying that such was his humor: it had been freely indulged through all his youth, and this was the reason that he would do and say what he could not justify, rather than seem under any control; this was the reason, that, when he had no longer a home, but was, like his Cain, a wanderer, he put on this resolute air of independence, to show that he could 'take his ease in his own inn.' Such characters are never resolute, but when they take their stand against others—so long as the

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opposition lasts, their firmness endures; and in the indulgence of this defiance, regardless of what is right or wrong, they go as far beyond their own feelings as those of others, treating every thing unworthy, as justified by the rules of war.

Here we may as well say that we must be careful not to give too much weight to little incidents and expressions in forming our opinion of such characters. Mr. Moore occasionally errs in this respect; attaching an unnecessary importance to some of his sayings and actions, which, however they might bear upon his character, supposing them to be deliberate and meditated, are evidently vacant and unmeaning. For example, Byron, once holding the point of a dagger to his breast, was overheard to say, 'I should like to know how a person feels after committing a murder.' 'Here,' says his biographer, 'we may discover the germs of his future Giaours and Corsairs.' This is certainly magnifying an idle word and action; hundreds of youths, who could as soon have written the *Principia* as the Corsair, have done and said the same thing, without ever touching the secret spring that discovers the dark passions of the soul. Such indications as this amount to nothing; and it is difficult to judge from others of more importance, because young men born to no restraint and exempt by privilege, or misfortune, as it should be called, of birth, from those weights which regulate the motions of others, are apt to consider what others call serious things as trifles, and to exalt trifles into absurd importance: so that it is difficult to judge of their feeling from their conduct, beyond the main fact that the moral sentiment is inactive and perverted. Byron was certainly one of this class. He has left some sad examples of his talent at degrading into trifles what others hold in respect: saying that they were thoughtless, is not excusing them, for he was of an age to know what he was doing, and thoughtlessness is a crime if it lead to sacrilege and sensuality. That he made trifles important, appears from the influence he gave to his imagination in the conduct of life; he imagined himself set apart by his destiny from the communion of mankind—among them, but not of them: he was really desolate, but he imagined himself more so—and though one like him, might, by effort, have mastered all the unfavorable circumstances of his life, and have risen at any time from weakness to power, and from dishonor to glory, he imagined that nature and man conspired to keep him an alien from his race. Thus all his feelings were fancies—and

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the day-dreams of imagination grew into the circumstances by which his life was governed. No one can account for his movements, without being in the same condition or under the same delusions: 'he sees a hand we cannot see, he hears a voice we cannot hear.' We do not believe that he could have explained to himself half the actions of his life; he could not remember the impulse by which he acted, after the fancy had died away; he had no conception of himself, except as a Harold or a Conrad, and these were creations of fancy, which had no original in any men that ever existed. No wonder that he should be still more unaccountable to others; sometimes he seems to us to move as much without reason as the wayfarer, who turns aside, mistaking the western clouds for mountains. Those who regard him as acting like other men in the same condition, will have but little forgiveness for his errors; while those who know the power of a busy imagination to suggest various courses of action—to conjure up obstacles or inducements, and to give the color of right to that which is wrong, will feel, as if, though they may not defend his words and deeds, there may be palliations visible to that eye that reads the heart.

The effect of his first travels is beautifully described by Mr. Moore, and may serve as a confirmation of what we have said respecting his want of energy within, and the manner in which he required to be sustained by lateral pressure. Strength of mind he possessed in abundance, but he had not strength of heart. He went away, feeling that satiety which always follows a surrender of the soul to pleasure, going out as it seemed, with little more than change of place in view; but his wanderings led him through regions where travel abounds, not merely as in more civilised regions, in vexation, but also in hardship and adventure. Every thing that he saw was new, and calculated to awaken the imagination, from the barbaric power of Ali Pacha, to the eloquent ruins of Athens; like all who have breathed the air of classical literature, the love of Greece lay deep in his soul; and when he traversed her blue waters and lonely mountains, he heard the voice of ages fast calling on him to secure a glorious immortality in all that were to come. He listened and 'his spirit was stirred in him,' his mind was excited to manly and vigorous actions, and he poured out his soul in strains never exceeded for the depth and fulness of their meaning or the bold music of their flow. Who will deny

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that the inspiration which he borrowed from the land of recollections was afterwards splendidly repaid? The variety of scenes through which he passed—the persons he encountered and the places full of interest, which he saw, produced the effect of discipline and education; his mind learned to act with spirit and decision; and as he became fitted for intellectual duties and pleasures, he acquired a self-sustaining force, which rightly directed might have made him not merely eminent, but useful and happy. Before that time, he had been an entire stranger to intellectual exertion; though he had read much, it was with irregular and aimless range; whatever may be said of the improvement derived from his cultivated society at Newstead, is fully answered by their own descriptions of the engagements of a day; beside them, his associates were dogs, bears, and professors of pugilism, the most brutal of all arts. It was a fortunate hour when he grew weary of his pleasures, and fled to regions where all around him was calculated to excite curiosity and call out his powers. For even in poetry, up to this time he was inclined to an imitative style, which was to his faculties like the cramp of artificial gracefulness to the limbs, preventing all free action, except when as in the case of the review his momentary passion burst the cords with which his hands were bound. It was not, as his biographer supposes, that he grew more in love with solitude; solitude would not have invigorated a mind like his; it would have been stagnation to the fountains of his genius, and it needed all his activity in travel to trouble the waters; activity of the frame was essential to that of his mind; and thus quickened, he broke, in spite of himself, the chain of old poetical practice, and while he retained all his reverence for the classical form and his resolution to excel in it, indulged himself in other writings more suited to his taste; regarding the latter as the play and the former as his high ambition. This was the origin of Childe Harold—a sort of poetical journal of his thoughts and feelings, taken down in the moment's glow; he hardly considered it worthy the name of poetry, and yet nothing ever more surprised and delighted the world. This was what travel had done for him—it taught him to throw off his literary distrust and reserve, and to speak with ease and energy the native language of his heart.

There are few more interesting facts in literary history than this; Mr. Dallas saw Lord Byron immediately after his return and heard him speak with enthusiasm of a work, which he

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believed would add much to his fame. This he put into Mr. Dallas's hands, who read it with dismay, and ventured to ask his Lordship if this was all the result of two interesting years. He said in reply, that he had some other short poems occasionally written during his absence, but they were not worth attention, and while he gave these carelessly to Mr. Dallas he insisted on the immediate publication of the other. Fortunately, the person into whose hands they fell, had capacity to understand their value and immediately told Lord Byron of the treasure he had found; but it was with the utmost difficulty he could prevail on the author to give it to the world. There are several such instances on record of the little power of authors to judge of their own productions, but none so remarkable as this. We allude to it as showing the manner in which he estimated the merit of his works by the labor with which they were written. He learned the right practice before he acquired the right taste; like the waking giant he threw off the bands which could only hold him while sleeping; and yet, had he remained in the Abbey where external influence could not be brought to bear upon his mind, he might have lived and died, leaving no more to be remembered than one of the monks that slept under its floors.

When Lord Byron returned to England, after his first travels, he felt as if he were going back, without pleasure, to a land which had no claim upon his affections. It is true, that he had few of those attractions at home; but how many there are who have none of the enjoyments embraced in that inspiring word; and how many more whose home is only a distant and painful recollection! He had no friends either, except such as were ready-made; as he was prevented by pride and reserve from cultivating new attachments, there were few to welcome his return. Beside this, his circumstances were so unpromising, that Newstead had been entered with an execution. Such anticipations may have made him look forward at times to his return with a feeling of dread. It must be allowed too, that he overrated his own misery; he fixed his eyes on dark points, such as are found in every man's prospect, till there seemed to be nothing bright for him to hope or enjoy. He insisted on being miserable, as if it were a sacred duty, and there are many passages in his letters of 'most humorous sadness,' which remind us of Cowper's penitential letters to Newton, in which his natural mirth is perpetually breaking through the

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artificial cloud. The very circumstance that he cherished so much the acquaintance of grief, proves that it could not have sunk so deep as he imagined, for sorrows always present, soon become, like the skulls on his table, too familiar to excite the least emotion. Altogether, it seems evident to us that Byron's heart was set on England; it certainly was so far as this,—that he found neither home nor rest in any other country. And how could it be otherwise? Lord Byron was thoroughly English in all his habits, tastes, and feelings; not only in his occasional courage, manliness and generosity, but in his haughtiness, caprice, and suspicion. His favorite amusements were of the rough and active kind, and some of his pleasures we must say, bore an English taint of grossness. He was English in his jealous and defensive pride, which could not pardon slight neglect, so easily as serious wrongs. There was no place where he found the least happiness, except in England; and when he left it at last, with expressions of hatred and defiance, it is evident that his wrath was fiercer, because he felt that he could not cease to love the land he had abandoned. While he lived abroad, he welcomed associates who had nothing but the name of English to recommend them, with as much delight, as Capt. Cooke saw the leaden spoon with the mark of London on one of the Sandwich Islands. It was the indignation and despair occasioned by his loss of popularity in England, which made him descend to low and licentious satire, in order to show that indifference which he never felt to England's good opinion. The fierce violence of disappointed pride is not to be hidden under a jesting tone. He seemed to act with the feeling of a lover to an unkind mistress—plunging into dissipation, with the wish and hope of giving her pain by his vices. Byron in like manner trusted that when England heard his voice echoing in riotous mirth from a foreign land, she would accuse herself of severity, and lament that so much power was lost, or worse than lost to the world. He felt all the while, as if the English public were the arbiters of his fame; and probably, when he left England the second time, he would have chosen rather to remain, and face the changed wind of popular feeling which beat in a perfect storm upon him, had he not felt as if his poetical fame was waning, and his circumstances in hopeless confusion. But wherever he went, 'What will they say of us in England?' was the uppermost question, asked partly in tenderness, partly in scorn;—it had its share in

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the impulse which drove him to Greece, and when he perished there we believe that England,—we know that his wife, child, and sister,—were the last mortal vision that faded from his soul.

Lord Byron never appeared in so interesting a light, as at the time when Childe Harold had made him the gaze of every eye. This was the happiest and most brilliant portion of his life; indeed the only portion to which those words can properly be applied. Beside his literary pretensions, he had begun to aspire to the fame of an orator, and had already spoken once or twice, with promising success. But all other hopes were dimmed by his poetical triumph, and seldom has there broken on the eye of man a scene of equal glory. He had not anticipated this; he had reproached himself with relying so far on the opinion of his friends, as to give his poem to the press; his success therefore was made more welcome by surprise; and when we remember that in addition to this he had the charms of high birth, renowned ancestry, and uncommon beauty of person, it is not strange that the public with its English enthusiasm, should have been transported with admiration. Wherever he went he was received with rapture; nobility, fashion, even royalty itself united in the general acclamation; his natural shyness passed for the absence of genius; his constraint in formal society was taken for the coldness of sorrow; his brow was supposed to be overcast by a melancholy imagination; his faults, so far as known, gave an air of romantic wildness to his character, though they were generally veiled by the clouds of incense that rose from every side and gathered round him. Those who had suffered from his sarcasm laid their resentment by; and came manfully forward to offer at once their forgiveness and applause; sensitive as he was on the subject of self, he had every thing to keep him in a state of perpetual excitement, delightful, no doubt for a time, but calculated, when its first freshness was over, to bring more uneasiness than gratification; and a poor preparation for that hour when the sounds of applause were to die away, and nothing to be heard but the murmur of condemnation, that reached him even across the deep.

As we have said, he appears more amiable at this period of his life than at any other; for a time, he is at peace with himself and all around him. The appearance of the Giaour, and the compliments paid him by Jeffrey on that occasion, completed his exultation. But while it is pleasant to witness the

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rejoicing of success, Byron's friends, had they known his nature, would have trusted but little to the promise of that hour. We cannot judge of a dwelling by its appearance when illuminated for a victory, nor of any character by the happiness produced by circumstances; for such happiness cannot last, and when it goes, it leaves the heart more desolate than it was before. If the world's favor did not change, it was almost certain that he himself would alter; after living on this exciting element for a while, it would naturally lose its power; the fountain having been drained in the beginning could not be filled anew; and as nothing less luxurious would satisfy his desires, he must of course return to his old state of depression, sinking low in proportion to the height from which he fell. Such was the result; we soon find him making arrangements for another voyage; he seemed to anticipate the time when the popular interest should fail him, and therefore kept himself as much apart as possible; still the change was to come in the order of nature, and it came first in him; he grew weary of receiving sooner than the world of giving its praise. He says of Sheridan, 'What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales.' The same might be said of himself at this time; but the truth is, that no winds are favorable to those who are not made in a measure independent of circumstances by something firm within; when energy at heart is wanting, it requires a miraculous combination of circumstances to keep one good, prosperous or happy.

This brings us to Lord Byron's marriage and separation; a piece of history which has long been publicly discussed, and with a freedom unusual in such cases; it was investigated perhaps with the more earnestness from its being carefully hidden; but now, the slight mystery that hung over it is removed by Mr. Moore's publication, and a statement from Lady Byron, which has followed it, and which reveals all the circumstances that the public are likely ever to know. This is the first time she has ever appealed to the public against the charm of her husband's poetical insinuations; silence was certainly the more dignified course, and no explanation from her was called for; the public feeling in the circle round them was all on her side, and Lord Byron was visited with a sentence of outlawry, which made him an exile ever after. There was a stern cry of indignation against him, which indicated either that the English fashionable world had been suddenly converted to rigid morality, or that his popu-

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larity was on the wane, and enemies of all descriptions, literary and political, took advantage of the moment to give him a fatal blow. The history of the separation, as given in this work, leaves a charge of duplicity on Lady Byron, which she did wisely to repel. He says, that shortly after the birth of her daughter, she went to visit her parents; they parted in the utmost kindness; she wrote him a letter on the way full of playfulness and affection, and as soon as she arrived at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to inform Lord Byron that she would never return. This was at a time when his pecuniary embarrassments had become intolerably pressing; executions had been repeatedly in his house; and for a wife to choose this time and manner to leave her husband would inspire a natural prejudice against her, unless there were grave reasons to justify her apparent want of sincerity and good feeling.

Lady Byron explains her conduct in a letter written to justify her parents from the charge of interfering on this occasion. She states that she believed her husband insane, and acted upon that impression, both in leaving him and in writing her letter, choosing the tone and manner least likely to irritate his passions. She states that had she not considered him insane, she could not have borne with him so long. She endeavored to obtain a separation, but the circumstances were not thought sufficient to make out the case of insanity. We are not surprised that such was her impression. Mr. Moore mentions that Byron was in the habit of keeping fire-arms in his carriage and near his bed. Such extravagance was enough to excite her suspicion of his soundness of mind; and there was nothing to quiet her apprehensions in his temper, which was grown irresistible by long indulgence of self-will; he was wholly untaught to submit to those mutual concessions, which domestic happiness and harmony require. When we remember that his passions, which he himself describes as occasionally savage, were incensed by seeing his house repeatedly in possession of officers of the law, no wonder that all should have seemed like madness, to her even spirit and uniform feelings.

We do not know how any one acquainted with the history of their attachment, could have anticipated any other result. The first mention of Lady Byron is found in the Journal.

'A very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in

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general lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right, an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—mathematician—metaphysician, and yet very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension.' p. 331.

Here it seems there was no love on either side. He says in another place, 'a wife would be the salvation of me;' and this Mr. Moore explains, by his conviction that 'it was prudent to take refuge in marriage from those perplexities, which form the sequel of all less regular ties.' These are ominous words. He offered himself at that time to Miss Milbanke, and was rejected; 'on neither side was love either felt, or professed.' 'In the meantime new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock as some security against their recurrence.' Such is his friend's account of the reasons of this connexion. Some time after this a friend advised him to marry, to which he assented, 'after much discussion.' He himself was for another application to Miss Milbanke, but his friend dissuaded him, on the ground that she was learned, and had then no fortune. He at last agreed that his friend should write a proposal to another lady; it was rejected. 'You see,' said Lord Byron, 'that Miss Milbanke is to be the person.' He immediately wrote to her, and his friend reading what he had written, said, 'this is really a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go.' 'Then it shall go,' said Lord Byron. It went, and the offer was accepted. In this way the most important action of his life was done. He said, 'I must of course reform,' and with this shadow of a resolution, he went through the ceremony in a kind of thoughtless heaviness, which he was at no pains to conceal. What induced Lady Byron to risk her happiness in such an adventure, we cannot tell, unless she was ambitious of the glory of reforming such a man. If so, she did her part, by his own acknowledgment.

'I do not believe, and I must say it, in the dress of this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, kinder, more agreeable or more amiable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me.'

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Such hopes are invariably disappointed; their only chance of success consists in a strong hold upon the affections, which she never had on his. Such a marriage contract, like the book of some ancient prophet, was written within and without, with lamentation, mourning, and woe.

Mr. Moore is inclined to attribute all this to the incapacity of men of genius to enjoy domestic peace. He forgets that in defending his friend, he does injustice to talent as well as to Him who gave it. Examples may be found among poets of such unfortunate marriages, but there is no connexion of cause and effect between their genius and their guilt or calamity, which ever it may be. We do not believe a single word of his refined speculation on this subject. We cannot believe that poetical inspiration, that glorious gift of God, can ever be a curse to its innocent possessor. Like every thing else, it may be abused; and then the greater the power the wider will be the destruction. But there is no tendency to abase in its nature. There is no need of giving the reins to imagination. Where this power is strong, the judgment, if encouraged, will be strong in full proportion, and, if taught to do its office, will keep the fancy from excesses as well as the passions. So far from giving even a distaste for reality, it will give a charm to reality by surrounding it with elevating associations, it will raise its possessor above the common level of life, not too high to see all things distinctly, and yet so high that he can look over and beyond them. Man is made lord of all his passions—invested with power over all the elements of his nature. He may keep or he may resign it; he may cast the crown from his head—he may make himself the slave of those affections which he is bound to govern; but let him not libel his nature, for he makes himself weak when heaven meant him to be strong; he sinks himself into degradation and sorrow where Providence would never have placed him. The fault is all in his own infirmity of purpose and will.

We shall not probably have another opportunity of speaking of Lord Byron, and we cannot leave the subject without saying a word of his writings. His name has now become historical, and his works are registered in the treasures of English poetry. Now, if ever, they can be fairly judged. The enthusiasm in favor of the writer has nearly died away; and, as usual in cases of reaction, begins to be succeeded by an indifference, which is more fatal than any other infliction to a poet's fame.

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His works are not so much read at present as they will be some years hence, when what is obscure and prosaic about them will be passed by, the grosser parts dismissed to oblivion, and that which is great and excellent be read with an unmingled pleasure, which his readers cannot now enjoy.

Childe Harold is his most important work, and on this and his lyrical poems his fame must ultimately depend. It was a secret outpouring of his soul, deeply colored by his peculiar genius and feeling. It bears no marks of that constraint and adaptation produced by a consciousness that the public eye was upon him. The Childe is a character sufficiently natural, and the feelings embodied in it by the poet, allowing for a little overstatement, nearly resembled his own. It was a happy imagination to represent only the more striking scenes, such as would be likely to fix the attention of an uninterested wanderer. It affords an excuse for passing over what is unsuited to poetical description, and for giving bold relief to such as could kindle the vacant pilgrim's heart and eye. All about the poem, even its abruptness and disorder, is brought into keeping, so that irregularity becomes a beauty.

But the character of the Childe was so successful, and he was so much flattered by its being taken for a likeness of his own, that, instead of imagining new, he was tempted to draw it again. In the Giaour, Corsair, and other poems, he multiplies copies of this original; but in attempting to give them additional effect, he has gone beyond the bounds of truth and nature. We can imagine some good feelings lingering in the ruins of a libertine's character, and reviving when his heart is moved to tenderness; but to transfer the same affections to pirates and murderers is so shocking to probability, that none but very young readers can be interested. It is surprising that he should not have felt, that to ascribe habitual good feeling to such a character is quite as unnatural, as to imagine good men living in the practice of robbery and murder. Still these works abound in traits of great loveliness and power; and though they did not injure his fame, could not prevent its natural decline—a decline which must come unless every new effort of a poet transcend the last. It was an indifference which he could not well bear. Though he constantly declared his weariness of the world and the men of it, he could not endure that the world should grow weary of him.

We must say that we consider some of his lyrical poems

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as the finest in the language. The deep feeling which he delighted to express was better suited to short pieces than to long poems. For though in a poem such passages occur at times with startling effect, they give the humble aspect of prose to all that comes between. But many of them are out of the reach of criticism or of praise. The allusions to lost friends which close the two first cantos of Childe Harold never will be read without emotion. His 'Night before Waterloo' will make hearts thrill longer than the victory, and his 'Thunder Storm in the Alps' will be remembered as long as thunders roll.

We are bound to say of this work, that the moral tone is not what it should have been. Not that the writer endeavors to conceal Lord Byron's faults—he tells them without reserve; nor that he flatters the moral character of his subject. So far as he had any clear conceptions of a character so unformed, he gives them with great impartiality. But he speaks of vices at times with a light and careless air, as if they were harmless if not discovered. Still the moral effect of his work will not be so unfavorable as might be feared; for, beside that it is not likely to be popular, envy is the very last feeling which his account of Lord Byron would inspire. Never was there a more striking picture of a man splendidly unhappy; weak in character, though mighty in his powers; solitary as a hermit, though born to rank and fortune; wandering without pleasure and reposing without rest; admired by millions and loved by very few; able to move the spirit of nations, and himself like the great ocean lifted and broken by gales that would not have agitated humbler waters. We freely confess that we read his history with compassion; feeling as if one who was never directed in the right way, could hardly be said to have wandered. But no such feelings can deceive us into an approbation of his character; we hold him up as a warning, not as an example. We might have waited for the conclusion of this 'Life,' but for various reasons thought it better to notice the first volume. There can be nothing to make us regret that we have done so in the registry yet to come. His hopeless fall began after his separation from his wife and his retreat from England. We have followed him to the edge of the cataract, and have no disposition to see him dash below.

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ART. IX.—*Tales of the North West, or Sketches of Indian Life and Character, by a Resident beyond the Frontier.* 18mo. Boston. 1830.

This little volume is understood to be the production of a young writer, who has grown up among the wild scenes of the North-Western frontier of our country, and being now restored to the abodes of civilized life, has given us the fruits of his experience in the form of tales. We have had some reason to suppose that the North-West coast was a pretty good school, and the work before us will go far to extend this favorable prepossession to the internal regions in that quarter of the continent. Considering the circumstances under which it was prepared, we look upon it as one of much promise. The descriptions of nature, both living and inanimate, have a striking air of truth and fidelity, and the style of execution is marked throughout with great freedom and power. There are no doubt obvious symptoms of immature taste, and a too rapid preparation; but these are defects that are naturally and easily corrected when there is talent at bottom. If in his future attempts the author will bestow more care and reflection upon the arrangement of his materials, and allow himself more time for composition and revision, we think we can assure him a decided success.

The characters that figure in these narratives are the Indians, the half-breeds, and the American and English hunters, that roam through the vast solitudes of the Missouri territory, and are all different varieties of the same general character. The representation given by our author of the manners of the natives is somewhat less poetical, but probably more true than that of Cooper. The leading traits of the picture are, however, substantially the same which appear in his delineations, and which, with few or no important discrepancies, have been assigned by almost all observers to the aboriginal inhabitants of our continent. The Indians furnish undoubtedly one of the most favorable specimens of savage life that have yet been met with. The striking similarity between their state of society and that of the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, has been often pointed out, particularly by Robertson and Herder, and is obvious to the most cursory inspection. Whether the natives of our continent, had they been left to pursue their own course,

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would have made a progress in civilisation, corresponding with that which has taken place in Europe, is a curious question, which it is now impossible ever to solve. It is much to be regretted, that political events of an accidental character are likely to defeat the only effort that has yet been made with a probability of success for bringing any portion of the natives within the pale of civilisation. The southwestern tribes had within a few years apparently overcome the first and greatest obstacles to improvement, and it is peculiarly unfortunate that just at this moment a combination of local and sectional interests should have operated to prevent the progress of this interesting experiment, and probably in the end to remove from our territory the tribes in which it was going on.

The tales contained in the volume before us are generally short. The longest, entitled the *Bois Brulé* (*Burnt Wood*, the French name for a half-breed), is not in our opinion the best. It is in fact the one in which, from its length, a want of maturity in plan and style would naturally be most observable. Among the most spirited and pleasing is the one entitled *Payton Skah*, or the White Otter, which we extract entire as a specimen of the author's manner.

'We have before intimated that we cannot pretend to much accuracy with regard to dates. So we are not certain that the events we are about to relate did not happen five centuries ago, perhaps more; but it is probable that the time was not so remote. Be that as it may, we shall give the facts in the same order in which tradition hands them down.

'The Dahcotahs were at war with the Mandans. Many were the onslaughts they made on each other, and long were they remembered. Among the Sioux warriors who struck the post, and took the war path, none was more conspicuous than Payton Skah, or the White Otter. He belonged to the Yankton band. When he returned from the field with his head crowned with laurels, or, more properly with his bridle rein adorned with Mandan scalps, the seniors of the tribe pointed to him and exhorted their sons to ride, to draw the bow, and to strike the enemy like Payton Skah.

'Payton Skah was a husband and a father. As soon as he was reckoned a man, and able to support a family, he had taken to his bosom the young and graceful Tahtokah (The Antelope), thought to be the best hand at skinning the buffalo, making moccasins, whitening leather, and preparing marrow fat, in the tribe. She was not, as is common among the Dahcotahs, car-

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ried an unwilling or indifferent bride to her husband's lodge. No, he had lighted his match in her father's tent, and held it before her eyes, and she had blown it out, as instigated by love to do. And when he had espoused her in form, her affection did not diminish. She never grumbled at pulling off his leggins and moccasins when he returned from the chase, nor at drying and rubbing them till they became soft and pliant. A greater proof of her regard was, that she was strictly obedient to her mother-in-law. And Payton Skah's attachment, though his endearments were reserved for their private hours, was not less than hers. No woman in the camp could show more wampum and other ornaments than the wife of the young warrior. He was even several times known, when she had been to bring home the meat procured by his arrows, to relieve her of a part of the burthen by taking it upon his own manly shoulders. In due time, she gave him a son; a sure token that however many more wives he might see proper to take he would never put her away. The boy was the idol of his old grandmother, who could never suffer him out of her sight a moment, and used constantly to prophecy, that he would become a brave warrior and an expert horse-stealer; a prediction that his manhood abundantly verified.

'In little more than a year the youngster was able to walk erect. About this time the band began to feel the approach of famine. Buffaloes were supposed to abound on the river Des Moines, and thither Payton Skah resolved to go. His mother had cut her foot while chopping wood and was unable to travel; but she would not part with her grandchild. Tahtokah unwillingly consented to leave her boy behind, at the request of her husband, which indeed she never thought of disputing. One other family accompanied them. They soon reached the Des Moines, and encamped on its banks. Many wild cattle were killed, and much of their flesh was cured. The young wife now reminded her spouse that his mother must by this time be able to walk, and that she longed to see her child. In compliance with her wishes he mounted his horse and departed, resolved to bring the rest of the band to the land of plenty.

'At his arrival his compatriots, on his representations, packed up their baggage and threw down their lodges. A few days brought them to where he had left his wife and her companions. But the place was desolate. No voice hailed their approach; no welcome greeted their arrival. The lodges were cut to ribbons, and a bloody trail marked where the bodies of their inmates had been dragged into the river. Following the course of the stream, the corpses of all but Tahtokah were found on the shores and sand-bars. Hers was missing, but this gave her husband no consolation. He knew that neither Sioux nor Mandans

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spared sex or age, and supposed it to be sunk in some eddy of the river. And Mandans, the marks the spoilers had left behind them, proved them to be.

'Now Payton Skah was, for an Indian, a kind and affectionate husband. The Sioux mothers wished their daughters might obtain partners like him; and it was proverbial to say of a fond couple, that they loved like Payton Skah and Tahtokah. Yet on this occasion, whatever his feelings might have been, he uttered no sigh, he shed no tear. But he gave what was, in the eyes of his co-mates, a more honorable proof of his grief. He vowed that he would not take another wife, nor cut his hair, till he had killed and scalped five Mandans. And he filled his quiver, saddled his horse, and raised the war-song immediately. He found followers, and departed incontinently. At his return but three obstacles to his second marriage remained to be overcome.

'In the course of the year he fulfilled the conditions of his vow. The five scalps were hanging in the smoke of his lodge, but he evinced no inclination towards matrimony. On the contrary, his countenance was sorrowful, he pined away, and every one thought he was in a consumption. His mother knew his disposition better. Thinking, not unwisely, that the best way to drive the old love out of his head was to provide him a new one, she, with true female perseverance, compelled him by teazing and clamor to do as she wished.

'So the old woman selected Chuntay Washtay (The Good Heart), for her son, and demanded her of her parents, who were not sorry to form such a connexion. The bride elect herself showed no alacrity in the matter; but this was too common a thing to excite any surprise or comment. She was formally made over to Payton Skah, and duly installed in his lodge.

'He was not formed by nature to be alone. Notwithstanding the contempt an Indian education inculcates for the fair sex, he was as sensible to female blandishments as a man could be. Though his new wife was by no means so kind as the old one, yet as she fulfilled the duties of her station with all apparent decorum, he began to be attached to her. His health improved, he was again heard to laugh, and he hunted the buffalo with as much vigor as ever. Yet when Chuntay Washtay, as she sometimes would, raised her voice higher than was consistent with conjugal affection, he would think of his lost Tahtokah and struggle to keep down the rising sigh.

'A young Yankton who had asked Chuntay Washtay of her parents previous to her marriage, and who had been rejected by them, now became a constant visiter in her husband's lodge. He came early, and staid and smoked late. But as Payton Skah saw no appearance of regard for the youth in his wife, he felt no

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uneasiness. If he had seen what was passing in her mind, he would have scorned to exhibit any jealousy. He would have proved by his demeanor 'that his heart was strong.' He was destined ere long to be more enlightened on this point.

'His mother was gone with his child, on a visit to a neighboring camp, and he was left alone with his wife. It was reported that buffaloes were to be found at a little oasis in the prairie, at about the distance of a day's journey, and Chuntay Washtay desired him to go and kill one, and hang its flesh up in a tree out of the reach of the wolves. "You cannot get back to night," she said, "but you can make a fire and sleep by it, and return to morrow. If fat cows are to be found there we will take down our lodge and move."

'The White Otter did as he was desired. His wife brought his beautiful black horse, which he had selected and stolen from a drove near the Mandan village, to the door of the lodge. He threw himself on its back, and having listened to her entreaties that he would be back soon, rode away.

'His gallant steed carried him to the place of his destination with the speed of the wind. The buffaloes were plenty, and in the space of two hours he had killed and cut up two of them. Having hung the meat upon the branches, he concluded that as he had got some hours of daylight, he would return to his wife. He applied the lash, and arrived at the camp at midnight.

'He picketed his horse carefully, and bent his way to his own lodge. All was silent within, and the dogs, scenting their master, gave no alarm. He took up a handful of dry twigs outside the door and entered. Raking open the coals in the centre of the lodge, he laid on the fuel, which presently blazed and gave a bright light. By its aid he discovered a spectacle that drove the blood from his heart into his face. There lay Chantay Washtay, fast asleep by the side of her quondam lover. Payton Skah unsheathed his knife and stood for a moment irresolute; but his better feelings prevailing, he returned it to its place in his belt, and left the lodge without awakening them. Going to another place, he laid himself down, but not to sleep.

'But when the east began to be streaked with grey, he brought his horse, his favorite steed, to the door of the tent. Just as he reached it, those within awoke, and the paramour of Chantay Washtay came forth and stood before him. He stood still. Fear of the famous hunter and renowned warrior kept him silent. Payton Skah, in a stern voice, commanded him to re-enter; and when he had obeyed followed him in. The guilty wife spoke not, but covered her face with her hands, till her husband directed her to light a fire and prepare food. She then rose and hung the earthen utensil over the fire, and the repast was soon

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ready. At the command of Payton Skah she placed a wooden platter or bowl before him, and another for his unwilling guest. This last had now arrived at the conclusion that he was to die, and had screwed up his courage to meet his fate with the unshrinking fortitude of an Indian warrior. He ate, therefore, in silence, but without any sign of concern. When the repast was ended, Payton Skah produced his pipe, filled the bowl with tobacco mixed with the inner bark of the red willow, and, after smoking a few whiffs himself, gave it to the culprit. Having passed from one to the other till it was finished, the aggrieved husband ordered his wife to produce her clothing and effects, and pack them up in a bundle. This done he rose to speak.

'"Another in my place," he said to the young man, "had he detected you as I did last night, would have driven an arrow through you before you awoke. But my heart is strong, and I have hold of the heart of Chantay Washtay. You sought her before I did, and I see she would rather be your companion than mine. She is yours; and that you may be able to support her, take my horse, and my bow and arrows also. Take her and depart, and let peace be between us."

'At this speech, the wife, who had been trembling lest her nose should be cut off, and her lover, who had expected nothing less than death, recovered their assurance and left the lodge. Payton Skah remained; and while the whole band was singing his generosity, brooded over his misfortunes in sadness and silence.

'Notwithstanding his boast of the firmness of his resolution, his mind was nearly unsettled by the shock. He had set his whole heart upon Tahtokah, and when the wound occasioned by his loss was healed, he had loved Chantay Washtay with all his might. He could vaunt of his indifference to any ill that woman could inflict to the warriors of his tribe, but the boast that they could have truly made, was not true coming from him.

'Though one of the bravest of men, his heart was as soft as a woman's, in spite of precept and example. At this second blight of his affections, he fell into a settled melancholy, and one or two unsuccessful hunts convinced him that he was a doomed man; an object of the displeasure of God; and that he need never more look for any good fortune. A post dance, at which the performers alternately sung their exploits, brought this morbid state of feeling to a crisis. Like the rest, he recounted the deeds he had done, and declared that to expiate the involuntary offence he had committed against the Great Spirit, he would go to the Mandan village and throw away his body. All expostulation was vain; and the next morning he started on foot and alone to put his purpose in execution.

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'He travelled onward with a heavy heart, and the eighth evening found him on the bank of the Missouri, opposite the Mandan village. He swam the river, and saw the lights shine through the crevices, and heard the dogs bark at his approach. Nothing dismayed, he entered the village, and promenaded through it two or three times. He saw no man abroad, and impatient of delay, entered the principal lodge. Within he found two women, who spoke to him, but he did not answer. He drew his robe over his face, and sat down in a dark corner, intending to await the entrance of some warrior, by whose hands he might honorably die. The women addressed him repeatedly, but could not draw from him any reply. Finding him impenetrable, they took no further notice, but continued their conversation as if no one had been present. Had they known to what tribe he belonged they would have fled in terror; but they supposed him to be a Mandan. He gathered from it that the men of the village were all gone to the buffalo hunt, and would not return till morning. Most of the females were with them. Here then, was an opportunity to wreak his vengeance on the tribe such as had never before occurred, and would probably never occur again. But he refrained in spite of his Indian nature. He had not come to kill any one as on former occasions, but to lay down his own life; and he remained constant in his resolution.

'If it be asked why the Mandans left their village in this defenceless condition, we answer, that Indian camps are frequently left in the same manner. Perhaps they relied on the broad and rapid river, to keep off any roving band of Dahcotahs that might come thither. Payton Skah sat in the lodge of his enemies till the tramp of a horse on the frozen earth, and the jingling of the little bells round his neck, announced that a warrior had returned from the hunt. Then the White Otter prepared to go to whatever lodge the Mandan might enter, and die by his arrows or tomahawk. But he had no occasion to stir. The horseman rode straight to the lodge in which he sat, dismounted, threw his bridle to a squaw, and entered. The women pointed to their silent guest, and related how unaccountably he had behaved. The new comer turned to Payton Skah and asked who and what he was. Then the Yankton, like Caius Marius within the walls of Corioli, rose, threw off his robe, and, drawing himself up with great dignity, bared his breast and spoke. "I am a man. Of that, Mandan, be assured. Nay, more: I am a Dahcotah, and my name is Payton Skah. You have heard it before. I have lost friends and kin by the arrows of your people, and well have I revenged them. See, on my head I wear ten feathers of the war-eagle. Now it is the will of the Master of life that I

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should die, and to that purpose came I hither. Strike, therefore, and rid your tribe of the greatest enemy it ever had."

'Courage, among the aborigines, as charity among Christians, covereth a multitude of sins. The Mandan warrior cast on his undaunted foe a look in which respect, delight, and admiration were blended. He raised his war-club as if about to strike, but the Siou blenched not; not a nerve trembled—his eyelids did not quiver. The weapon dropped from the hand that held it. The Mandan tore open his own vestment, and said, "No, I will not kill so brave a man. But I will prove that my people are men also. I will not be outdone in generosity. Strike thou; then take my horse and fly."

'The Siou declined the offer, and insisted upon being himself the victim. The Mandan was equally pertinacious; and this singular dispute lasted till the latter at last held out his hand in token of amity. He commanded the women to prepare a feast, and the two generous foes sat down and smoked together. The brave of the Missouri accounted for speaking the Dahcotah tongue by saying that he was himself half a Siou. His mother had belonged to that tribe and so did his wife, having both been made prisoners. In the morning Payton Skah should see and converse with them. And the Yankton proffered, since it did not appear to be the will of the Great Spirit that he should die, to become the instrument to bring about a firm and lasting peace between the two nations.

'In the morning the rest of the band arrived, and were informed what visitor was in the village. The women screamed with rage and cried for revenge. The men grasped their weapons and rushed tumultuously to the lodge to obtain it. A great clamor ensued. The Mandan stood before the door, declaring that he would guarantee the rights of hospitality with his life. His resolute demeanor, as well as the bow and war club he held ready to make his words good, made the impression he desired. The Mandans recoiled, consulted, and the elders decided that Payton Skah must be carried as a prisoner to the council-lodge, there to abide the result of their deliberations.

'Payton Skah, indifferent to whatever might befall him, walked proudly to the place appointed in the midst of a guard of Mandans, and accompanied by the taunts and execrations of the squaws. The preliminary of smoking over, the consultation did not last long. His new friend related how the prisoner had entered the village, alone and unarmed, save with his knife; how he had magnanimously spared the women and children when at his mercy; and how he had offered to negotiate a peace between the two tribes. Admiration of his valor overcame the hostility of the Mandans. Their hatred vanished like snow before the

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sun, and it was carried by acclamation, that he should be treated as became an Indian brave, and dismissed in safety and with honor.

'At this stage of the proceedings a woman rushed into the lodge, broke through the circle of stern and armed warriors, and threw herself into the arms of the Dahcotah hero. It was Tahtokah, his first, his best beloved! He did not return her caresses; that would have derogated from his dignity; but he asked her how she had escaped from the general slaughter at the Des Moines, and who was her present husband.

'She pointed to the Mandan to whom he had offered his breast. He it was, she said, who had spared her, and subsequently taken her to wife. He now advanced and proposed to Payton Skah to be come his *kodah*, or comrade, and to receive his wife back again, two propositions to which the latter gladly assented. For according to the customs of the Dahcotahs, a wife may be lent to one's kodah without any impropriety.

'The Mandans devoted five days to feasting the gallant Yankton. At the end of that time he departed with his recovered wife, taking with him three horses laden with robes and other gifts bestowed on him by his late enemies. His kodah accompanied him half way on his return, with a numerous retinue, and at parting received his promise that he would soon return. We leave our readers to imagine the joy of Tahtokah at seeing her child again on her arrival among the Sioux, as well as the satisfaction of the tribe at hearing that its best man had returned from his perilous excursion alive and unhurt. In less than two months Payton Skah was again among the Mandans with six followers, who were hospitably received and entertained. An equal number of Mandans accompanied them on their return home, where they experienced the like treatment. As the intercourse between the tribes became more frequent hostilities were discontinued, and the feelings that prompted them were in time forgotten. The peace brought about as above related has continued without interruption to this day. As to Payton Skah, he recovered his health and spirits, was successful in war and the chase, and was finally convinced that the curse of the Almighty had departed from him.

Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah, or the Brave Woman, is another very agreeable story. The hero, *Toskatnay*, or the Woodpecker, is represented as a young *Dahcotah* of high pretensions on the score of intellectual and personal merit. He is rescued from an imminent danger by the courage and presence of mind of a copper-colored beauty, bearing the formidable

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name just quoted, and without much previous attachment marries her out of gratitude. A well-stocked harem is, it seems, one of the principal means of political advancement among the Indians; and our Woodpecker, being of an ambitious turn, after a while espouses a second wife, of whose name we are not informed, but who is the daughter of a leading Chief, called the Heron. The two dames very naturally quarrel, and out of their differences grows the distress of the tale. We extract the conclusion, which begins with a pleasing description of the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi.

'There is nothing of the grandeur or sublimity, which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St. Anthony. But in wild and picturesque beauty it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river, here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high, we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular, but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stand on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they have been disunited. Some lie piled upon each other in the water, in inimitable confusion. A long, narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards area; rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees. At the time of our story, its mightiest oak was the haunt of a solitary bald eagle, that had built his eyrie on the topmost branches, beyond the reach of man. It was occupied by his posterity till the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, when the time-honored crest of the vegetable monarch bowed and gave way before the northern tempest. The little islet was believed inaccessible, till two daring privates of the fifth regiment, at very low water, waded out in the river above, and ascending the fall by means of the blocks of stone before mentioned, forded the intervening space, and were the first of their species that ever set foot upon it.

'Large trunks of trees frequently drift over, and diving into the chasms of the rocks, never appear again. The loon, or great northern diver, is also, at moulting time, when he is unable to rise from the water, often caught in the rapids. When he finds himself drawn in, he struggles with fate for a while, but finding escape impossible, he faces downwards and goes over, screaming

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horribly. These birds sometimes make the descent unhurt. Below, the rapids foam and roar and tumble for half a mile, and then subside into the clear, gentle current that continues unbroken to the Rock River Rapids; and at high water to the Gulf of Mexico. Here too, the high bluffs which enclose the Mississippi commence. Such was the scene at the time of this authentic history, but now it is mended or marred, according to the taste of the spectator, by the works of the sons of Adam. It can shew its buildings, its saw-mill, its grist-mill, its cattle, and its cultivated fields. Nor is it unadorned with traditional honors. A Siou can tell you how the enemy in the darkness of midnight, deceived by the false beacons lighted by his ancestors, paddled his canoe into the rapids, from which he never issued alive. He can give a good guess too, what ghosts haunt the spot, and what spirits abide there.

'To return to our story: Toskatnay and his band passed the falls and raised their lodges a few rods above the rapids. It so happened that evening, that a violent quarrel arose between the two wives, which the presence of some of the elders only, prevented from ending in cuffing and scratching. When the master of the lodge returned, he rebuked them both, but the weight of his anger fell on Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah, though in fact, the dispute had been fastened on her by the other. She replied nothing to his reproaches, but his words sunk deep into her bosom, for he had spoken scornfully of her, saying that no Siou had so pitiful a wife as himself. She sobbed herself to sleep, and when the word was given in the morning to strike the tents, she was the first to rise and set about it.

'While the business of embarkation was going on, it so chanced that the child of the poor woman crawled in the way of her rival, and received a severe kick from her. This was too much for the mother. Vociferating such terms as are current only at Billingsgate and in Indian camps, for squaws are not remarkable for delicacy of expression, she fastened upon the Heron's daughter tooth and nail, who was not slow to return the compliment. Luckily their knives were wrested from them by the by-standers, or one or both would have been killed on the spot. This done, the men laughed and the women screamed, but none offered to part them, till Toskatnay, who was busy at the other end of the camp, patching a birch canoe, heard the noise, and came and separated them by main force. He was highly indignant at an occurrence that must bring ridicule upon him. The Heron's daughter he reproved, but Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah he struck with his paddle repeatedly, and threatened to put her away. This filled the cup of her misery to overflowing: she looked at him indignantly and said, "You shall

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never reproach me again." She took up her child and moved away, but he, thinking it no more than an ordinary fit of sullenness, paid no attention to her motions.

'His unkindness at this time had the effect of confirming a a project that she had long revolved in her mind, and she hastened to put it in execution. She embarked in a canoe with her child, and pushing from the shore, entered the rapids before she was perceived. When she was seen, both men and women, among whom her husband was the most earnest, followed her on the shore, entreating her to land ere it was too late. The river was high, so that it was impossible to intercept her, yet Toskatnay, finding his entreaties of no avail, would have thrown himself into the water to reach the canoe, had he not been withheld by his followers. Had this demonstration of interest occurred the day before, it is possible that her purpose would have been forgotten. As it was, she shook her open hand at him in scorn, and held up his child for him to gaze at. She then began to sing, and her song ran thus.

'"A cloud has come over me. My joys are turned to grief. Life has become a burden too heavy to bear, and it only remains to die.

'"The Great Spirit calls, I hear his voice in the roaring waters. Soon, soon, shall they close over my head, and my song shall be heard no more.

'"Turn thine eyes hither, proud chief. Thou art brave in battle, and all are silent when thou speakest in council. Thou hast met death, and hast not been afraid.

'"Thou hast braved the knife, and the axe; and the shaft of the enemy has passed harmless by thee.

'"Thou hast seen the warrior fall. Thou hast heard him speak bitter words with his last breath.

'"But hast thou ever seen him dare more than a woman is about to do?

'"Many speak of thy deeds. Old and young echo thy praises. Thou art the star the young men look upon, and thy name shall be long heard in the land.

'"But when men tell of thy exploits, they shall say, 'He slew his wife also!' Shame shall attend thy memory.

'"I slew the ravenous beast that was about to destroy thee. I planted thy corn, and made thee garments and moccasins.

'"When thou wast an hungred, I gave thee to eat, and when thou wast athirst, I brought thee cold water. I brought thee a son also, and I never disobeyed thy commands.

'"And this is my reward! Thou hast laughed at me. Thou hast given me bitter words, and struck me heavy blows.

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'"Thou hast preferred another before me, and thou hast driven me to wish for the approach of death, as for the coming winter.

'"My child, my child! Life is a scene of sorrow. I had not the love of a mother, did I not snatch thee from the woes thou must endure.

'"Adorn thy wife with ornaments of white metal, Toskatnay. Hang beads about her neck. Be kind to her, and see if she will ever be to thee as I."'

'So saying, or rather singing, she went over the fall with her child, and they were seen no more.

* * * * * * * *

'One year precisely from this time, Toskatnay followed the track of a bear which he had wounded, to the brink of the falls. He halted opposite the spot where Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah had disappeared, and gazed on the foaming rapid. What was passing in his mind it is impossible to say. He had reached the summit of his ambition. He was acknowledged a chief, and he had triumphed over the Beaver and the Chippeways. But she for whose sake he had spurned the sweetest flowers of life, true love and fond fidelity, had proved faithless to him, and fled to the Missouri with another man. He had nothing farther to look for, no higher eminence to attain, and his reflections were like those of him who wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. A strange occurrence roused him from his reverie. A snow-white doe, followed by a fawn of the same color, came suddenly within the sphere of his vision; so suddenly, that they seemed to him to come out of the water. Such a sight had never before been seen by any of his tribe. He stood rooted to the ground. He who had never feared the face of man, trembled like an aspen with superstitious terror. The animals, regardless of his presence, advanced slowly towards him and passed so near that he might have touched them with his gun. They ascended the bank and he lost sight of them. When they were fairly out of sight, he recovered from the shock, and stretching out his arms after them, conjured them to return. Finding his adjurations vain, he rushed up the bank, but could see nothing of them, which was the more remarkable as the prairie had just been burned over, and for a mile there was no wood or inequality in the ground, that could have concealed a much smaller animal than a deer.

'He returned to his lodge, made a solemn feast, at which his relatives were assembled, and sung his death-song. He told his wondering auditors that he had received a warning to prepare for his final change. He had seen the spirits of his wife and child. No one presumed to contradict his opinion. Whether founded in reason or not, it proved true in point of fact. Three

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weeks after, the camp was attacked by the Chippeways. They were repulsed, but Toskatnay, and he only, was killed.

'No stone tells where he lies, nor can any of the Dahcotahs shew the spot. His deeds are forgotten, or at best, faintly remembered; thus showing "on what foundation stands the warrior's pride;" but his wife still lives in the memory of her people, who speak of her by the name of Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah, or the Brave Woman.'

ART. X.—*The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man. By Dugald Stewart.* 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1828.

The name of Dugald Stewart is one of the few, which, of late years, serve to relieve in part the character of the mother country from the charge of a comparative neglect of the great sciences of intellectual and moral philosophy. His writings upon these all-important subjects, if not the most powerful, are perhaps the most engaging in form, and consequently the most attractive to the general reader, in the language. In the works of the late Dr. Parr, we find a complimentary note addressed to Stewart, in which he is described as superior, for the union of fine taste and deep thought, to all other writers since the time of Bacon. This eulogy partakes of the exaggeration, which habitually marked the manner of the great Hellenist. Various writers, posterior to Bacon, might be mentioned, who combined with at least an equal command of language a higher power of original thinking, as, for instance, Shaftsbury, Berkeley, Hume, Burke, and Adam Smith. But none of these or of the others, who might fairly be considered as belonging to this class, with the exception perhaps of Hume, have pretended to give us a complete body of intellectual and moral science; and the remark of Parr, if considered as limited to such as have done this, might be received as substantially true. Locke, with a much superior power of thought, and with a plain, manly, and substantially good style, wants taste and elegance, and is undoubtedly, on the whole, much less attractive. Hume was perhaps superior in taste as well as natural acuteness and sagacity to Stewart; but such were the strange aberrations of his intellect, when applied to the study of metaphysics and morals,

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that his works on these subjects have little or no value, excepting as curious indications of the progress of learning, and of its state at a particular period. Reid, the founder of the Edinburgh school, was deficient in the graces of manner, which belonged to his pupil, who is, therefore, on the whole, at present, and will probably long remain, among English authors, the most popular professor of moral science.

The praise of exhibiting, with taste and elegance, the results of a somewhat limited power of thinking, may perhaps appear, at first view, to be not very high; but when we look through the history of learning, and remark with what economy intellectual gifts of the highest order have been always imparted to our race, we shall not be disposed to consider it as too scanty. To strike out new and entirely original ideas on abstract subjects, implies an intense exercise of thought, which may almost be supposed to preclude the cultivation of the arts and graces that belong to manner. Nor is it, in fact, in the communication of these original thoughts, as they first present themselves, in their native simplicity, to the mind of the discoverer, that the graces of manner can be displayed to the greatest advantage. It is chiefly in the illustration, application, and developement of the great discoveries which enlarge the sphere of science, that we recognise the peculiar province of the powerful and elegant philosophical writer. Without possessing the vigor and persevering activity of mind required for actual invention, he is able, by his somewhat limited power, to comprehend the results of a higher one, and spread them out in pleasing forms before the eye of the common observer. And it often happens that in so doing he appropriates to himself a glory, which belongs much more properly to the inventor. In fact, the praise we allow to Stewart is the same which is usually given to the greatest philosophical writers of ancient and modern times. Aristotle, Xenophon, Plato, and Cicero built up their elegant productions in a great measure out of the materials supplied by the original mind of Socrates, who himself wrote nothing. Aristotle, the most powerful and original thinker among them, is also the one who excels least as a writer. He is dry, hard, and often obscure. He evidently neglected and despised the graces of style. It is true that Cicero, with the generous prodigality of praise, which he was always ready to extend to merit in others, as well as in himself, describes the writings of the Stagyrite as *a river of*

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flowing gold. But he probably intended to allude to the continued richness and solidity of the substance rather than to any supposed brilliancy or beauty of form, which they certainly do not possess. In Xenophon, Plato, and himself, the power of original thought is evidently secondary to that of language. By comparing the works of the two former, and even by mere internal evidence, we can easily perceive where Plato follows in the track of his master, and where he strikes out a new one for himself. In the former case he is natural, simple, powerful, and true; in the latter, very often feeble, visionary, and false: as, for instance, in the *Republic*, the most unnatural, incoherent, and even inhuman plan of a political society that was ever devised, and one which offers a singular contrast in every line with the good sense, sagacity, and gentleness of Socrates, the Franklin of the ancient world. Cicero never fails in this way because he makes no pretensions to the invention of an original system. He brings into view, in his charming dialogues, a group of sages and statesmen, appertaining respectively to the different prevailing sects of philosophy, and makes them detail in turn their peculiar views, always in his own graceful and splendid diction, which is in fact the river of flowing gold, that he has so incorrectly, if we suppose him to allude to style, described that of Aristotle to be;—exhibits a leaning to one side or the other, but seldom or never starts any new theories of his own. Such, in substance, although his works want the dramatic form, and are in other respects less highly colored and poetical, is the manner of Stewart. He also generally gives us, upon every important topic which he treats, an exposition, in his lucid and brilliant language, of the opinions of the principal writers; weighs the arguments in favor of their respective theories; inclines perhaps to one or the other, but generally leaves it to the reader to decide, and rarely, if ever, adds an entirely original suggestion. In giving this description of the character of his genius, it is by no means our intention to depreciate the value of his works. We have, on the contrary, expressly classed him with some of the most illustrious names in the history of learning. We have said that he breathes the same inspiration with the divine Plato, and that his academic gown was of like texture with the 'radiant robes of immortal Tully.' This is praise enough to satisfy any moderate and well-regulated ambition. Nor, although we think, as we have said, that in him and them the powers of

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imagination and expression predominate over that of close and vigorous thought,—that they were, in a word, poets rather than philosophers,—do we intend to intimate that the faculty of thought was wholly wanting, or present in their minds in a very low degree. To comprehend, enter into, appropriate and refine upon the inventions of creative genius, implies an intellectual power second only to that of creative genius itself; and when this is combined with a faculty of happy and luminous expression, it forms the combination of talents which is best fitted to produce effect upon the public mind, and procure for its possessor every sort of compensation and distinction, excepting perhaps the barren laurel of remote and posthumous glory,

> —— 'that fancied life in others' breath,
> The estate that wits inherit after death.'

The distinguishing characteristics of the talent and manner of Stewart being thus, as we have described them, of a nature to give his works a great popularity, and to enable him to exercise an extensive influence upon public opinion, it is not less fortunate for the world, than creditable to himself, that they are inspired throughout by the purest and most amiable moral feelings. We are acquainted with no philosophical writings in any language which leave upon the mind a happier impression. The principles which he sets forth upon the most important points in the theory of ethics are, in our opinion, far from being in all cases true, as we shall presently have occasion to show; but the tone of sentiment is uniformly pure; and as it is this which determines the general effect of the whole upon the opinions and feelings of the mass of readers, it follows of course that this effect is uniformly good. This amiable writer has in fact breathed into all his works the kind, gentle, social, and benevolent spirit by which he was himself animated. He not only teaches us to believe in virtue, but brings the celestial vision before us in full loveliness and beauty, so as to engage our affections in her favor. He adopts and defends all the liberal and philanthropic notions that have ever been advanced by the lovers of mankind, while he avoids at the same time the excesses by which injudicious partisans have so often brought, and are still bringing, the best of causes into contempt and ridicule. He is pious without fanaticism,—cheerful and benevolent without an approach to licentiousness. He is devotedly attached to liberty without deeming it neces-

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sary to renounce his respect for social order and good government. He believes in the practicability of improvement without indulging in the idle dream of an earthly millennium. It had happened by a sort of fatality that almost all the works on moral philosophy, at least in modern times, which were written in an agreeable and attractive style, had inculcated principles not only false in themselves, but completely subversive of the good order of society. Helvetius, and the other French sophists of the eighteenth century, had presented their detestable doctrines in the dress of the sweetest and most seductive language, and had introduced it by this means into the brilliant saloons of fashion and even the boudoirs of the ladies. Hume, in like manner, had disguised his still more fatal, because more subtle poison, under one of the most chaste, correct, and elegant forms, that the English language has ever assumed. Even Darwin, and the other writers of the British materialist school of *vibrations* and *vibratiuncles*, the most pitiful and contemptible, perhaps, that has yet appeared in the philosophical world, tricked themselves out in a gaudy and fantastic sort of masquerade habit, which was singularly enough mistaken at the time for something highly graceful and attractive. Paley, a dignitary of the church, had lent the charm of a lucid and pleasing exposition, as well as the authority of his calling and the cloak of religion, to a system of absolute selfishness. In the meantime, the better opinions, if advanced at all, had been maintained, in a dry and heartless manner, in treatises for the most part devoid alike of depth and elegance. Under these circumstances we regard it as a singularly fortunate thing that a writer should have appeared, who, adopting a system of intellectual and moral philosophy in the main judicious, free from danger even in its errors, and inspired by a uniformly pure, amiable, and elevated moral feeling, should have been able at the same time to interest the world and give his notions a general popularity by the beauty of his language. The works of such a writer were absolutely necessary to prepare the way for that complete reformation of the theory of moral science which is so much needed. They want, it is true, the strong originality of thought, the rigorous correctness of reasoning, the nervous precision of language, which would be required for effecting this great object, but they possess the qualities that were proper for bringing about a favorable change in the state of public sentiment on these momentous subjects. They

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are like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. They prepare the way for the coming of a still greater teacher, and collect an audience previously well disposed to listen to and profit by his instructions. At the same time, by creating a general interest in favor of the science and thus leading many persons to study it with correct prepossessions, they tend to produce the reformer whose success they prepare and facilitate. Such are the great services which the writings of Stewart have rendered and are rendering to the cause of truth and virtue. They are sufficient to entitle him forever to the respect and gratitude of all good men.

We shall probably be favored at no distant period with a collection of the works of Stewart accompanied by a full biography, which will afford us a more suitable occasion for entering into a general examination of his literary and philosophical character. We shall confine ourselves chiefly at present to an analysis of the work immediately before us; but it may not be an improper introduction to the remarks we shall offer on that subject to notice very briefly the author's preceding publications.

Mr. Stewart's original intention, in coming before the world as a writer, appears to have been to publish successively complete treatises on Metaphysics, or, as he preferred to say, the Philosophy of the Mind, on Ethics and on Politics, founded probably on the courses of lectures, which, in his capacity of professor, he delivered to his pupils upon these subjects. This intention is announced in the preface to the first volume of the Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind; but seems to have been completely executed only in reference to that particular branch. The notes, which formed the text-book of the ethical course, were published as early as the year 1793, under the title of *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, but without much developement; and the work now before us, which is another edition of the same matter in a more enlarged form, appears nevertheless to be the result of a less thorough and careful revision than that which had been given to the metaphysical course for the purpose of forming the Philosophy of the Mind. The lectures on Government have not appeared in any form, and if they come out at all, it can only be under the great disadvantages attending a posthumous publication. We regret this circumstance the more, because we think that since the appearance of the great work of Locke, standard treatises on ethics and on

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politics are much more wanted in our language than one on metaphysics. A volume of *Philosophical Essays*, and the *Dissertations on the History of Moral Philosophy*, prefixed to the volumes of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, complete the list of our author's publications. He is, therefore, one of the least voluminous, although he may perhaps be fairly regarded as, on the whole, the most eminent and valuable writer of his time. His example seems to corroborate the wholesome truth, already demonstrated by a hundred others, that a writer gains much more, even on the score of mere reputation, by maturing his works, than by hurrying constantly to press, in the vain expectation of securing the public attention by keeping his name forever in the newspapers.

The work on the Philosophy of the Mind is undoubtedly the most elaborate and finished of our author's productions—the one by which he has been hitherto best known, and which will probably contribute, more than any of, or all the rest, to his future reputation. It is much the most popular and elegant treatise on the subject in the English language, and has conveyed instruction and rational entertainment to whole classes of readers, who would never have thought of advancing beyond the first pages of Locke. When examined simply with reference to principles, and as an exposition of the theory of the science, it is doubtless far from being thorough or completely satisfactory. The Edinburgh school of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, of which Reid was the founder, and Stewart one of the principal ornaments, arose, as is well known, about the middle of the last century, in consequence of the reaction of public opinion against the sceptical systems, which had previously obtained a temporary vogue. In a late article on Intellectual Philosophy we briefly stated the leading principles of this school, as well as those of the Transcendental, or Critical Philosophy, which grew up in Germany, under the operation of the same causes, at about the same time. The great object of the founders and partisans of both was to refute the arguments by which the sceptics, reasoning on the principles of Locke, attacked the commonly received opinions in religion and morals; and the method of defence, which they adopted, was the one that is called, in the common-law forms of pleading, a confession and justification. They admitted the correctness of the reasoning of the sceptics, but undertook to show, on other grounds, that the conclusions they drew from it

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could not be true. They gave up Locke to his adversaries, in the persuasion that they had found better arguments than his, in favor of the principles which he and they alike desired to support. The Scotch, by an appeal to common sense, and the Germans, by what they considered a more profound analysis of the intellect, conceived that they had given to the great and salutary truths of religion a much higher degree of certainty than they could derive from the doctrines of the Essay on the Human Understanding. We have already stated in a concise way on the occasion just alluded to, our opinion of the value of these discoveries in metaphysics, and it is not our present purpose to enter more fully into the discussion. We are for ourselves, as we then remarked, fully satisfied with those parts of the theory of Locke, which the Scotch and Germans thought it necessary to abandon; and we do not conceive that they lead to the irreligious and immoral conclusions which the sceptics drew from them. We are also of opinion that the ground taken by the partisans of the new schools was not in either case tenable; and confining ourselves for the present entirely to the Scotch, that an appeal to common sense in proof of any abstract principle, instead of serving as a foundation for a new philosophical system, is a tacit admission that philosophy is at fault. It is only saying in a rather more formal way, that although beaten in the argument, we are convinced against our will, and remain of the same opinion.

Considered as an attempt to reconstruct the whole edifice on a new and more solid basis than that of Locke, the Scotch Philosophy, including that of Stewart, must undoubtedly be regarded as a failure. The value of the writings of our author is not, however, so much affected by the essential vice in the reasoning of his master, as might have been expected. A very small portion of his works is devoted to the examination of leading principles, his main object being to explain and illustrate the operations of the several intellectual powers. The reality of these is admitted by all, however different may be their theories respecting the nature of the mind, and the origin of knowledge; nor is there much dispute about the modes of their operation, as far as this can be ascertained at all and lies within the scope of human knowledge. In treating this subject, it was therefore only necessary to state facts that were generally known, or open to an easy and familiar observation, in a perspicuous and agreeable way; and a task of this kind was

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very well suited to the character of Stewart, who possessed in a high degree the talent of easy exposition and happy illustration. This work presents accordingly a distinctly-drawn and highly-colored picture of the region of intellect, adorned and diversified throughout with embellishments borrowed from the kindred domains of taste and moral philosophy. It is in fact the great charm of these productions, that they are not a mere dry developement of abstract principles, but free, flowing, learned, and elegant discourses on the facts and feelings, that make up the curious tissue of many-colored life.

Of the two volumes, the former is, we think, by far the most interesting, and we consider it in fact as the only one of his works, with the exception of the Philosophical Essays, which exhibits the author's talent in all its freshness and activity. Twenty years elapsed between the publication of the two volumes of the Philosophy of the Mind, and it is not unnatural to suppose that during this long period, and at the advanced age which he had attained before he began to publish, his faculties should have lost something of their elasticity. The trains of thought that occupy the first volume, are also those on which he most delighted to dwell, and which he was best fitted to follow out, and illustrate. After hurrying somewhat rapidly over the chapter on Perception, and the dark and deep problem of the origin of knowledge, which he hardly professes to have probed to the bottom, and in regard to which the philosophy of his school, as we have just had occasion to remark, is essentially defective and erroneous, he soon arrives in the flowery regions of Imagination and Memory, where he finds himself entirely at home, and evidently wantons in the full consciousness of the power of communicating pleasure as well as instruction. Illustrations poetical, historical, and philosophical, crowd from under his pen, and spread themselves out over his pages, with a fullness and brilliancy, that form a singular contrast to the simple conciseness of the earlier chapters. The second volume, which is wholly occupied by an examination of the faculty of *Judgment* or *Reason*, brings him back again to the colder regions of abstract elementary principles; and here, as if on purpose to heighten the natural dryness of his subject, he has drawn his illustrations principally from the still more abstract science of pure mathematics, with which he seems to be rather fond of showing his acquaintance. It was his original intention, as expressed in the preface to the first volume, to com-

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press the remarks on the faculty of Judgment into a few chapters; and we rather regret that he did not complete the work on this plan. In treating this branch of the subject, the essential defects of the Scotch philosophy are necessarily brought into view, and the more it is dwelt upon, the more obvious and visible do they become. The author no longer exhibits his former facility and freedom, and seems to labor under a feeling that there is some defect in his theory, without knowing exactly what it is, or where to find a remedy for it. He moves on from chapter to chapter, and from topic to topic, with a slow and embarrassed march, without appearing to have at any time a perfectly distinct notion of the principles he wishes to establish, and of course without imparting to the mind of the reader the conviction which he does not himself feel. We miss at once the easy lightness of style, which belonged to the other volume, and the masculine firmness and vigor of thought, which should have been the characteristics of this. In the hope of giving to his theories the precision which he seems to feel that they want, he is fond—as we remarked above—of recurring to illustrations drawn from pure mathematics. He probably entertained an indistinct notion, which has served as the basis to many extensive treatises on moral philosophy, that by applying to moral truths the language and form of mathematical demonstrations, he could give them the same sort of certainty which belongs to that science. This was the theory of Wolff, Doddridge, and various other well-meaning writers. Hutcheson has undertaken to express under the form of algebraic equations, the various degrees of moral value, that belong to different actions according to the various motives and circumstances under which they are performed. The principle is obviously completely visionary in the abstract, and when applied to practice leads to incongruities that border on the ludicrous. Stewart has by no means adopted it to any thing like the same extent as the writers to whom we have just alluded; and has even noticed with just disapprobation this feature in their works. When he appeals to mathematics, it is merely for the purpose of illustration, but still, as it seems, with a persuasion that he was giving his principles a sort of mathematical certainty. The error is the same with that of Wolff and Hutcheson in a milder form. Considered as mere illustrations, mathematical forms and methods are plainly the last that should be employed to relieve the dryness of purely abstract

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moral reasoning, since they can only increase the very evil they were intended to remedy. On the whole, although particular passages of the second volume may be read with great pleasure and instruction, the general impression which it leaves upon the mind is confused and incomplete. The author repeatedly refers us to his own future publications for further explanations on some of the most interesting topics that come up in the course of the inquiry; and when we lay aside the volume, we do it with a feeling that we have received a good many valuable hints, but that we must inquire more of the author himself, and of others, before we can have a settled opinion upon the subject he has undertaken to treat. In the preface to the second volume, he speaks of a third, which he intended to publish, and of which the materials were then in a great measure prepared. The principal subjects allotted to it are, as he himself states—*Language*—*Imitation*—the *Varieties of Intellectual Character*, and the *Faculties by which Men are distinguished from the Lower Animals*. This volume was to have completed the work. Of these materials none, as far as we are informed, have yet been published; but we venture to hope, that they will not be lost to the world. The subjects are of the class which Stewart was able to treat with the greatest advantage and success, and he would have had opportunity in discussing them to exhibit the same fertility of fancy and elegance of language, that distinguish his first productions. We trust that the essays in question, if at all in a finished state —as they apparently must be—will be published by the friends of the author in the collection of his posthumous writings.

The *Philosophical Essays* and the *Dissertations on the History of Philosophy*, are among the most agreeable and valuable of our author's writings. It would carry us too far from our immediate object to pretend to comment upon the various subjects, which are rapidly touched upon in these works. It is much to be regretted that Stewart did not live to complete the plan of the Dissertations. Without, perhaps, fully realising the idea of a perfect History of Philosophy, they might, in that case, have justly been considered as the most remarkable essay towards a work of this kind, to be found in any language. The learning, displayed by our author in these Dissertations and in his other writings, is extensive, and as far as it goes, uniformly thorough and exact. He is familiar in particular with classical and French literature. He attaches, we

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think, rather too much importance to some continental writers of an inferior order, such as Buffier and Boscovich, who, judging from the effect of their works, can have had little or no real power, since they have made little or no impression on the feelings or opinions of the world. They were monks, who wrote in monkish Latin to beguile the tedium of the cloisters, and their fame has not yet extended, and probably never will extend much farther. The most remarkable deficiency in the erudition of Stewart is the want of an acquaintance with the language and philosophy of Germany. Germany is the country in which metaphysical and moral philosophy have been cultivated within the last half century with the greatest assiduity. The whole mass of ancient and modern learning connected with these subjects has there been explored, drawn out from its hiding-places in dusty libraries, and worm-eaten manuscripts, brought into view, examined, criticised, appreciated and employed. New systems and theories have been struck out, received with enthusiasm, controverted, established or abandoned, as the current of opinion happened to set. In short, there has been among the Germans a remarkably active movement in the cultivation of this branch of science: and if the success of their labors have not fully corresponded in the last result to the extent and vigor of their exertions, it is still highly important—we may say, absolutely necessary—for students in the same science in other parts of the world, and especially for the historian of philosophy, to know exactly the amount and value of what they have done. Mr. Stewart, from his want of acquaintance with the German language, in which almost all the works that have appeared within the period alluded to, are written, had no means of gaining information on the subject excepting from obscure and imperfect Latin translations of a few leading writers, and some other sources of a purely secondary and subsidiary class. He looks for example to Madame de Staël's *Allemagne* as an authority. The want of familiarity with the German philosophy was in his case the more to be regretted, inasmuch as that doctrine is founded substantially on the same principles with the one professed by himself, and may be viewed as another exposition of the same common creed. In Germany, however, the common creed has been expounded, illustrated, and pursued into its consequences, real or supposed, to a much greater extent than in Scotland, so that a disciple of Reid, when he

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studies the philosophy of Germany, is examining his own principles, as it were through a magnifying glass, and, of course, with great advantages for rectifying his views upon every point connected with the subject. It is easy to perceive in the works of some of the contemporary French philosophers—particularly Cousin—the great advantages resulting from a diligent cultivation of German literature. But while we indicate this deficiency in the learning of Stewart, it is not our intention to impute much blame to him for it. He was already advanced in life, and involved in urgent engagements, when the philosophy of the Germans first began to attract notice in other parts of Europe. It was, probably, impossible for him, under these circumstances, to dispose of the time and labor that would have been required for a thorough investigation of the subject, and he was obliged to content himself with such imperfect notions of it as he could obtain in a different way. The result has been a distaste for, and perhaps a partially unjust appreciation of the Germans, together with a less thorough understanding of the real character of the principles of his own school, than he would probably have had if he had probed theirs to the bottom.

It is time, however, to come to the work more immediately before us. This is entitled *The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*, and is, of course, nothing less in purpose and design than a complete treatise on the great subject of *Ethical Science*. A standard work of this description is undoubtedly one of the principal *desiderata* in the literature of our language and of modern Europe. The work of Paley, which, for want of a better, has obtained a pretty extensive circulation both in England and in this country, though respectable in form and manner, is an exposition of an essentially false and immoral system, and of course leaves the field entirely open for another written on correct principles. Few persons could be found better fitted than Stewart by the popularity of his style, and the warmth and benevolence of his feelings, to produce a work that should arrest the public attention; and supposing it to possess the substantial qualities necessary for that purpose, should be received as the text-book of the science. We regret to say, that the one before us, though valuable and instructive when considered as an essay, does not appear to us to be of a nature to supply the deficiency to which we have alluded. It contains no new princi-

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ples, nor is it sufficiently elaborate and complete to be viewed as a better statement of any theory that had been previously advanced by any other writer. The author hardly seems in fact to possess any settled ideas on the most important points in the science. In treating them, he appears to waver between different opinions, cites a variety of names and books, introduces many qualifications and conditions, and, finally, leaves it in a great measure uncertain what his own views are. The tone of feeling is so correct and amiable, and the style in general so attractive, that the work will be perused with great delight and profit by the general reader; but it will have, we think, little or no effect in fixing principles, or reforming the state of the science.

In the opening chapter of the work, the author states the distinction between the powers that belong to man on the one hand as an intellectual being, and on the other as an active and moral one; and then classes the latter, which form his immediate subject, under the two heads of *Instinctive* or *Animal* and *Rational* or *Governing* principles of action. To the former belong our *Appetites*, *Desires*, and *Affections;* to the latter, *Self-love*, and *the Moral Faculty*. The two first books are devoted respectively to the consideration of these two classes of powers or principles, under their respective sub-divisions. The *Animal* or *Instinctive* principles are treated somewhat less fully than the *Rational*—it being, as the author himself remarks, the principal object of the volume to illustrate the nature of the *Moral Faculty*. In the third book, he takes up his general subject under a new point of view, and proposes to consider our practical duties under the common division of those which have for their object respectively the Deity, our fellow-men and ourselves. In treating the first of these classes of duties, he enters on a demonstration of the existence of God, which is by far the most elaborate portion of the work, and is indeed the only one which is finished with much fulness and care. It is worthy of remark, however, that this discussion is wholly foreign to the subject on the system of Stewart, who attempts to establish the theory of morals—as we shall presently show—on grounds entirely independent of religion. This inquiry occupies the whole of the third book. In the fourth, the author treats of the duties we owe to our fellow-creatures and ourselves, and finally, in the fifth and last he enters, somewhat late in the day, as it seems to us, on the

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question of the nature of *Virtue*, which he discusses in a few short chapters, or rather sentences, forming, in our opinion, by far the most unsatisfactory part of the work. The appendix contains, with one or two other less important tracts, a copious and elaborate, though not very powerful essay on the controverted question of the *Free Agency of Man*. Such is the general outline of the contents of the two volumes.

The phraseology employed by our author in the classification and arrangement of his materials, which is borrowed with variations from that of Reid, is not particularly happy. By the *Active Powers of Man*, he means the principles or elements of our nature, which determine our actions; but there seems to be a pretty obvious departure from the natural and ordinary use of words, when we call *Hunger*, for example, or *Friendship*, an *Active Power*. *Active Principles*, which the author occasionally employs as a synonymous expression, is a more correct one; but even in this there is a departure from the usual application of the epithet *active*. The arrangement of these principles into the five classes mentioned above, is admitted by our author himself to be of no great importance. 'If I had been disposed,' says he, in a note upon the first chapter, 'to examine this part of our constitution with all the minute accuracy of which it is susceptible, I should have preferred an arrangement different both from that which I have adopted, and from that proposed by Dr. Reid.' He then proceeds to give the heads of this other arrangement, by which the active principles of our nature are divided into the two classes of *Original* and *Acquired*, and the former of these again into the sub-divisions of *Animal* and *Rational*. Whether the phrase *Acquired Principles* be not inconsistent in its terms, and the thing intended by it impossible in nature, is a question, which we need not stop to discuss. The author concludes the note by remarking, that for any of the purposes, which he has in view, it is useless to attempt so comprehensive and detailed an examination of the subject as the one to which he has alluded, and that he shall confine himself to the general enumeration given in the work. It is plain, therefore, that he does not regard the latter as a perfect one. The most simple and obvious arrangement of the principles of our nature, considered as furnishing motives of conduct,—the point of view under which they are regarded in morals,—is into the two classes of *Selfish* and *Social Principles*, to which must be added,

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for those who believe in the reality of a distinct and separate power or sense, by which we recognise the moral qualities of actions, the *Moral Faculty.*

The *Appetites*, *Desires*, and *Affections*, which form the subject of the first book, are treated respectively under several sub-divisions, which are not, we think, made in every instance with remarkable correctness. Thus we find classed under the second head, as separate desires, the *Desire of Power*, and the *Desire of Superiority;* which, if not identical, border too nearly on each other to be regarded as distinct principles in our original constitution. It would be superfluous, however, to examine very minutely a classification, which the author himself admits to be loose and unsatisfactory to his own mind. The chapters on the affections are beautifully written, and are filled with generous and amiable sentiments. On *Love*, the most prominent and remarkable of the number, there is, however, no distinct essay. Our fair readers will be struck with consternation at such an omission, and will naturally inquire, with the Last Minstrel in the Lay of our author's illustrious countryman,

> How could he to the dearest theme,
> That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
> So foul, so false, so recreant prove?

Mr. Stewart would perhaps have replied, that the theme was better suited to minstrels than philosophers. He disports himself with freedom and apparent satisfaction in the cooler regions of *Friendship* and *Patriotism.* We extract the chapter on the former subject, as an agreeable specimen of his manner in this part of the work. In the few observations which he makes upon the character of the *Instinctive Principles* of our nature, considered as motives to action, he distinctly states, that he does not regard even the *Benevolent* affections as *Virtuous.* This opinion is in accordance with his general theory, which we shall examine hereafter. In the mean time, we cannot but express our wonder, that his own excellent feelings should not have secured him against an error, so repulsive in itself, and so plainly reprobated by the common sense of the world.

'Friendship, like all other benevolent affections, includes two things; an agreeable feeling, and a desire of happiness to its object.

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'Besides, however, the agreeable feelings common to all the exertions of benevolence, there are some peculiar to friendship. I before took notice of the pleasure we derive from communicating our thoughts and our feelings to others; but this communication, prudence and propriety restrain us from making to strangers; and hence the satisfaction we enjoy in the society of one, to whom we can communicate every circumstance in our situation, and can trust every secret of our heart.

'There is also a wonderful pleasure arising from the sympathy of our fellow-creatures with our joys and with our sorrows, nay, even with our tastes and our humors; but, in the ordinary commerce of the world, we are often disappointed in our expectation of this enjoyment; a disappointment which is peculiarly incident to men of genius and sensibility, superior to the common, who frequently feel themselves "alone in the midst of the crowd," and reduced to the necessity of accommodating their own temper, and their own feelings, to a standard borrowed from those whom they cannot help thinking undeserving of such a sacrifice.

'It is only in the society of a friend, that this sympathy is at all times to be found; and the pleasing reflection, that we have it in our power to command so exquisite a gratification, constitutes, perhaps, the principal charm of this connexion. "What we call affection," says Mr. Smith, "is nothing but a habitual sympathy." I will not go quite so far as to adopt this proposition in all its latitude, but I perfectly agree with this profound and amiable moralist in thinking, that the experience of this sympathy is the chief foundation of friendship, and one of the principal sources of the pleasures which it yields. Nor is it at all inconsistent with this observation to remark, that, where the groundwork of two characters in point of moral worth is the same, there is sometimes a contrast in the secondary qualities of taste, of intellectual accomplishments, and even of animal spirits, which, instead of presenting obstacles to friendship, has a tendency to bind more strongly the knot of mutual attachment between the parties. Two very interesting and memorable examples of this, may be found in Cuvier's account of the friendship between Buffon and Daubenton, and in Playfair's account of the friendship between Black and Hutton.

'I do not mean here to enter into the consideration of the various topics relating to friendship, which are commonly discussed by writers on that subject. *Most* of these, indeed, I may say *all* of them, are beautifully illustrated by Cicero in the Treatise *de Amicitia*, in which he has presented us with a summary of all that was most valuable on this article of ethics in the writings of preceding philosophers; and so comprehensive is the

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view of it which he has taken, that the modern authors who have treated of it, have done little more than to repeat his observations.

'One question concerning friendship much agitated in the ancient schools was, "whether this connexion can subsist in its full perfection between more than two persons?" And I believe that it was the common decision of antiquity that it *cannot*. For my own part, I can see no foundation for this limitation, and I own, it seems to me to have been suggested more by the dreams of romance, or the fables of ancient mythology, than by good sense, or an accurate knowledge of mankind. The passion of love between the sexes is indeed of an exclusive nature; and the jealousy of the one party is roused the moment a suspicion arises that the attachment of the other is in any degree divided; and by the way, this circumstance, which I think is strongly characteristical of that connexion, deserves to be added to the various other considerations which show that monogamy has a foundation in human nature. But the feelings of friendship are perfectly of a different sort. If our friend is a man of discernment, we rejoice at every new acquisition he makes, as it affords us an opportunity of adding to our own list of worthy and amiable individuals, and we eagerly concur with him in promoting the interests of those who are dear to his heart. When we, ourselves, on the other hand, have made a new discovery of worth and genius, how do we long to impart the same satisfaction to a friend, and to be instrumental in bringing together the various respectable and worthy men whom the accidents of life have thrown in our way!

'I acknowledge, at the same time, that the number of our attached and confidential friends cannot be great, otherwise our attention would be too much distracted by the multiplicity of its objects, and the views, for which this affection of the mind was probably implanted, would be frustrated by its engaging us in exertions beyond the extent of our limited abilities; and, accordingly, nature has made a provision for preventing this inconvenience, by rendering friendship the fruit only of long and intimate acquaintance. It is strengthened not only by the acquaintance, which the parties have with each other's personal qualities, but with their histories, situations, and connexions from infancy; and every particular of this sort which falls under their mutual knowledge forms to the fancy an additional relation, by which they are united. Men, who have a very wide circle of friends without much discrimination or preference, are justly suspected of being incapable of genuine friendship, and indeed are generally men of cold and selfish character, who are influenced chiefly by a cool and systematical regard to their own

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comfort, and who value the social intercourse of life only as it is subservient to their accommodation and amusement.

'That the affection of friendship includes a desire of happiness to the beloved object, it is unnecessary to observe. There is, however, a certain limitation of the remark, which occurs among the maxims of La Rochefoucault, and which has been often repeated since by misanthropical moralists, "that, in the distresses of our best friends, there is always something, which does not displease us." It may be proper to consider in what sense this is to be understood, and how far it has a foundation in truth. It is expressed in somewhat equivocal terms; and I suspect, owes much of its plausibility to this very circumstance.

'From the triumphant air with which the maxim in question has been generally quoted by the calumniators of human nature, it has evidently been supposed by them to imply, that the misfortunes of our best friends give us more pleasure than pain. But this La Rochefoucault has not said, nor indeed could a proposition so obviously false and extravagant have escaped the pen of so acute a writer. What La Rochefoucault has said, amounts only to this, that, in the distresses of our best friends, the pain we feel is not altogether unmixed;—a proposition unquestionably true, whenever we have an opportunity of soothing their sorrows by the consolations of sympathy, or of evincing, by more substantial services, the sincerity and strength of our attachment. But the pleasure we experience in such cases, so far from indicating any thing selfish or malevolent in the heart, originates in principles of a directly opposite description, and will be always most pure and exquisite in the most disinterested and generous characters. The maxim, indeed, when thus interpreted, is not less true when applied to our own distresses than to those of our friends. In the bitterest cup that may fall to the lot of either there are always mingled some cordial drops,—in the misfortunes of others, the consolation of *administering* relief,—in our own, that of *receiving* it from the sympathy of those we love.

'Whether La Rochefoucault, in the satirical humor, which dictated the greater part of his maxims, did not wish, in the present instance, to convey by his words a little more than *meets the ear*, I do not presume to determine.'

The *Rational* or *Governing Principles* of our nature, which form the subject of the second book, are, in the system of Mr. Stewart, *Self-love* and the *Moral Faculty*. The former is despatched somewhat hastily in a single chapter, while the latter is treated more at large in the rest of the book. In considering the nature of *Self-love*, Mr. Stewart distinguishes it

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from the instinctive principles, which have for their object the gratification of the senses, and describes it as a rational principle, which looks to the general well-being or happiness of the individual. The name *Self-love*, which has been given to this principle, is, as Mr. Stewart justly remarks, 'exceptionable, because it suggests an analogy, where there is none in fact, between that regard, which every rational being must necessarily have for his own happiness, and those benevolent affections which attach us to our fellow creatures.' *Love* is in fact an essentially *social* feeling, and the phrase *Self-love* is of course contradictory in terms. This is, however, a mere question of words. It is of more importance to remark, that the reality of any such distinct principle, as the author here designates under the name of *Self-love*, is perhaps extremely doubtful. It is, as he explains it, a *desire of happiness*. Now happiness is the state of general well-being, which results from the healthy exercise of all our natural powers and faculties. But we are led to the exercise of these powers and faculties by a variety of principles, some selfish and some social; all of which have for their immediate object, not the general result, happiness—but the attainment of some particular good, either for ourselves or others. Experience teaches us that our own happiness is promoted by seeking that of others; but we also find that this effect is not produced unless we seek the good of others from benevolent feeling, and without reference to any selfish motive. This fact is remarked by Mr. Stewart himself.

'The man,' says he, 'who is most successful in the pursuit of happiness is not he who proposes it to himself as the great object of his pursuit. To do so, and to be continually occupied with schemes on the subject, would fill the mind with anxious conjectures about futurity, and with perplexing calculations of the various chances of good and evil; whereas the man, whose ruling principle of action is a sense of duty, conducts himself in the business of life with boldness, consistency, and dignity, and finds himself rewarded with that happiness, which so often eludes the pursuit of those who exert every faculty of the mind in order to attain it.'

If then we had within us an instinctive desire of happiness, which is, as we have seen, an indirect result of the exercise of our social as well as selfish feelings, this desire would defeat its own purpose; since, as far as we acted in obedience to it,

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we should deprive ourselves of the principal element of happiness, which consists in the exercise of disinterested benevolence. The supposition of a natural desire of happiness is, therefore, the supposition of a desire prompting to us a line of conduct, which prevents the attainment of the object by which this desire is to be gratified, and is obviously absurd. Happiness, instead of being, as the poet describes it, the 'end and aim of our existence,' is the indirect result of a conduct directed by higher views, and pursued without reference, and often in apparent or temporary opposition to our own immediate interest. All the active principles of our nature, when properly directed, concur in producing it; and these, as we have remarked, may be classed under the two heads of *selfish* and *social principles;* but if it were necessary to decide which of these tend most effectually in their exercise to promote happiness, the preference should undoubtedly be given to those of the latter class. The gratification of those desires, which end in self, is attended with temporary pleasure, but as respects our general and permanent well-being its effect is almost wholly negative. This depends in a great measure, if not entirely, on the exercise of social and benevolent affections—youthful love—conjugal, parental, and filial tenderness—charity, friendship, patriotism, and the expansive philanthropy that embraces the fortunes of the whole human race. The merely selfish pleasures are brief and transitory, followed by disgust, and accompanied by a secret shame: but these noble and amiable sentiments fill the soul with conscious satisfaction, and diffuse a cheerful and sunny light over the course of our existence.

Of the two *Rational* and *Governing* principles supposed by our author, the reality of the former, which he calls *Self-love*, is therefore extremely questionable. The other which he denominates the *Moral Faculty*, is treated at much greater length, and is evidently regarded as of far more importance. Mr. Stewart indeed, expressly states—as we have already remarked—that it is the principal object of the work to explain and illustrate the nature of this faculty. We propose to examine with some attention the view which he has taken of the subject, and shall perhaps in the sequel find reason to question the reality of this, as well as of the other principle, if considered as a distinct and independent part of our nature, and to conclude that the *Moral Faculty*, as far as it has any actual existence, is little more than another name for the same social and benevo-

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lent affections, which we have just described as the chief sources of happiness, and which we also believe to be the most important elements of virtue.

In treating this part of his subject, Mr. Stewart observes the following method. He first examines and refutes the selfish system, which denies the reality of moral distinctions, and represents self-love as the only principle of action. In opposition to this theory, he establishes the doctrine that we have within us a principle or faculty of some kind, which distinguishes actions, without any reference to their operation upon ourselves, accordingly as they possess or want certain qualities, which we call *Moral*. What then is the nature of this principle, and of the quality in actions which corresponds with it, and brings it into exercise? After examining successively the opinions which refer the perception of moral qualities to the understanding, and to a distinct power called a *Moral Sense*, Mr. Stewart concludes that both these theories are true, and that we recognize moral distinctions at the same time by the understanding and the heart. On this supposition, it would appear more natural to speak of our *Moral Faculties*, than to use the term, as our author constantly does, in the singular number. What then is the nature of this distinction? or in other words, what is the precise meaning conveyed by the expressions *Right* and *Wrong*? Of this, says Mr. Stewart, we can give no account. The ideas we attach to these terms are simple and wholly unsusceptible of definition or explanation. We can only say of them, that the qualities they respectively indicate are approved and disapproved by our moral faculties. Lastly, what is the source of the obligation which we suppose ourselves to be under, to do what is right and abstain from what is wrong? In answering this question, our author rejects in succession the theories, which place the foundation of moral obligation in the will of God, and in the utility of virtue; and concludes in the end that it is absurd to ask the question, why we are bound to do right, since the idea of obligation is implied in that of virtue; that is, according to his definition, in the idea of an action, which is the subject of the approbation of conscience. Such is a brief sketch of the leading points of the theory of Mr. Stewart on this important topic. We proceed to offer some remarks upon each of its principal divisions.

I. That pleasure is the only good, the attainment of pleasure the only natural motive to action, and the tendency to give

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pleasure the only distinguishing characteristic of the actions we call *virtuous*, are the leading principles of a creed in philosophy, which in all ages and nations has been practised upon to a very considerable extent by a portion of society, and has been at times professed as a theory, and received with a pretty general favor. These principles formed the basis of the system of Epicurus, which in the decline of the Roman Empire became the dominant opinion throughout the civilized world. The doctrine was revived in France by Gassendi, about two hundred years ago, and gaining ground very rapidly, became in the following century the prevalent belief of the higher classes in that country, from which it spread itself over the other parts of Europe until it assumed once more the imposing shape of the dominant opinion of the age. Its practical results were soon exhibited in the tremendous political revolutions which convulsed the world at the close of the eighteenth century. A vigorous offset from this tree of poison was planted in England, and for a time shot up and flourished with a good deal of luxuriance. The doctrine acquired indeed at that time and maintains up to the present day, a pretty strong hold on the public sentiment of the mother country, and is perhaps at this moment under some of its different modifications, the one most generally received by inquiring and thinking men. Whatever may be its merits or defects it has obviously no pretensions to novelty; and it is therefore not a little singular that it should have been announced in our own day, with great pomp and circumstance as a *new discovery*. The *Utilitarian* system is plainly nothing more than a new proclamation, with perhaps some slight variations in form, of the old Epicurean philosophy, which was always popular in England; which had been professed with a kind of fanaticism, and pushed to extravagance in France within half a century preceding; and which had been familiarly known for at least two thousand years, as one of the two leading opinions that had always divided the philosophic world. Mr. Bentham does not seem to be aware of any of these facts, and on the strength of having republished this ancient and venerable heresy under the barbarous title of the GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE, very honestly believes himself to be the Newton of *Moral Science*. It is really a singular thing, that at a time when Paley was still in all the freshness of his popularity, any person of sound mind—we have, it is true, some doubts whether the Philosopher of

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Queen Square can be fairly ranked in that category—should think of promulgating the *Utilitarian* theory as a brilliant novelty, and should even obtain followers enough to give him the appearance of being the founder of a school.

The leading argument in favor of this system, results from the fact that virtue is on the whole productive of pleasure and advantage to the individual. Self-interest, therefore, should naturally lead to the practice of it, and this motive being sufficient to account for the effect, it is unphilosophical to suppose the existence of any other. Hence utility or the tendency to give pleasure is the essence of virtue, and self-interest, that is, the love of pleasure, the only principle of action.

The objection to the system lies in the not less certain facts that we estimate the moral value of actions not according to their results, but according to the motives of the agents, that we are conscious of acting in many cases upon motives entirely foreign to any regard to our own pleasure or interest, and that actions which we should under other circumstances pronounce to be virtuous, lose their character and cease to be so, if we find that they were performed from selfish motives. Thus if I relieve a mendicant in the street, from a sentiment of charity, the action is virtuous; but if I do it in such a way as to be 'seen of men,' and for that purpose, it is not only not virtuous, but actually vicious. On the *Utilitarian* scheme, the action ought in the latter case to be still more virtuous, than in the former, because it produces the same generally useful effects as before, with the additional advantage of promoting to a still greater extent the personal interest of the agent. Utility then, although it may be the result, is not the principle of virtue; and self-interest, although in many cases a justifiable and virtuous motive of action, is by no means the only one.

These facts are not denied by the partisans of the selfish system, and the awkwardness of their attempts to account for them consistently with it, is a strong subsidiary argument against its truth. The feebleness of their reasoning on this head is particularly apparent in the case of Paley, one of the most intelligent, zealous, and popular professors of the system. Paley was a person of great directness and sincerity, conscious of the general purity of his intentions, and of a real respect for religion and morality. With this confidence in the uprightness of his own views, he felt no scruple about following his theories wherever they carried him. The only wonder is,

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that his conclusions should not have had upon his own sound and clear understanding the effect, which they must have, we think, upon that of every intelligent reader, of a *reductio ad absurdum* of his leading principles, and brought him back to a different system. The statement to which we allude, and which is quoted by Mr. Stewart in the work before us, is as follows:

'There is always understood to be a difference between an *act of prudence* and an *act of duty*. Thus, if I distrusted a man who owed me a sum of money, I should reckon it an act of prudence to get another person bound with him, but I should hardly call it an act of duty. On the other hand, it would be thought a very unusual and loose kind of language to say, that as I had made such a promise, it was prudent to perform it; or that, as my friend when he went abroad, had placed a box of jewels in my hands, it was prudent in me to preserve it for him till he returned.

'Now in what, you will ask, does the difference consist, inasmuch as according to our account of the matter, both in the one case and in the other—in acts of duty as well as acts of prudence—we consider solely what we ourselves shall gain or lose by the act?

'The difference, and the only difference is, that in the one case we consider what we shall gain or lose in the present world, while in the other case, we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come.'

This is indeed, as Mr. Stewart justly remarks, a *curious passage*. It requires all the respect that we really feel for Paley, to induce us to believe that he was in earnest in writing it. It is of course unnecessary to refute such reasoning in a formal way, and it is almost superfluous to remark that an action is equally the result of calculation—that is, equally performed from selfish views—whether the advantages expected from it are to be enjoyed at one period or another. On this supposition, therefore, our actions would be all acts of prudence, so that the theory—besides being obviously inconsistent with experience—involves a denial of the very *difference* which it admits, and professes to account for.

A more popular, although not more plausible explanation of the problem, which Paley has here so unsuccessfully attempted to solve, is to be found in the theories of some other partizans of the selfish system, who undertake to account for our social feelings, the reality of which they also admit, by the effect

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of the *association* of ideas. The exercise of these feelings is attended with a sentiment of pleasure, and the actions which we perform under their influence, generally tend in the last result, to the promotion of our own advantage. Having learned these facts from experience, we gradually come to *associate* with the performance of such actions, the idea of the advantage which we shall ourselves derive from them; and although their immediate and apparent object be the welfare of others, we really perform them from selfish motives as truly as if our own profit or pleasure were directly concerned.

This theory is countenanced by Paley in other passages of his work. It is also the one adopted by the school of Bentham, and is developed at length in the late work of Mill on the *Philosophy of the Mind*. Like the one we have just been considering, it admits the reality of our social feelings, and like that, fails entirely in the attempts to account for them consistently with the truth of the selfish system. On this system, self-interest is the only natural motive to action, but we are nevertheless conscious of feelings which prompt us to seek the good of others. How then did we obtain these feelings, which are, it seems, originally no part of our constitution? We obtain them, says the *Utilitarian*, by the effect of association. Now it is easy to conceive, that habit and association may in some degree vary the direction or application of any natural sentiment or power; but it is quite clear that they cannot create a sentiment or power which we do not naturally possess. Habit may enable a man, for example, to employ his arms for the purpose of walking, and to go on all fours with some degree of facility. By long practice, he may qualify himself to dance upon a tight rope, or to tread the ceiling of a room with his head downwards, like a fly. But will habit give him an additional arm, or leg, or even finger? Will it so much as add another to the hairs of his head, which, as we are told in scripture, are all numbered? Will any variation in the usual motions and postures of his limbs enable him to wing his way through the air like a bird, or to inhabit the depths of the sea like a fish? These questions will hardly be answered by any reasonable person in the affirmative, and the attempt to account for our social feelings on the principle of association, involves absurdities of a precisely similar description. The social and selfish feelings are as completely distinct from each other as any two of our outward senses or

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internal faculties; and the supposition, that the existence of either is the result of an accidental modification of the natural action of the other, is just as philosophical and probable as it would be to suppose that hearing is a modification of touch, or sight the effect of an accidental variation in the direction of the sense of smell. In short, we cannot in any case attribute the slightest influence to the principle of association, without admitting, in the first place, the reality of the power of which the action is supposed to be augmented or modified by it; that is, in the present instance, the reality of our social feelings, and with it the falsehood of the selfish theory.

If the case were not too clear to require much argument, it might be added, that the early period of life at which our moral sentiments display themselves, is a sufficient proof that they are not the result of habit or experience. This fact is noticed by Paley, and he endeavors to account for it in regard to such of them as he cannot conveniently resolve into self-interest on the principle of *imitation*.

'There is nothing,' says he, 'which children imitate or apply more readily than expressions of affection or aversion; of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like; and when once these passions and expressions are connected—which they will soon be by the same association which unites words with their ideas—the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet. In a word, when almost every thing else is learned by *imitation*, can we wonder to find the same cause concerned in the generation of our moral sentiments?'

It seems, therefore, that each succeeding generation of men acquires its moral sentiments by imitating the actions of the preceding one. By the help of this theory we can go back with great facility to the first generation or the first pair. But how did they, who had no one to imitate, acquire their moral sentiments? Here the theory is plainly at fault. It is the old fable of the Indian Astronomer, who maintained that the earth reposed on the back of a large elephant, and the elephant on the shell of a gigantic tortoise. But what supports the tortoise? was naturally the next question. 'Oh!' replied the Hindu, 'that I do not know.'

It is truly painful and pitiful to see writers of instruction, intelligence, and apparently correct intentions, contenting themselves with sophistry of the grossest and most palpable kind

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for no better reason than because it affords them a pretext for denying the reality of the best and noblest qualities of our nature; of those qualities, without which—as Bacon justly and strikingly remarks—man is but a busy and wretched creature, no better than the vermin. If such were in fact our miserable and degraded condition, it would be natural and commendable to give way to any illusions which had a tendency to elevate our notions of the human character and destiny. I would rather, said the noble-minded Tully, be in the wrong with Plato than in the right with Epicurus. This sentiment will find a response in every generous heart. But admit for argument's sake, that it is more generous than philosophical; admit that we are bound as honest and fearless inquirers to follow truth wherever it may lead us, were it even

> Through bogs, fens, lakes, seas, rocks, and shoals of death,
> A universe of death——

admit, as Bonaparte said of his colonies, that our hopes and happiness must be sacrificed rather than a principle; we may still pertinently ask, why we should exert a perverse ingenuity, deny or torture facts, falsify consciousness, and put up with the flimsiest appearance of argument for the strange purpose of reducing ourselves to the level of the brutes. We may conceive that an individual, beset with strong temptation and abandoned by Providence, shall commit an act of forgery, which, if undiscovered, will convey to him a large amount of wealth. But who in his senses would forge a draft upon himself, the payment of which must bring him with all his friends and family to bankruptcy and ruin? This example is, nevertheless, a correct illustration of the conduct of the writers who maintain these degrading theories. If it were possible to give the system a coloring of probability, the actions of its supporters would undoubtedly be much more efficient for the purpose than their arguments.

In the above remarks, we have followed in the main the course of Mr. Stewart, who fully recognises the reality of moral distinctions, and establishes it in opposition to the partisans of the selfish system, upon the steadfast and immovable basis of CONSCIENCE, that is, a principle within us which approves and disapproves of actions according to their moral qualities, and often without any reference to their effect upon our own interest. His views are therefore substantially, and in

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their leading features correct; and the work that exhibits them, although not free from considerable errors, may be perused without danger, and must tend, on the whole, to strengthen the great cause of religion and virtue. After affirming and establishing the reality of *Conscience*, or the *Moral Faculty*, the author proceeds, in the farther development of his theory, to inquire into the nature of this principle, and of the quality in actions which corresponds with it and brings it into exercise. We shall briefly examine his opinions on these heads, which, though ingenious and ably supported, do not appear to us to be so entirely free from question, as those which we have just been examining. The extreme importance of the subject will, we hope, be received by our readers as an apology for what might otherwise appear a rather long discussion.

II. Supposing then the reality of *Conscience*, or a principle within us by which we recognise the moral qualities of actions, the question next presents itself—what is the nature of this principle or faculty? Is it the Understanding in the exercise of its ordinary powers, or the same Understanding in the exercise of some extraordinary power with which it is furnished by nature for this particular object? If not the Understanding, is it a feeling? and if so, is it one or more of our acknowledged affections, considered under a new point of view, or is it a distinct and separate sentiment, appropriated exclusively to this function, and having some analogy with our external senses?

These inquiries were not much agitated in the ancient schools, and have chiefly grown up since the revival of philosophy in modern Europe. They were treated for the first time with remarkable power and learning by Cudworth, in his works on *Immutable Morality* and the *Intellectual System*. Hobbes had asserted, that in the natural state of man—by which he meant a state anterior to the existence of government—there could be no such thing as moral distinctions, that these were wholly a matter of positive institution, and that there was no other reason for saying that it is right to pay a debt, or wrong to commit a murder, excepting that these actions are respectively conformable or opposed to the law of the land. These principles—monstrous as they appear, and in fact are—are necessarily implied in the selfish or *Utilitarian* theory under all its forms. It is obvious, that no man is bound to promote his own pleasure or interest, considered as such, any further than it may suit his own convenience so to do.

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Hence, if utility be the essence of virtue, and pleasure the only motive to action, there is in fact no obligation to do right, excepting such as results from the forms of positive law. The system, maintained under one of its worst aspects by a writer of extraordinary power and plausibility, excited of course a good deal of sensation. Cudworth, in refuting it, undertook to establish the principle, that moral distinctions are founded not in positive enactments, but in an original and immutable law of nature. This law in his theory is of so transcendant a character, that it is not only independent of social institutions but superior to the will and power of God himself. It seems to be, in his view of it, a sort of sublime and mysterious principle, resembling the FATE of the Grecian mythology, which controlled and over-mastered every thing else in the universe, even to the Father of the Gods himself. This extravagant idea, to which we shall presently give some attention, is adopted by Stewart. The principle by which we acquire our knowledge of moral distinctions is, according to Cudworth, the same by which we perceive truth, that is, the Understanding, to which he attributed the power of furnishing us with abstract notions entirely independent of any particular ones received through the senses. Of the nature of moral distinctions we can give no account. Our ideas of right and wrong are simple and undefinable. Every one knows what he means by these terms, but nobody can furnish any explanation of his meaning. This paradoxical notion is also admitted by Stewart, who is evidently a great admirer—on this subject we may say perhaps a disciple—of the learned, able, and high-minded, but not remarkably precise and clear-headed author of the *Intellectual System.*

The obvious correctness and salutary tendency of the principles of Cudworth, as far as they tended to place the foundation of morals above the sphere of positive law, together with the high degree of ability and learning displayed in his works, recommended them strongly to the public favor, and they were generally received by competent judges as a complete refutation of the doctrine of Hobbes, until the appearance of the Essay of Locke on the Human Understanding. The theory on the origin of ideas, which is maintained in that work, and which for a long time superseded every other in the public opinion, amounted to an indirect refutation of that of Cudworth upon the nature of moral distinctions. Cudworth

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held, as we have stated, that our notions of right and wrong, although abstract, were supplied directly by the Understanding, while it was the opinion of Locke, that the Understanding furnishes no ideas whatever of that description, and that all our abstract notions were only generalisations of particular ones, obtained by the senses, or by an internal observation of the operations of our own minds. For those who are satisfied with the reasoning of Locke on this subject—and we profess to be of that number—the theory of Cudworth as to the manner in which we acquire our knowledge of moral distinctions falls of itself. When, however, the alarming, and, as we conceive, unjustifiable deductions, which the sceptics of France and England drew from the principles of Locke, had created a re-action in the public mind, the modern schools of philosophy, which, as we have already remarked, grew up under the operation of it in Scotland and Germany, reverted on this head to the old opinion, and affirmed that the mind possesses the power of generating, or furnishing from its own resources, abstract ideas, wholly independent of any obtained through the senses. To this class belong, in their opinion, our notions of moral distinctions. Kant accordingly lays down the principle with perfect precision and dogmatical confidence. Stewart apparently wavers a little, but comes, on the whole, to the same conclusion. In some passages he expressly classes our notions of right and wrong with those of cause and effect, number, equality, and identity, which he regards as immediate products of the Understanding, acting independently of sensation or reflection. In others he asserts, 'that the origin of our ideas of right and wrong is manifestly the same with that of the other simple ideas already mentioned; but that whether it be referred to the understanding or not, seems to be a matter of mere arrangement, provided it be granted, that the words right and wrong express qualities of actions, and not merely a power, of exciting agreeable or disagreeable emotions in our minds.' The extreme looseness and inaccuracy of this language in a writer generally so correct as Stewart is somewhat remarkable. The power of exciting agreeable or disagreeable emotions in the mind is obviously as much a quality, as that of creating perceptions in the Understanding, so that the words *Right* and *Wrong* when used in either sense, express equally qualities of actions. The question, whether we ought to refer the perception of them to the Understanding or the

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heart, may be comparatively unimportant, but is, nevertheless, the one under consideration in this part of the work, and is obviously not answered by saying that it is a *matter of arrangement.* Mr. Stewart proceeds to remark, that the difference of opinion may, perhaps, be accounted for by the difference in the meanings which different writers attach to the term *Understanding*,—some regarding it as comprehending all our intellectual powers, and others confining it to that of argumentation and deduction. But here again his view of the subject is obviously an incorrect one. Whatever meaning we may attach to the term *Understanding*, it is equally impossible, on the theory of Locke, that this faculty can supply us with abstract ideas, and the difference between the usages of different writers in this respect, has, therefore, no effect whatever on the decision of the question at issue. It is plain, on the whole, that our author had not completely matured his opinions upon this part of the subject, but that he ranked himself among the followers of Cudworth, and professed to believe, that we obtain our notions of right and wrong immediately and directly by an original exercise of our intellectual power, entirely independent of any operation of the senses.

The incorrectness of this opinion is, as we remarked above, a necessary corollary from the theory of Locke, who has in fact employed a portion of his work in proving that we have no *Innate* or original *Moral Principles*, by which he means general ideas on the subject of moral distinctions. The plan of his Essay did not lead him to discuss, in great detail, the question how we acquire our ideas of these distinctions, and his doctrine was understood by some persons, particularly Lord Shaftesbury, as involving a denial of their reality, which it by no means does. It was perceived, however, by all to involve consequences affecting the probability of the previously prevailing opinions, and of course gave rise to new researches into the subject. One of the results of these was the theory of a *Moral Sense*, which was brought forward in a very plausible shape by Hutcheson in the early part of the last century. According to this writer, *Conscience*, or the internal principle by which we take cognisance of moral distinctions, is not the Understanding, but a distinct faculty, analogous to our external senses. The impressions we receive through the medium of this faculty are not perceptions, but emotions; and the intel-

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lectual powers have no concern whatever in the regulation of our own conduct, or the formation of our opinions upon that of others. This system, although, as must be obvious to the reader, it will hardly bear the test even of a distinct and naked statement of its leading principle, obtained, nevertheless, by virtue, probably, in part, of its apparently excellent practical tendency, great favor in England, and has been ever since its publication pretty generally adopted by those who are not partisans of the *Utilitarian* school. Mr. Stewart himself admits it so far as to allow that our perceptions of right and wrong are accompanied respectively by agreeable or disagreeable emotions.

'It appears to me,' says he, 'that the diversity of these systems has arisen in a great measure from the partial views, which different writers have taken of the same complicated subject; that these systems are by no means so exclusive of each other as has commonly been imagined, and that, in order to arrive at the truth, it is necessary for us, instead of attaching ourselves to any one, to avail ourselves of the lights that all have furnished. Our moral perceptions and emotions are in fact the result of different principles combined together. They involve a judgment of the understanding, and they involve also a feeling of the heart: and it is only by attending to both that we can form a just notion of our moral constitution. In confirmation of this remark it will be necessary for us to analyse particularly the state of our minds when we are spectators of any good or bad action performed by another person, or when we reflect on the actions performed by ourselves. On such occasions we are conscious of three different things.

'1. The perception of an action as right or wrong.

'2. The emotion of pleasure or pain varying in its degree according to the acuteness of our moral sensibility.

'3. A perception of the merit or demerit of the agent.'

On the theory of Hutcheson there is no such thing as a *Perception* of right and wrong, or merit and demerit, in the cognisance we take of moral distinctions, and the *Internal Sense*, by which we experience an agreeable or disagreeable emotion, is the only faculty brought into exercise on the occasion. This entire exclusion of the Understanding from any agency in the formation of our ideas on this subject is of itself, as we intimated above, a sufficient, though indirect objection to the theory. It is also liable to another of a more direct and peremptory kind. If we possessed a distinct internal sense through which we experienced agreeable or disagree-

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able emotions, according to the moral qualities of the actions under consideration, these emotions being excited by the same quality, however they might differ in degree, must always be of the same kind. We are certain, for example, that piety and prudence are duties as well as charity; and on this supposition the emotions excited in our minds by the performance of these several classes of duties would be exactly the same. As the impressions made upon the mind through the sense of hearing must necessarily all belong to the class of sounds, and through the sight to that of colors, so the impressions made through the moral sense, if we have one, though differing in intensity, must all be of a uniform character. Now it is generally conceded—and this, as we have already had occasion to state, is the principal argument against the selfish system—that the emotions excited by the performance of the different classes of duties are essentially various, not only in degree but in kind. We are all conscious that the feelings with which we contemplate an act of prudence, an act of charity, and an act of piety, are not the same. In the first instance, we experience a sentiment of quiet approbation; in the second, a glowing and delightful sympathy; in the last, a reverential awe. It is obvious that the theory, which attributes all these results to operations of one and the same sense, must be erroneous. We find accordingly that Hutcheson, in order to reconcile his system with fact, is obliged to deny the character of virtue to all actions excepting those which proceed from benevolent feeling. With him temperance, prudence, and piety are matters of indifference, and there is nothing worthy of moral approbation but charity. This error, though more agreeable, is not less evident than that of the partisans of the selfish system. Like them, in accounting for our moral sentiments, he throws out of view all but one of the three great classes of which they are composed. No system is, of course, admissible, which does not furnish a complete and equally satisfactory explanation of them all.

It appears, therefore, that the two opinions, which have prevailed most generally in modern times, among those persons, who admit the reality of moral distinctions, as to the nature of the faculty by which we acquire our knowledge of them, both of which are received in connexion by Stewart, although they have been before supposed to exclude each other, are both erroneous statements of the real facts in the case. The truth seems

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to be, that reason and feeling are both concerned in the cognisance we take of moral distinctions, not, however, by the exercise of any specific faculty belonging to either of these departments of our nature, but in the usual discharge of their regular and ordinary functions. The agreeable emotions connected with the performance of acts of duty are not the product of a separate moral sense, but comprehend all the different kinds of satisfaction which we derive respectively from the exercise of the selfish, social, and religious principles of our nature. These principles or inclinations lead us directly to the performance of the several sorts of actions, which correspond with them, not as acts of duty, but as acts in which we take a natural delight. When the Understanding comes to consider and classify these acts it recognises them as results of the relations which naturally connect us with God, our fellow-men, and the objects around us. These relations taken together compose what is called the *Law of Nature*, and our actions, when viewed as conformable to these relations, are described as *acts of duty*, performed in obedience to the *Law of Nature*, that is, in other words, to the *Will of God*.

III. The characteristic of Virtue, is, therefore, obedience to the Law of Nature, that is, the will of God; the distinction between *Right* and *Wrong* lies in conformity or nonconformity to this great rule. This, however, is not the theory of Stewart and Cudworth, who both affirm, that the nature of this distinction is wholly inexplicable. We all, according to them, know perfectly well what we mean by the terms *Right* and *Wrong*, but are nevertheless incapable of giving any explanation of them. Our notions of right and wrong are incapable of analysis. They are simple ideas or notions, of which the names do not admit of definition. 'We can define the words *Right* and *Wrong* only by synonymous words or phrases, or by the properties and necessary concomitants of what they denote. Thus we may say of the word *right*, that it expresses what we *ought to do*, what is *fair* and *honest*, what is *approvable*, what *every man professes to be the rule of his conduct*, what *all men praise*, and what is in itself *laudable*, *though no man praise it*. In such definitions and explanations, it is evident that we only substitute a synonymous expression instead of the word defined, or we characterise the quality, which the word denotes by some circumstance, connected with it or resulting from it, as a consequence; and, therefore, we may with con-

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fidence conclude, that the word in question expresses a simple idea.' 'The various duties which have been considered, all agree with each other in one common quality, that of being *obligatory* on rational and voluntary agents, and they are all enjoined by the same authority—the *authority of conscience.* These duties, therefore, are but different articles of *one law*, which is properly expressed by the word *virtue.*'

Thus, in the opinion of our author, we know nothing of the nature of the qualities of actions which we call *right*, or, in a word, of the nature of *virtue*, excepting that it is the subject of the approbation of the internal principle which we call *conscience.*

The modes of expression, employed by our author on this subject, are repugnant, we think, to the common sense and feeling of mankind. It is no doubt true, that in general, when we speak of the moral qualities of actions, we mean nothing more than that they awaken within us certain feelings of approbation or disapprobation, which, in the theory of our author, are the results of the action of certain specific faculties, but which we regard as the exercise of our ordinary natural sentiments and affections. These were given us by Providence, as guides to regulate our conduct, and with the mass of mankind, who have but little capacity for abstract reasoning, they are the only natural ones. But when we mean to employ a strict and scientific language, it appears extremely singular, to say that the Understanding has no share in the formation of our notions of moral qualities; and to maintain with Stewart and Cudworth, that the *Understanding* supplies us with ideas which we do not *understand*, is, in our judgment, nothing less than a contradiction in terms. We have stated above, that on our view of the subject the terms *Right* and *Wrong* are susceptible of a very simple, distinct, and satisfactory explanation, and that the essential characteristic of *Virtue*, is *Conformity to the Law of Nature*, or—which is the same thing in other words—*Obedience to the Will of God.* This account of the matter appears at first view diametrically opposite to that of Stewart, but on further reflection, the difference will be found to be rather apparent than real. The error, and it is no doubt by far the most common one in all inquiries of this description, does not consist so much in misapprehending the facts as in giving an incorrect statement of them. It is no doubt true, that in the first instance we know nothing further of moral qualities excepting that certain par-

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ticular actions awaken in us respectively certain feelings of approbation and disapprobation. Thus far the whole is a matter of feeling. But when the understanding comes to classify and generalise the particular facts, it ascertains, as we remarked above, that they are results of certain relations, established by nature between us and the other component parts of the universal system, to which we give the name of laws, and which we refer to the will of the Creator, who determined the character of every object, and, of course, the relations that exist between them all. Having reached this point, we can give a distinct, intelligible, and rational account of our notions of right and wrong, which were, in the first instance, a mere matter of fact and feeling. This account is not inconsistent with the facts supposed by Stewart, and is at variance with his chiefly in proceeding one or two steps further than he did in the course of reasoning upon which he had entered, and completing a defective part of his theory. He confined his attention to particular actions, and the impressions they make upon us, without appearing to recollect that by classifying these actions in connexion with the motives that led to them, we obtain a general and intelligible notion of moral qualities, or in other words, of the characteristics of virtue. The notion we thus obtain, furnishes an easy explanation of the terms that are habitually used in reference to the subject. By a right action we mean, according to the etymological interpretation, as well as popular and correct understanding of the word, using it in reference to the existing institutions of society, an action conformable to the relations established by these institutions among the different members of the body politic—conformable, in a word, to the law of the land. Hence when we speak of actions, as conformable to the relations established previously to any human institutions by the Supreme Ruler of the universe, which are the prototype and basis of all positive law, it is perfectly natural to employ the same term *Right* in the new and enlarged sense of obedience to the law of nature, that is, the will of its divine author.

The essential ingredient in the notion of *Right* and *Wrong*—the essential characteristic of virtue is, therefore, *conformity to the law of nature*, or, in other words, *obedience to the law of God*. This Law of Nature is, of course, as such, anterior to any human institution, and independent of the will of any human sovereign. But is it also prior in the order of events

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to the creation of the universe, and independent of the will of God himself? These questions are answered in the affirmative by Stewart and Cudworth, who appear, as we stated above, to have borrowed from the ancient Greek Mythology, the notion of that strange and mysterious power, which the poets called DESTINY, and which overruled alike the will of Gods and Men. Such at least is the construction which may naturally enough be put on their doctrines. It may not be impossible, as we shall presently see, to reconcile this language with the truth of the case, but we must, at all events, consider it as involving many extravagant and hazardous forms of expression, and as fitted to encourage degrading and inadequate ideas of the Divine nature. As this speculation is of a very high and curious character, it may not be disagreeable to our readers to peruse a few of the passages relating to it in the works of the writers alluded to, to which we shall annex some brief remarks of our own.

'Whatsoever,' says Cudworth, '*was the true meaning* of those philosophers, that affirm justice and injustice to be only by law, and not by nature, certain it is, that divers modern theologers do not only seriously, but zealously contend in like manner, that there is nothing absolutely, intrinsically, and naturally good and evil, just and unjust, antecedently to any positive command or prohibition of God, but that the arbitrary will and pleasure of God—that is, an omnipotent Being, devoid of all essential and natural justice—by its commands and prohibitions, is the first and only rule and measure thereof. Whence it follows, unavoidably, that nothing can be imagined so grossly wicked, or so foully unjust or dishonest, but if it were supposed to be commanded by this omnipotent Deity, must needs, upon that hypothesis, become holy, just, and righteous. For, though the ancient fathers of the Christian Church were very abhorrent from this doctrine, yet it crept up afterwards in the scholastic age, Ockham being among the first that maintained that there is no act evil, but as it is prohibited by God, and which cannot be made good if it be commanded by him. And herein Petrus Alliacus and Andreas de Novo Castro, with others, quickly followed him.

'Now the necessary and unavoidable consequences of this opinion are such as these,—that to love God is *by Nature* an indifferent thing, and is morally good only because it is enjoined by his command;—that holiness is not a conformity

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with the Divine nature and attributes;—that God hath no natural inclination to the good of his creatures, and might *justly* doom an innocent creature to eternal torment;—all of which propositions, with others of the kind, are word for word asserted by some late authors, though I think not fit to mention the names of any of them in this place, excepting only one, Joannes Sydlovius, who, in a book published at *Franeker*, hath professedly avowed and maintained the grossest of them. And yet neither he nor the rest are to be thought any more blameworthy herein than many others, that, holding the same premises, have either dissembled or disowned those conclusions which unavoidably follow therefrom, but rather to be commended for their openness, simplicity, and ingenuity, in representing their opinion naked to the world, such as indeed it is, without any veil or mask.'

The opinions here expressed by Cudworth, are approved and adopted by Stewart in the following passage.

'In the passage, which was formerly quoted from Dr. Cudworth, mention is made of various authors, particularly among the theologians of the scholastic ages, who were led to call in question the immutability of moral distinctions by the pious design of magnifying the perfections of the Deity. I am sorry to observe, that these notions are not as yet completely exploded; and that, in our own age, they have misled the speculations of some writers of considerable genius, particularly of Dr. Johnson, Soame Jenyns, and Dr. Paley. Such authors certainly do not recollect, that what they add to the divine power and majesty, they take away from his moral attributes; for if moral distinctions be not immutable and eternal, it is absurd to speak of the *Goodness* or of the *Justice* of God.

'"Whoever thinks," says Shaftesbury, "that there is a God, and pretends formally to believe that he is *just* and *good*, must suppose, that there is such a thing as *Justice* and *Injustice*, *Truth* and *Falsehood*, *Right* and *Wrong*; according to which eternal and immutable standards, he pronounces that God is *just*, *righteous*, and *true*. If the mere will, decree, or law of God, be said absolutely to constitute *Right* and *Wrong*, then are these latter words of no signification at all."

'In justice, indeed, to one of the writers above mentioned, (Dr. Paley,) it is proper for me to observe, that the objection just now stated has not escaped his attention, and that he has even attempted an answer to it; but it is an answer in which he admits the justness of the inference which we have drawn from his premises; or, in other words, admits, that to speak of the moral

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attributes of God, or to say that he is *Just*, *Righteous*, and *True*, is to employ words which are altogether nugatory and unmeaning. That I may not be accused of misinterpreting the doctrine of this ingenious writer, who on many accounts deserves the popularity he enjoys, I shall quote his own statement of his opinion on this subject.

'"Since moral obligation depends, as we have seen, upon the will of God, *Right*, which is co-relative to it, must depend upon the same. Right, therefore, signifies *consistency with the will of God*. But if the divine will determine the distinction of right and wrong, what else is it but an identical proposition to say of God that he acts right? Or how is it possible even to conceive that he should act wrong? Yet these assertions are intelligible and significant. The case is this. By virtue of the two principles, that God wills the happiness of his creatures, and that the will of God is the measure of right and wrong, we arrive at certain conclusions, which conclusions become rules; and we soon learn to pronounce actions right and wrong, according as they agree or disagree with our rules, without looking farther; and when the habit is once established of stopping at the rules, we can go back and compare with these rules, even the divine conduct itself, and yet it may be true, (only not observed by us at the time,) that the rules themselves are deduced from the divine will."

'To this very extraordinary passage, (some parts of which, I confess, I do not completely comprehend, but which plainly gives up the *Moral Attributes of God*, as a form of words that conveys no meaning) I have no particular answer to offer. That it was written with the purest intentions, and from the complete conviction of the author's own mind, I am perfectly satisfied from the general scope of his book, as well as from the strong testimony of the first names in England in favor of the worth of the writer; but it leads to consequences of the most alarming nature, coinciding in every material respect with the systems of those scholastic theologians, whom Dr. Cudworth classes with the Epicurean philosophers of old, and whose errors that great and excellent writer has refuted with so splendid a display of learning, and such irresistible force of argument.'

There is a slight mixture of truth in these remarks of Cudworth and Stewart, which serves to give them in some parts an air of probability, and by the aid of which, and a little charitable construction, they might perhaps be reconciled with facts; but they are fitted, we think, on the whole, to convey a most erroneous notion of the subject. These writers agree in the opinion we have expressed above, that moral distinctions

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are founded in a law of nature anterior to, and independent of any positive institution; or, in other words, in the relations existing among the various orders of intelligent and moral beings. They also admit, that the universe owes its existence to the power and will of God; and the question is, whether the relations between the different persons and objects composing the universe be, or be not an effect of the will of the Creator who formed the whole. If the Power that governs the universal system think proper to create the sun with a diameter of about eight hundred and eighty thousand miles, and the earth with one of about eight thousand, is it, or is it not an effect of his will, that the sun is larger than the earth? Common sense replies of course in the affirmative. Mr. Stewart and Cudworth maintain the negative. The supposition being made, say they, that the sun and the earth are created with the diameters which they now respectively possess, it follows, of *necessity*, that the sun must be larger than the earth, and the will of God himself cannot prevent it. There is, as we remarked above, some appearance of plausibility in this idea, which, however, disappears when we recollect, that the two propositions are only different expressions of the same facts. To say that the sun is larger than the earth, is only saying in more general terms, that they are respectively of such and such diameters, and as the will of God is admitted to be the reason why they are of such and such diameters, it is also, of course, the reason why one of them is larger than the other.

The case is the same with the moral relations between intelligent and rational beings. Is it, or is it not an effect of the will of God, that it is the duty of parents to love their children, and of children to love their parents, that it is the duty of us all, not to sacrifice the happiness of other men to the gratification of our own animal appetites? Here too, Stewart and Cudworth maintain the negative. 'For my own part,' says Stewart, 'I can as easily conceive a rational being so formed, as to believe the three angles of a triangle to be equal to *one* right angle, as to believe, that if he had it in his power, it would be *right* to sacrifice the happiness of other men to the gratification of his own animal appetites; or that there would be no *injustice* in depriving an industrious old man of the fruits of his own laborious acquisitions. The exercise of our reason in the two cases is very different; but, in both cases, we have a perception of *truth*, and are impressed with an irresistible con-

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viction, that the *truth is immutable and independent of the will of any being whatever.*' Here again, there is an appearance of plausibility, which disappears as before, when we recollect, that the only fact affirmed in the proposition here supposed to be a necessary truth, is one which is admitted to be an immediate effect of the will of God. To say that parents are bound in duty by the law of nature to love their children, that we are all bound in duty by the law of nature to relieve distress, as in the cases here supposed by Stewart, is only saying, in other words, that there is a principle of love implanted by nature in the heart of every individual man, which displays itself under various forms, according to the particular situation and circumstances in which it operates. But the existence of this principle within us is admitted by all to be an effect of the will of God; and the fact, that we are bound in duty to love our neighbor, which is only another mode of expressing the same thing, must, of course, be referred to the same cause.

The intelligent reader will readily perceive, that there is the same fallacy in the mathematical illustration employed by Stewart in the above extract, as in the principal argument which it was brought to illustrate. The question whether it be an effect of the will of God, that the three angles of a triangle are not equal to *one* right angle, is precisely parallel to the one before stated, whether it be an effect of the will of God that the sun is larger than the earth. It is admitted to be an effect of the will of God, that a given figure has three sides and not two or four, and to say that the three angles formed by these three sides are not equal to a right angle, is only stating under a different point of view, the same fact, which must of course be attributed to the same cause. In short, the propositions which express relations, whether physical or moral, are only statements in a more general form of the existence and qualities of individual objects. These are regarded by all as creations of the divine will, which consequently determines the relations between them. To affirm that the same power which determined that Saturn should have seven satellites, and Herschel only five, did not determine that Saturn should have more satellites than Herschel, is plainly contradictory to common sense; and when we find philosophers of high and deserved reputation maintaining this assertion, we naturally conjecture that they are influenced by

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some accidental motive entirely foreign to the merits of the question.

The nature of the motive that operated in this instance upon the minds of Stewart and Cudworth, is apparent from the tenor of the passages quoted above. They were apprehensive, that if we consider moral distinctions as 'results of the will of God,' we shall be obliged to withdraw from our ideas of the divine nature, the moral attributes which we generally consider as belonging to it. 'Such authors certainly do not recollect,' says Stewart, 'that what they add to the divine power and majesty, they take away from his moral attributes; for if moral distinctions be not immutable and eternal, it is absurd to speak of the goodness or of the justice of God.' 'If we suppose,' says Cudworth, 'that the arbitrary will and pleasure of God—that is, an omnipotent Being, devoid of all essential and immutable justice—by its commands and prohibitions is the first and only rule and measure of right and wrong, it would follow unavoidably, that nothing could be imagined so grossly wicked or so foully unjust or dishonest, but if it were supposed to be commanded by this omnipotent Deity, must needs upon that hypothesis become holy, just, and righteous.' 'Whoever thinks,' says Shaftesbury, 'that there is a God, and pretends firmly to believe that he is *just* and *good*, must suppose that there is independently such a thing as *Justice* and *Injustice*, *Truth* and *Falsehood*, *Right* and *Wrong*, according to which eternal and immutable standards, he pronounces that God is *just*, *righteous*, and *true*. If the mere will, decree, or law of God be said absolutely to constitute right and wrong, then are these latter words of no signification at all.' In all this there is much confusion of ideas, which obviously results from the implied supposition, that the moral attributes of God, if real, must be of the same nature with ours. But is it possible that either of these writers can have imagined, or that any person of sound mind can for a moment imagine, that God is just and good in the sense which we attach to these terms, when we apply them to ourselves? It would surely be the height of absurdity, as well as irreverence, to conceive of the Divine Being as involved in the sphere of our ordinary family and social relations; yet the terms *Good* and *Just*, as we apply them to ourselves, are merely generalisations of the more particular qualifications of a good father, a good husband, a good neighbor, friend, and citizen. Do we then deny the reality of

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the moral attributes of God, because we do not believe that they operate under the modes which belong to our limited and transitory sphere of action? Surely not. Do we deny the existence of God, when we say that the manner of it is entirely different from that of ours? Do we deny the intelligence of God when we affirm that 'his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts?' Why then should we be thought to impeach the goodness and justice of God by supposing them to be manifested under forms entirely foreign to the law of our nature? We believe, and the opinion is authorized by scripture, that our intellectual and moral part, 'the God within the mind,' is in some faint and imperfect degree an image of the Sublime Intelligence, that created and governs the Universe. In attempting to form an idea of the attributes of this 'High and Holy One,' we suppose the wisdom, power, and goodness that constitute the best qualities of our own better nature, elevated to an infinitely higher pitch than that in which we possess them, and combined in perfect harmony without any mixture of earthly alloy. The mode of existence and action that belongs to such a being is entirely above our comprehension. We know that it must be wholly different from ours, but in affirming that the law of our nature is an effect of the will and not a rule for the conduct of God, we make no approach to a denial of his attributes, intellectual or moral. We may surely imagine a principle of Intelligence, that is exercised without the intervention of our material senses,—a principle of Love that displays itself in other forms than those which result from our social relations,—as easily as a principle of Being independent of the laws of our existence, independent of the limits of time and space, inhabiting at once the mysterious mansions of eternity, and the secret recesses of the humble and contrite heart. On the other hand, how degrading is the notion that this mighty and mysterious Being is himself bound down by a law superior to, and independent of his own power and will! Instead of being the law-giver of the Universe, God, in this theory, is only the first subject of some more elevated principle, that prescribes a rule for his actions, enforced, no doubt, in the usual way, by appropriate rewards and punishments. But who shall undertake to judge whether God, in establishing the law of nature, has obeyed the higher and immutable law, which Destiny imposes on him? This office, on the theory we are considering, devolves on man. 'Who-

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ever thinks that there is a God,' says Shaftesbury in the passage above quoted, 'and pretends formally to believe that he is *just* and *good*, must suppose that there is independently such a thing as *Justice* and *Injustice*, *Truth* and *Falsehood*, *Right* and *Wrong*, according to which eternal and immutable standards HE pronounces that God is *just*, *righteous*, and *true*.' Man, therefore, is the appointed arbiter, who takes cognisance of the actions of God, compares them with the immutable decrees of Destiny, (from what digest or collection of reports he obtains his knowledge of the latter does not so fully appear,) and PRONOUNCES that it is or is not conformable to them. Man, it must be owned is on this theory a pretty important personage; being, if we are not mistaken in the order of precedence, a degree higher than Destiny itself—to say nothing of Deity—since the Judge is regularly superior to both the parties, who attend at his tribunal and await his decision. One hardly knows whether to smile or tremble at these irreverent absurdities, which are however necessary conclusions from the theory of Cudworth and Stewart. In comparison with these, the strange inconsistency with fact in the concluding remark of Shaftesbury, as quoted above, is hardly worth noticing. 'If the mere will, decree, or law of God be said absolutely to constitute *Right* and *Wrong*, then are the latter words of no signification at all.' Now it is admitted by these writers, as we have already seen, that on their system the words *Right* and *Wrong* have no meaning, or at least none that can be stated by one person to another. They are acknowledged not to be susceptible of analysis, definition, or explanation. On the other hand, the theory, which describes them as indicating conformity to the law of nature, or obedience to the will of God, assigns to them a meaning, to our minds perfectly satisfactory, but which must appear at all events precise and intelligible even to those who deny its correctness. The remark of Shaftesbury is of course exactly the reverse of the truth.

For ourselves, therefore, we would join without hesitation in the sublime interrogatory of the illustrious Hooker, so often quoted, and so little weighed and understood, which contains in a single line the quintessence of Philosophy preserved in the purest spirit of Poetry. 'What then shall we say of law, but that its seat is the bosom of God,—its voice the harmony of the world?' *Its seat is the bosom of God.* God in the independent exercise of his own high attributes, issued the

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decrees that determined the existence, form and qualities of all created things, and fixed in so doing the laws that regulate their modes of being and of action. *Its voice is the harmony of the world.* The great movement of nature, which proceeds in obedience to this transcendent law is a perpetual publication of it—a perpetual revelation of the will of its author. 'Day unto day,' says the "monarch minstrel" of scripture in his unequalled strains of devotion and poetry, 'day unto day uttereth speech—night unto night showeth forth knowledge. No sound—no language—their voice is not heard—but their meaning goeth forth to the ends of the earth—their sense is understood by all the nations.' *Its voice is the harmony of the world.* We obtain the knowledge of it not from black-letter statute-books, and dusty commentaries, but from the bright and living face of nature, as its various features impress the senses, inform the understanding, excite the imagination and touch the heart. We inhale it in the balmy breath of morning, we read it inscribed on characters of light in the blue expanse of the starry firmament, and embroidered in flowers of every hue on the green mantle of spring. We hear it in the whispers of the 'sweet South'—in the warbling of the birds—in the trumpet-tones of the wintry hurricane. We feel it in the secret suggestions of our own hearts. The sages of the old Italian school, in their lofty allegories, described this universal harmony of the world as the *Music of the Spheres*, and they said that it could only be heard in the *silence of the passions*. In this, too, they were right. The secret of truth and virtue is revealed to those only who seek with purity and singleness of mind to discover it. When we yield to irregular desires, and disturb the grand concert of the Universe with the dissonant uproar of vicious indulgence, we are forthwith punished by an incapacity to hear and enjoy it. The great book of nature becomes forever after a sealed volume, and the divine law, which it unfolds to us, an impenetrable mystery.

If, however, we suppose the characteristic of virtue to be, as we have described it, conformity to the law of nature, that is, obedience to the will of God, we may solve with comparative facility the question, which has frequently been agitated whether the natural affections be in themselves virtuous. This question, as we have already had occasion to remark, is decided by Mr. Stewart in the negative, not only in reference to the selfish, but also to the social and benevolent affections.

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'It is not my intention,' says he, 'to exalt our natural affections into virtues. So far as they arise from original constitution, they confer no merit whatever on the individual any more than his appetites and passions.

'Hutcheson seems to consider virtue as a quality of our *affections*, whereas it is really a quality of our *actions;* or, perhaps, in strict propriety, of those *dispositions* from which our actions immediately proceed. Our benevolent affections are always amiable, but, in so far as they are constitutional, they are certainly in no respect meritorious. Indeed some of them are common to us with the brutes. When they are possessed in an eminent degree, we may perhaps consider them as a ground of moral esteem, because they indicate the pains which have been bestowed on their cultivation, and a course of active virtue in which they have been exercised and strengthened. On the contrary, a person who wants them is always an object of horror; *chiefly* because we know that they are only to be eradicated by long habits of profligacy, and *partly* in consequence of the uneasiness we feel when we see the ordinary course of nature violated, as in a monstrous animal production. It is from these two facts, that the plausibility of Dr. Hutcheson's language on this subject in a great measure arises; but if the facts be accurately examined, they will be found perfectly consistent with the doctrine already laid down, that nothing is an object of moral praise or blame but what depends on our own voluntary exertions; and of consequence, that these terms are not applicable to our benevolent or malevolent affections, so far as we suppose them to result necessarily from our constitutional frame.

'There is another consideration, too, which, on a superficial view, appears favorable both to Hutcheson's language and system, the peculiar and enthusiastic admiration with which all mankind regard a man of enlightened and active benevolence. Such a character draws upon itself not merely the *applauses*, but the *blessings* of the world, and assimilates human nature to what we conceive of those ministering angels who are the immediate instruments of the Divine goodness and mercy.

'In order to think with accuracy on this very important point of morals, it is necessary to distinguish those benevolent affections, which urge us to their respective objects by a blind impulse, from that rational and enlightened benevolence, which interests us in the happiness of all mankind, and indeed of all the orders of sensitive beings. This Divine principle of action appears but little in the bulk of our species; for although the seeds of it are sown in every breast, it requires long and careful cultivation to rear them to maturity, choked as they are by envy, by

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jealousy, by selfishness, and by those contracted views, which originate in unenlightened schemes of human policy. Clear away these noxious weeds, and the genuine benevolence of the human heart will appear in all its beauty. No wonder then that we should regard, with such peculiar sentiments of veneration, the character of one whom we consider as the sincere and unwearied friend of humanity; for such a character implies the existence of all the other virtues; more particularly of candid and just dispositions towards our fellow-creatures, and implies, moreover, a long course of persevering exertion in combating prejudices and in eradicating narrow and malignant passions. The gratitude, besides, which all men feel towards one in whose benevolent wishes they know themselves to be comprehended, contributes to enliven the former sentiment of moral esteem; and both together throw so peculiar a lustre on this branch of duty as goes far to account for the origin of those systems, which represent it as the only direct object of moral approbation.

'But what I am chiefly anxious to infer at present from these remarks is, that there is nothing in this approbation of a rational and enlightened benevolence, which at all invalidates the doctrine, that virtue, in all its branches, supposes a course of voluntary exertion under the guidance of a sense of duty.'

In these observations on the moral value of the benevolent affections, Mr. Stewart has been embarrassed and led into error by his theory of a distinct and separate *Moral Faculty*, entirely independent of the usual operations of the mind and heart. There is obviously a strange inconsistency in admitting that we regard an individual of a remarkably benevolent character with *Enthusiastic Admiration*, with *Gratitude*, with *Veneration*, with *Moral Esteem*, and at the same time denying that we regard benevolence with moral approbation. What difference can be made, in the correct use of language, between *Moral Esteem* and *Moral Approbation?* Gratitude, veneration—enthusiastic admiration, when directed towards a character, which is a proper object of moral esteem, are only different names for the same feeling in its most exalted degrees. And, as in a matter of feeling like this, the common sentiment of men is the surest and indeed the only test of truth, Mr. Stewart, by this admission, has recorded a decision completely adverse to his own theory. The attempt which he makes to account for our enthusiastic admiration of benevolence, on the principle that this quality supposes the union of justice in the same character, is also very singular. Benevo-

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lence no doubt supposes justice, but justice itself is not an object of admiration. It is a merely negative virtue, and consists in not inflicting on others a positive injury. How can it be maintained with plausibility that we admire benevolence, because it includes justice, when we do not admire justice itself in its own acknowledged form? To say that we admire benevolence because it supposes or includes justice; that is, that we admire a benevolent man because we are sure that he does not defraud and oppress his fellow-citizens, is much like saying that we admire fine poetry because we are sure that it must be written with a correct observance of all the rules of grammar. Such are the inconsistencies and singularities into which Mr. Stewart has been led by his attempt to deprive benevolence of the character of virtue. The distinction which he takes in this respect between the *actions* and *affections* is no doubt founded in fact, but is in no way inconsistent with the theory which considers benevolence as virtuous. Virtue, we know, is a quality of actions, and benevolence, so far as it is an involuntary effect of original constitution or favorable circumstance, confers no merit. When we say that we approve and admire benevolence, we mean that we approve and admire it as a *motive* to action; that we consider actions performed with this motive as virtuous; that we regard an individual, who acts upon this motive with moral approbation; one who acts upon it habitually and to an uncommon extent, with enthusiastic admiration. All this agrees entirely with the common forms of language, and with the common sense and feeling of the world. Mr. Stewart is compelled to refuse his assent to it by his system, which places the characteristic of virtue in a conformity to a moral *Faculty* or *Sense* entirely distinct and separate from our natural affections. We have just seen to what difficulties he is reduced by attempting to account, consistently with this system, for acknowledged facts. On the other hand, the theory, which supposes that our natural sentiments, and especially the benevolent affections, are themselves the principal elements of what we call the *Moral Sense or Faculty* is perfectly consistent with these facts and with the usual forms of language employed throughout the world. It reconciles philosophy with common sense, which, although it be no foundation for scientific theories, is the best test of their correctness and the best check upon their errors. Were there no other objection to the theory of an independent *Moral Fac-*

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ulty but this, that it deprives benevolence of the character of virtue, we should feel no hesitation in rejecting it as completely at variance with the consciousness of every correct and uncorrupted mind.

We are aware that authority, however high, is of no weight as such in philosophical discussion; but as Mr. Stewart has himself resorted to the Bible for evidence in support of some of his views on the nature of the Moral Faculty, we may perhaps be permitted to appeal to the same high arbiter in favor of the opinions we have suggested above.

'It is difficult,' says our author, 'to explain the following words of scripture in any other sense, than by applying them to such doctrines concerning the factitious origin of moral distinctions as have now been under our review. "Woe unto them that put evil for good, and good for evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter."'

Without intending to dispute the application here made by Mr. Stewart of this text, which really does not appear to us to be a very natural one, we cannot but remark that it would be easy to point out passages of scripture far more direct and explicit in favor of the opinion that benevolence is a virtue. The eloquent apostle to the Gentiles employs a whole chapter of one of the Epistles to the Corinthians in illustrating and developing this principle; and our Saviour himself expressly declares, that to 'love our neighbor as ourself' is one of the two great commandments, which make up together the *Whole Law*. This declaration, although it has no logical effect upon the argument, of course decides the question for those, who admit the authority of scripture. We allude to it here principally for the purpose of showing that there is nothing heretical, dangerous, or contrary to received truths in the theory, which we have stated on the subject.

IV. We have enlarged so much on the preceding head, that we have left ourselves but little space to examine the principles of our author in reference to the fourth and last branch of the inquiry, which treats of the nature and origin of Moral Obligation. His views respecting these points are succinctly stated in the following extract.

'According to some systems, moral obligation is founded entirely on our belief that virtue is enjoined by the command of God. But how, it may be asked, does this belief impose an ob-

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ligation? Only one of two answers can be given. Either that there is a moral fitness that we should conform our will to that of the Author and Governor of the universe; or that a rational self-love should induce us, from motives of prudence, to study every means of rendering ourselves acceptable to the Almighty Arbiter of happiness and misery. On the first supposition we reason in a circle. We resolve our sense of moral obligation into our sense of religion, and the sense of religion into that of moral obligation.

'The other system, which makes virtue a mere matter of prudence, although not so obviously unsatisfactory, leads to consequences, which sufficiently invalidate every argument in its favor. Among others it leads us to conclude, 1. That the disbelief of a future state absolves from all moral obligation, excepting in so far as we find virtue to be conducive to our present interest. 2. That a being independently and completely happy cannot have any moral perceptions, or any moral attributes.

'But farther, the notions of reward and punishment presuppose the notions of right and wrong. They are sanctions of virtue, or additional motives to the practice of it, but they suppose the existence of some previous obligation.

'In the last place, if moral obligation be constituted by a regard to our situation in another life, how shall the existence of a future state be proved, or even rendered probable by the light of nature? or how shall we discover what conduct is acceptable to the Deity? The truth is, that the strongest presumption for such a state is deduced from our natural notions of right and wrong; of merit and demerit; and from a comparison between these and the general course of human affairs.

'It is absurd, therefore, to ask *why* we are bound to practise virtue. The very notion of virtue implies the notion of obligation. Every being, who is conscious of the distinction of right and wrong, carries about with him a law, which he is bound to observe, notwithstanding he may be in total ignorance of a future state.'

We agree with our author that the idea of obligation is implied in that of virtue, but we are not quite sure that the connexion between them would be quite so clear as he imagines it to be if we admit his own definition of the latter term. Virtue, as the reader will recollect, is, on the system of Mr. Stewart, a conduct conformable to the dictates of conscience, and conscience is an internal monitor, wholly independent of the intellectual powers and natural affections, which serve to determine and regulate our conduct. This monitor approves a certain action

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or line of conduct; but why am I, therefore, bound to perform or pursue it? The question really does not seem to us so absurd, nor the answer so clear, as Mr. Stewart appears to suppose. There is also, in our opinion, an obvious inconsistency in stating that the idea of obligation is implied in that of right, after having previously declared the latter to be entirely simple and not susceptible of explanation or analysis. An idea, which implies or includes another, is of course complex and susceptible of being analysed into at least two. But considering virtue, as we have explained it to be, a line of conduct conformable to the Law of Nature, the connexion, or rather identity, of the two ideas is undoubtedly obvious. Obligation is the name we give to the necessity, which an individual is under of accommodating his conduct to the laws to which he is subject; and by moral obligation we mean the necessity of this kind, which results from a Law of Nature, as contradistinguished from the positive institutions of society. Such is the etymological and usual signification of the terms. To say, therefore, that virtue consists in a conduct conformable to the law of our nature, and that we are under a moral obligation to practise virtue, is only saying the same thing in different words. Should the question be asked, why we are bound to obey this Law of Nature, the answer is plain. The Law of Nature is the form of our existence and action—the mode in which we live and move and have our being. It remains the same whether we will or not, and we are *obliged to obey it*, that is, we *must* submit to its operation in one shape or another, because every being must of necessity exist and act according to the principles of its constitution, and not in any other way. By the effect of one of these principles of our constitution, which is the freedom of the will, we are able to vary in some degree the manner in which we are affected by some of the other principles, and to determine whether their influence upon us shall be productive of pleasure or pain, satisfaction or remorse, happiness or misery; but in either event we are equally subject to the action of the law, from which no effort or accident can ever enable us to escape.

The idea of obligation is, therefore, undoubtedly implied in that of virtue, if we intend by the latter term what it properly means, a conduct conformable to the Law of Nature. But this Law of Nature is itself a mere expression of the will of God, which is, therefore, the real and ultimate principle of

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moral obligation. God, by creating the universe in a certain form, and by maintaining it in the same when it could not continue to exist for a single moment without his intervention, declared, and is constantly declaring, his will, that the several beings, of all orders and classes, that compose the universe, shall exist and act in a certain way, that is, according to the principles of the constitution which he has respectively given them. If, then, the question be asked, why this or that being is bound to exist, or act in a particular form—why the planets are subject to the law of gravity, and men to that of moral obligation—the true and only answer is, that such is the will of God. If we push the inquiry still further, and ask, why we are bound to obey the will of God, the answer is, that the necessity, physical and moral, of obeying his will, is implied in the fact of our existence and of our relation to him as our Creator and Preserver. In this there is no reasoning in a circle. We do not say, as Mr. Stewart intimates, that we are bound to obey the will of God because there is a moral 'fitness' in so doing—that is, because in so doing we should act in conformity to that higher rule of right which he supposes to exist independently of the power and will of God himself, and which, as we have shown already, is a vain and baseless fiction. *Necessity* and not *fitness* is the sense conveyed by the term *obligation*. We are *obliged* to obey the will of God because we cannot avoid it—because his will is the principle of our existence and the law of our nature. We must exist and act in the way that he has prescribed for us in all our relations, physical and moral, and we cannot exist and act, or even conceive the possibility of existing and acting in a different one. Within the sphere of activity, that belongs to our nature, there is, no doubt, a certain latitude allowed to individuals by the freedom of the will, but even in the exercise of this freedom they are, as we remarked above, subject to the same divine law, and have no choice but that of submitting to its operation in one way or another.

Mr. Stewart could not take this view of the subject because he unfortunately failed to perceive that the will of God was the real source of the moral law of nature. In attempting to trace the latter to a mysterious and imaginary cause, independent of, and superior to the great Creating Principle of the universe, he not only proposed to himself an obviously impracticable object, but vitiated the foundation of his whole theory

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of ethics. By adopting this system, he was compelled to dissolve the natural connexion between Virtue and Religion, thus depriving the former of its only sure basis, and the latter of its chief practical value. Our leading purpose in the remarks which we have now made has been—as far as depended on our feeble efforts—to restore this union, on which, as we conceive the subject, depends entirely the harmony of nature and the happiness of man. We are aware that the limits of an article like this, even in the extended form which we have been obliged to give to it, are wholly inadequate to a full and satisfactory developement of these momentous truths. We may, perhaps, avail ourselves of some future occasion to resume the subject, and treat certain parts of it in greater detail. In the mean time, however, we indulge the hope that the hints we have thrown out—should they meet the approbation of competent judges—may excite others to reflection, and thus produce, indirectly, results more valuable than any which we could expect to draw from them ourselves.

It will be seen at once, from the tone and spirit of our remarks, that in contesting some of the leading principles of Mr. Stewart, it has not been our intention to depreciate his reputation, or diminish the general respect for his talents and character. We consider the tendency of his writings as eminently favorable to the great cause of truth and virtue, and can therefore recommend them with perfect confidence to the perusal of our readers. They are admirably fitted by their eloquent and attractive style, to inspire a taste for the high and interesting sciences which form their subject; nor are they the less valuable for this purpose, because the opinions of the author are not to be received in every point with implicit credit. While the beauty of the language and illustrations induces us to read, the questionable character of some of the principles induces us to think, and we thus obtain a double advantage; since it is only by learning to think for ourselves, and exercising this power, that we can really turn to any useful account our study of the thoughts of others. While we part with regret from a writer, whose name has never been mentioned among us for many years past without being accompanied by expressions of respect and gratitude, we rejoice that so much of the rich fruit of his fine taste and understanding will survive him in his works. We flatter ourselves that the stock will be increased by a judicious selection from his un-

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published manuscripts, and shall embrace, with great delight, any future opportunity that may be offered us of again bestowing the feeble tribute of our applause upon the labors of one who will ever be remembered and admired as an eloquent writer, a powerful thinker, a wise, learned, amiable, and good man.

ART. XI.—*The New Testament in the Common Version, Conformed to Griesbach's Standard Greek Text.* Boston. GRAY & BOWEN. 1830.

In our fifteenth volume, we gave some account of the leading editions of the Greek New Testament, adding our favorable testimony to what has been contributed from all quarters, to the work of Dr. Griesbach; a critic, who,—in the circumstance that the principal emendations which he introduced, were thought not of a character to support his own theological system,—had a peculiar advantage for recommending his judgment to general confidence, and its results to an impartial estimation. We had occasion to remark, that what has hitherto borne the name of the Received Edition, was an anonymous compilation from previous impressions, themselves mainly derived from two sources; viz. the Greek Testament of the Complutensian Polyglot, prepared from manuscripts not now known, but which all the evidence, accessible on the subject, ascertains to have been modern and of little authority; and that of Erasmus, who possessed but four manuscripts, besides the text presented in a commentary by a father of the eleventh century. Of these manuscripts, one only was of the whole New Testament; the other three were respectively of the Gospels, of the Acts and Epistles, and of the Apocalypse. Of the first of these, which was ancient, dating perhaps from the tenth century, little use appears to have been made. The third, and especially the second, were modern, and of little critical worth. The fourth is now lost; it was so imperfect, that Erasmus was forced to supply chasms—in one instance to the extent of six verses—by his own translation from the Latin Vulgate. In less than nine months from the time when his work was undertaken, it had passed through the press, along with notes, and a Latin translation of the whole, the editor also giving meanwhile a great part of his atten-

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tion to another publication. It was, of course 'despatched,' as he himself says, 'rather than edited.' And to add to the enumeration of his infelicities, the copy was not given to the public as he had prepared it, but was marred by ignorant correctors of the press, who also left typographical errors, which have been repeated in all reprints of the Received Edition to this day.

Between the time of the Received Edition and that of Griesbach's great work, several hundreds of manuscripts of the New Testament—and among them those of the highest antiquity known to be extant—had been carefully examined, and their testimony recorded. From this source,—from the ancient versions, indicating what the Greek text was at the time when they were made,—and from quotations by early writers of the church, one of whom, it has been said, Origen, would alone furnish an almost complete copy of the New Testament,—materials for a revision were brought together, amounting to not less than a hundred and thirty thousand various readings. The rules of judging between discordant authorities had also received much attention, and, in leading particulars, had assumed the fixed character of a science. In digesting these abundant materials, and ascertaining the results of a comparison according to these rules, the editor of what now claims the authority of the standard copy of the writings of the New Testament, employed the patient study of more than thirty years.

With the opinion which we so long ago expressed of his work, we were, of course, gratified to find it made accessible to English readers, in the volume of which we have given the title above. We have been struck with a remark in one of the periodicals of the day, that 'Dr. Knapp's Testament is now admitted by German scholars, liberal as well as orthodox, to be superior to Griesbach's,' and 'is the most highly esteemed, and most generally used in Germany.' In the comparison thus instituted, we apprehend that there has been some mistake. In preparing Griesbach's text of the New Testament, the authorities, antecedent to the art of printing, were weighed for every word, and thus the text of the Received Edition was amended, as often as there was found a clear preponderance of evidence for such correction. The manual edition of this author is a critical edition, in a proper sense of that phrase;—since, though not containing the full references of the larger work, which, for distinction's sake,

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goes by that name, it exhibits in the text all the restorations there ascertained, and, in the margin, all the other important results of the examinations there denoted.—The *edition of George Christian Knapp, first published in 1797*, and since at different times and with some improvements till 1829, is a cheap book for schools. So far from coming, or being intended to come into competition with the work of Griesbach, the editor is at pains, in his *Prolegomena*, to have it understood, that he is a disciple of Griesbach in the only questionable particular of that critic's views, the systematic classification of authorities; and, moreover, that he does not undertake such a labor as that of a new edition, *nova recensio*,—which that of Griesbach, strictly speaking, is,—but only the humbler task of a new revisal, a re-examination, *nova recognitio*. *Recensuit Griesbachius*, and *recognovit Knappius*, are the respective appropriate designations of the title pages.

This distinction is treated in the *Prolegomena* to his Homer, by Wolf. The labor of a *recognition*, he says, is praiseworthy; 'whoever, the most partially furnished with the best helps, exhibits an author's text corrected, whether by the application of his own sagacity, or in the use of a few authorities, though he should hardly remove thirty errors, and leave a hundred untouched, has undeniably rendered a good service to letters.' And this is the kind of work, he continues, which most critics have been content with doing. 'Few are so pains-taking, as from recondite and separate sources, especially from ancient copies, to bring together every variety of reading, and then, instituting a comparison with the readings commonly received, to undertake a thorough emendation.' 'There is a great difference between this superficial and desultory labor, and that of an exact and complete revisal, conducted according to settled rules. In the former, more is scarcely aimed at, than to remove blemishes, which are currently admitted, or exhibited in some copies; passing over many readings, which, while as to sense they may be approved or tolerated, have, in point of authority, no pretensions. An exact *recension*, on the other hand, availing itself of all useful materials, searches throughout for what the writer's hand set down, and interrogates in turn the testimonies for every single reading, and not for those only, which may excite suspicion.'

The inferior work of the two kinds here distinguished is what Knapp, with great particularity, announces to have been

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the aim of his own enterprise. 'I have promised, not a new *recension*, but a *recognition* of the text.'* The obvious objection to this procedure is, that a critic is not obliged by the nature of his engagement, to consult all accessible authorities, nor is he held to any strict rules of judgment between them. By the terms of his modest pretension, he is free to attend to a part of the evidence, instead of the whole, and to follow undefined preferences of his own, in the weight, which he ascribes to that part to which he does attend. In the critical edition of Griesbach, the reader may see, against every questionable word, a schedule of the authorities upon which the text preferred is determined to be what proceeded from the sacred writers, so that he has the means of reviewing the critic's decisions, and of reversing them if he see cause. The revised copy of Knapp furnishes no means of discerning how extensive was the search, or what the principles, which brought him to his conclusions. A partial remedy for this defect would have been found in a precise statement of how far it was that the editor proposed to go towards a restoration of the text. But this he has failed to furnish. He says only, in general terms, that he has in view such as 'demand a text more pure than the received text of the Elzevirs, which publishers have too long sent abroad.' 'If readers should find themselves but a little aided by his labors, he will have accomplished what he wished.' 'It is his purpose to present a *legitimate selection* of the most approved readings, extracted from a text of that conformation, which would bear the precise character of a new recension.' 'He has approached reluctantly and reverently the step of removing a received reading from its place.' 'He has often passed over the less important readings, especially where *he conceived* them to contain nothing to disturb a reader, or to affect the writer's sense. He has often purposely passed by what appeared to require some correction, when either the correction demanded was not obvious, or was of a questionable character. In other places, even where there were reasons dictating a change, still the necessity not being sufficiently indubitable, he had preferred to retain the popular reading, and apply a gentler cure by a change of punctuation.'

It is plain enough that all this is inexact and unsatisfactory. To be deaf to testimony for the pure, out of deference to the

* Commentatio Isagogica, p. 19.

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corrupt, while it may wear a show of caution, is, in such a case, the loosest and most assuming rashness. The language of the preface throughout leads the reader to anticipate a sort of halting compromise between critical accuracy, which had made its claims heard, and a lingering popular attachment to some vitiated passages, which have now, with a remarkable unanimity of sects, been condemned, as not entitled to a place in scripture. Or it may be explained from the circumstances of the time, when the growing enumeration of various readings had created alarm in not a few serious minds; before it had come to be understood, with what astonishing strength these discoveries establish the invaluable truth of the substantial identity of the numerous copies, in all their representations of matters of faith and duty. However this may be, the editor is constantly betraying his apprehension, that, in doing the little, which he proposed to do, he should provoke the censure of the uninformed. 'If,' says he, 'this labor, modestly and circumspectly directed to a correction of the text, should give offence to unlearned or mistrustful men, my defence is at hand;' a defence consisting in the universal acknowledgment of the corrupt character of the Elzevir edition. 'May we not depart,' he proceeds, 'from that text, and adopt a better, possessing so many helps towards doing this successfully?' 'We may well be surprised, that a manual for learners has not been provided, more correct than that in use, at least free from those blots, which all who will open their eyes on the case admit should be removed.' 'Who would endure the man, who, after the editions of Gronovius, Grævius, and Ernesti, should reprint the text of Cicero from the Aldine edition, or that of Gruter, pretending that that was good enough for the ignorance of tyros?' By palpable errors, which he thus clearly, however timidly, exposes, we might expect that he would not suffer himself to be overawed. Yet we find him, soon after, expressly allowing, as to punctuation, often a most important part of the critic's task, that, 'except where he had reached absolute satisfaction, he had not presumed to interpose his judgment, in respect to places, which interpreters have long discussed, preferring to retain the common pointing, though not entirely meeting his approbation, provided it did not completely overthrow the sense.' Words, which, in his own view, were unquestionably spurious,—unquestionably from some interpolating hand,—he still retains in the text, enclosing them

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only in double brackets; and even the mark of less positive discredit has not been added to any word, 'except on the authority of abundant witnesses.' Sometimes, as in John, viii. 1–11, when he has marked a passage as most unquestionably forged, he is even careful to say that he has not done this on account of discrediting the narration, but because he is persuaded of its not having been penned by the apostle. And finally he gives, at the close of his preface, a full profession of his adherence to generally received doctrines of theology, lest any should suppose, that, in his labors of textual emendation, he has been wanting in devotedness to them.

What state it was of opinion, or of the book-market, in Germany, which called for such a work, we cannot presume to say. It was first published eight years before the manual edition of Griesbach. Had the latter been in existence, the former would very probably never have appeared. In the preface to his second impression, Dr. Knapp says, that when the first was issued, there was a demand for a Testament, exhibiting a more correct text than the received, and such as, while it should be printed on fair types, should be of convenient size and small price. Having, from this cause, naturally acquired possession of the market, it would as naturally, more or less, retain possession. It was bought at first because there was nothing to compete with it, and copies were subsequently multiplied because, from use, they would sell. How wide has in fact been its currency, we have no sufficient means of ascertaining. In the English works by divines of different classes, which are full of the praises of Griesbach, we do not remember to have met with any mention of Knapp. De Wette, in his *Lehrbuch der historisch-kritischen Einleitung*, merely gives the title of his work, along with other manuals, in a short list appended to some remarks on Griesbach, in which he calls the latter's publication an indispensable manual for critics. Schott, in his first edition of the Greek Testament with a Latin version in 1805, in stating that the convenience of his publisher required him to follow the first and inferior edition of Griesbach, instead of waiting for the second to be completed, makes no mention of Knapp whatever, though he had published eight years before. In his second edition in 1811, Schott adopted the improved text of Griesbach, passing over in the same silence the labors of the other. Vater, in his Greek manual edition with a concise commentary, published in 1824, though

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he names Knapp in his title page, does not speak of him in his preface or appendix,—in both which the labors of Griesbach, as 'the prince of critics,' are abundantly extolled,—except in a single clause, where he notices the carefully selected list of conjectural emendations subjoined by Knapp to his work. In Eichhorn's *Bibliothek der biblischen Literatur*, a notice of a page's length is devoted to Knapp, in the volume for 1799, the second year after his New Testament appeared. It is praised for its cheapness, for the judicious arrangement of the pages, and the correctness of its typography. The reviewer also hints at the apologetic strain of the preface, and expresses his hope that the peculiarly scrupulous character of the criticism will dispel all readers' apprehensions. In Fuhrmann's *Handbuch der theologischen Literatur*, (1819) is a short notice of the second edition, as one of 'two commendable manuals.' The strain of this *critique* is substantially the same with that of Eichhorn's *Bibliothek*. The character of the text, as the fruit of 'a *recognition* merely, not a *recension*,' is specified; and this work of recognition is remarked to have been executed 'with a solicitous scrupulosity, yea, a shyness.' 'Knapp,' says the reviewer, 'retains words in the text, which in justice should have been entirely omitted.' 'Palpable interpolations should by no means, (even though enclosed) have been received into the text.' 'The compiler has proceeded with a somewhat too anxious squeamishness.' We may add, that in a notice of Griesbach's great work, in the same volume, consisting of unqualified praise, the editor sums up his remarks by saying, 'Germany may be proud of this edition. No critical edition of the New Testament compares with this in purity and value, in the evidence which it exhibits of its own correctness even in minor particulars, and in the indefatigable diligence of the editor.'

At the hazard, or the cost, of being tedious, we have been thus precise and copious in citing authorities, because, when the question, which chances to be presented, is not upon the merit, but upon the standing of a work, the citation of authorities is the only course towards a determination; because, in a matter of critical inquiry, it is the authority of the learned which must unavoidably decide the general opinion; and because, in such an examination of evidence for particular reformations of the text, as would be essential in discussing the merits of an edition, we might seem to be keeping scarcely re-

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mote enough from the region of controversial theology. We have only further to say, in general, that nothing of the continental writers has fallen in our way, inconsistent with the all but unanimously declared sense of the learned in the parent country, in and out of the church, in favor of the preponderating claim of the edition of Griesbach to the character of the standard of the New Testament collection. Bishop Marsh, in his translation of Michaelis, may have spoken this opinion more fully, but he has scarcely spoken it more decidedly than almost every other Episcopal scholar of any considerable name; and, not to specify other dissenting writers, the Eclectic Review, the great organ of English orthodox dissent, besides bearing its testimony more recently in repeated instances to the same point, gave, in its fifth volume, an elaborate article, the sum of which is expressed in the following extracts. 'The Greek text of Griesbach's last edition has a just title above every other yet published, to be received as a standard text.' 'We hazard nothing in saying, that the venerable professor has achieved that honorable and necessary work, which has been for ages wanted, of liberating the sacred text of the New Testament from unauthorized intrusions and alterations; and that he has exhibited it in a state so nearly approaching to its original and native form, as to exclude all probable expectation of any material improvement from future collations and critical labors.'

'It is highly desirable,' the same writer very judiciously adds, 'that the fruits of sacred criticism, produced by the arduous toils of illustrious scholars through so long a course of years, should be laid open to universal use. For this purpose a revision of the established translation, transfusing into it the increased purity of the original text, would be the most obvious, easy, and generally acceptable method.' Precisely this has been the design of the work which has afforded occasion to these remarks, and we do not wish to conceal our gratification that a work so desired has been attempted among ourselves. The editor of the New Testament, in the Common Version, conformed to Griesbach's Standard Greek Text, desires, in his preface, to be 'understood not to have attempted any such work as that of a revised translation of the New Testament. He has exactly reprinted the Common Version, except in places where the Greek text, from which that version was made, is now understood to have been faulty.

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In other words, he has aimed to present the Common Version precisely such as it would have been, if the translators could have had access to the standard text of Griesbach, instead of the adulterated text of Beza. In the translations which he has introduced to correspond to the amended Greek, it has been his careful endeavor to imitate the style of the Received Version, and no one has been admitted without study and consideration.' Of the accomplishment of this plan, we shall say no more, than that such examination as we have made has detected no departure from the principles on which the editor professes to have proceeded, and that the exactness and finish of the typographical execution are worthy of uncommon praise.

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